OUR RESPONSIBILITIES FOR TURKEY

PROTESTANTISM

AND

OTHER ESSAYS

BY

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EDINBURGH
ADAM AND CHARLES BLACK
MDCCCLXIII

PRINTED BY NEILL AND COMPANY, EDINBURGH

CONTENTS.

PREFACE.

These Papers, which first of all took their station in the periodic journals of this country, which were secondly transplanted into the literature of the American United States, and are now, for the third time, published at home in a new form with many emendations, may be supposed to have suffered by errors of hurry and inadvertence, from their original adaptation to a service very nearly extemporaneous. It was natural that they should do so. But my own experience, in common with that of many other writers, has taught me that the disadvantages of hurry are not without their compensations. Performers on the organ, so far from finding their own *impromptu* displays to fall below their more careful and premeditated efforts, on the contrary, have oftentimes deep reason to mourn over the escape of inspirations born from the momentary fervours of improvisation, but fugitive and irrevocable as the pulses in their own flying fingers Something analogous there is in the effects of that inexorable summons which forces a man to write against time, when racing along to intercept the final closing of a weekly or monthly journal It is certain, howsoever it may be explained psychologically, that the fierce compression of mental activities which takes place in such a struggle, though painful and exhausting, has the effect of suddenly unlocking cells in the brain, and revealing evanescent gleams of original feeling, or startling suggestions of novel truth, that would not have obeyed a less fervent magnetism. Pain, and conflicts with suffering, are ministrations

of development to the human intellect even in the youngest infants, much more frequent than is commonly observed.*

I believe that there is no great call for preliminary explanations as to any difficulties in the following papers, except, perhaps, as to these six cases —

I The suggesting-ground of the paper entitled "Protestantism" was really a pamphlet, or rather book, judging by its careful and erudite composition, and this work, if now forgotten naturally after a lapse of a dozen years, was really ascribed to two separate bishops of distinguished literary pretension. I know not who it really was that I commented upon, but certainly he was no ghostly creation of mine: he was *incarnate* at that time, and I hope still continues to be so.

II In speaking of the equation between the expenditure of a family in two remote times, or two remote places (as France and England), on the suggestion of the "Chronicon Preciosum," I omitted to fix the reader's attention (as properly I should have done) upon a common oversight affecting such equations—viz., that very often a large share of the difference forms no exponent of the mere price scale ruling in the two countries compared, since much of the difference should be often charged upon varying usages of life. For instance, about twenty-five years ago I saw a letter from a poor baronet, who had fixed his residence in Southern France, vaunting the prodigious cheapness of his own neighbourhood by comparison with any part of Great Britain He had a large family of daughters, and an income of very little more than £500 per annum, and yet he described himself as keeping (and ordinarily using for the benefit of his five daughters) a coach-and-four. But, on further explanation, it came out, that the usage of that province allowed him a large social intercourse without the cost of dinner-parties. Otherwise, in several points, Eng-

* I have elsewhere mentioned, as a fact which ought to have a powerful interest for psychologists, that on the morning next after a severe paroxysm of "griping" pains, every infant manifests a striking advance, a bound forwards *per saltum*, in its apprehensiveness, and generally in its intellectual development.

land was the cheaper land. To *A*, *therefore*, on a review of all the circumstances—personal as well as local—France might be much the cheaper. To *B*, with very different habits, or a household very differently composed, England.

III and IV. In the paper on "Oracles," and in the closing paper on "Greece under the Romans," there occur two suggestions that will be pronounced by many possibly in a high degree paradoxical. But in any bad sense (however erroneous a sense) neither of these suggestions is paradoxical. To the Delphic Oracle, as amongst Greeks—to the Byzantine Empire, as a great barrier standing through eight centuries, breaking and sustaining the assaults of Mahometanism, else too strong on that quarter for infant Christendom in the West—I have assigned majestic functions. So far as the ordinary current of history is not confluent with my view, so far the reader will see cause, perhaps, to remodel his opinion, and to amend his appreciation of two mighty organs working through ages on behalf of human progress, and only not historically acknowledged, because not truly understood.

V. "Schlosser on Literature" was not written with the slight or careless purpose to which the reader will probably attach it The indirect object was, to lodge, in such a broad exemplification of German ignorance, a protest against the habit (prevalent through the last fifty years) of yielding an extravagant precedency to German critics (on Shakspere especially), as if better and more philosophic (because more cloudy) than our own Here is a man, Schlosser by name, bookmaker by trade, who (though now perhaps forgotten) was accepted by all Germany, one brief *decennium* back, as a classical surveyor and reporter on the spacious fields of British literature through a retrospect of a hundred and fifty years. But the Schlegels were surely not so poorly furnished for criticism as Mr Schlosser? Why, no. in special walks of literature, if they had not arrogantly pretended to all, they were able to support the character of well-read scholars. What they were as philosophers, or at least what Frederick Schlegel was, the reader may learn from Schelling, who, in one summary foot-

note, demolished his pretensions as by a pistol-shot. For real serviceable exposition of Shakspere's meaning and hidden philosophy, I contend that our own domestic critics have contributed very much more than Germany, whether North or South, whether Protestant or Catholic. And, in particular, I myself find, in Morgan's brief essay on the character of Falstaff, more true subtlety of thought, than in all the [illegible] comments of Rhenish or Danubian transcendentalists. Then, as to those innumerable passages which demand a familiarity with English manners, usages, and antiquities, provincial dialects, &c., naturally the very gates of entrance must be generally closed against all but native critics.

VI. In the little paper on "Miracles," the reader, who is new to the subject, must understand that no question is raised (as too probably he will be supposing) on the possibility of a miracle. That question is left entirely untouched. The discussion commences at a point lower down—viz., after assuming the possibility of a miracle, then next as to its *communicability;* meaning, whether a miracle, if it should actually take place, could have any power to propagate its own existence amongst mankind; that is, whether it could translate itself upon the wings of *testimony* from the little theatre of spectators or auditors, before whom it had been exhibited, to the great theatre of the world, and the still greater theatre of posterity.

WALKING STEWART.

HE was a man of very extraordinary genius. He has generally been treated by those who have spoken of him in print as a madman. But this is a mistake, and must have been founded chiefly on the titles of his books. He was a man of fervid mind, and of sublime aspirations: but he was no madman; or, if he was, then I say that it is so far desirable to be a madman. In 1798 or 1799, when I must have been about thirteen to fourteen years old, Walking Stewart was in Bath—where my family at that time resided. He frequented the pump-room, and I believe all public places—walking up and down, and dispersing his philosophic opinions to the right and the left, like a Grecian philosopher. The first time I saw him was at a concert in the Upper Rooms; he was pointed out to me by one of my party as a very eccentric man who had walked over the habitable globe. I remember that Madame Mara was at that moment singing: and Walking Stewart, who was a true lover of music (as I afterwards came to know), was hanging upon her notes like a bee upon a jessamine flower. His countenance was striking,

and expressed the union of benignity with philosophic habits of thought. In such health had his pedestrian exercises preserved him, connected with his abstemious mode of living, that, though he must at that time have been considerably above forty, he did not look older than twenty-eight; at least the face which remained upon my recollection for some years was that of a young man. ...ts. Then,
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the old doctrine of temperaments, the ... great theatre must
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bubbling up from the shallow and superfici... ...age. was
their feelings, have appropriated all the phr... consta... to
to the service of trivial and ordinary life: a... characte...
have no language of passion for the service ... of pass...
of occasions really demanding it· for it has b... hence th...
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passioned order. But a character of deeper passion has a perpetual standard in itself, by which, as by an instinct, it tries all cases, and rejects the language of passion as disproportionate and ludicrous where it is not fully justified. "Ah Heavens!" or "Oh my God!" are exclamations, with us, so exclusively reserved for cases of profound ...st, that, on hearing a woman even (*i. e.*, a person of ...ost easily excited) utter such words, we look ...ecting to see her child in some situation of ... But in France, "*Ah Ciel!*" and "*Oh mon Dieu!*" ...d by every woman if a mouse does but run across ... The ignorant and the thoughtless, however, ...inue to class the English character under the ...tic temperament, whilst the philosopher will per... it is the exact polar antithesis to a phlegmatic ...er. In this conclusion, though otherwise expressed ...strated, Walking Stewart's view of the English cha... will be found to terminate: and his opinion is especially valuable—first, and chiefly, because he was a philosopher; secondly, because his acquaintance with man, civilised and uncivilised, under all national distinctions, was absolutely unrivalled. Meantime, this and others of his opinions were expressed in language that, if literally construed, would often appear insane or absurd. The truth is, his long intercourse with foreign nations had given something of a hybrid tincture to his diction; in some of his works, for instance, he uses the French word *hélas!* uniformly for the English *alas!* and apparently with no consciousness of his mistake. He had also this singularity about him, that he was everlastingly metaphysicising against metaphysics. To me, who was buried in metaphysical reveries from my earliest days, this was not likely to be an attraction, any more than the vicious structure of his diction was likely to

please my scholar-like taste. All grounds of disgust, however, gave way before my sense of his powerful merits, and, as I have said, I sought his acquaintance Coming up to London from Oxford about 1807 or 1808, I made inquiries about him; and found that he usually read the papers at a coffee-room in Piccadilly: understanding that he was poor, it struck me that he might not wish to receive visits at his lodgings, and therefore I sought him at the coffee-room. Here I took the liberty of introducing myself to him. He received me courteously, and invited me to his rooms, which at that time were in Sherrard Street, Golden Square—a street already memorable to me. I was much struck with the eloquence of his conversation, and afterwards I found that Mr Wordsworth, himself the most eloquent of men in conversation, had been equally struck, when he had met him at Paris between the years 1790 and 1792, during the early storms of the French Revolution. In Sherrard Street I visited him repeatedly, and took notes of the conversations I had with him on various subjects. These I must have somewhere or other, and I wish I could introduce them here, as they would interest the reader. Occasionally, in these conversations, as in his books, he introduced a few notices of his private history: in particular, I remember his telling me that in the East Indies he had been a prisoner of Hyder's, that he had escaped with some difficulty; and that, in the service of one of the native princes as secretary or interpreter, he had accumulated a small fortune. This must have been too small, I fear, at that time to allow him even a philosopher's comforts: for some part of it, invested in the French funds, had been confiscated. I was grieved to see a man of so much ability, of gentlemanly manners and refined habits, and with the infirmity of deafness, suffering under such obvious priva-

tions; and I once took the liberty, on a fit occasion presenting itself, of requesting that he would allow me to send him some books which he had been casually regretting that he did not possess—for I was at that time in the heyday of my worldly prosperity. This offer, however, he declined with firmness and dignity, though not unkindly. And I now mention it, because I have seen him charged in print with a selfish regard to his own pecuniary interest. On the contrary, he appeared to me a very liberal and generous man: and I well remember that, whilst on his own part he refused to accept of anything, he compelled me to receive as presents all the books which he published during my acquaintance with him. Two of these, corrected with his own hand—viz, the "Lyre of Apollo," and the "Sophiometer"—I have lately found amongst other books left in London; and others he forwarded to me in Westmoreland. In 1809 I saw him often. In the spring of that year I happened to be in London; and Wordsworth's tract on the Convention of Cintra being at that time in the printer's hands, I superintended the publication of it, and, at Wordsworth's request, I added a long note on Spanish affairs, which is printed in the Appendix. The opinions I expressed in this note on the Spanish character, at that time much calumniated on the retreat to Corunna, then fresh in the public mind, above all, the contempt I expressed for the superstition in respect to the French military prowess—a superstition so dishonouring to ourselves, and so mischievous in its results—which was then at its height, and which gave way, in fact, only to the campaigns of 1814 and 1815, fell in, as it happened, with Mr Stewart's political creed in those points where at that time it met with most opposition. In 1812 it was, I think, that I saw him for the last time. and, by the way, on the day of my

parting with him, I had an amusing proof, in my own experience, of that sort of ubiquity ascribed to him by a witty writer in the "London Magazine." I met him and shook hands with him under Somerset House, telling him that I should leave town that evening for Westmoreland. Thence I went, by the very shortest road (*i e*, through Moor Street, Soho—for I am learned in many quarters of London), towards a point which necessarily led me through Tottenham Court Road: I stopped nowhere, and walked fast; yet so it was, that in Tottenham Court Road I was not overtaken by (*that* was comprehensible), but overtook, Walking Stewart. Certainly, as the above writer alleges, there must have been three Walking Stewarts in London. He seemed nowise surprised at this himself, but explained to me, that somewhere or other in the neighbourhood of Tottenham Court Road there was a little theatre, at which there was dancing, and occasionally good singing, between which and a neighbouring coffee-house he sometimes divided his evenings. Singing, it seems, he could hear in spite of his deafness. In this street I took my final leave of him, it turned out such; and anticipating at the time that it would, I looked after his white hat at the moment it was disappearing, and exclaimed, "Farewell, thou half-crazy and most eloquent of men! I shall never see thy face again." At that moment, I did not intend to visit London again for some years: as it happened, I was there for a short time in 1814; and then I heard, to my great satisfaction, that Walking Stewart had recovered a considerable sum (about £14,000, I believe) from the East India Company; and, from the abstract given in the "London Magazine" of the memoir by his relation, I have since learned that he applied this money most wisely to the purchase of an annuity, and that he "persisted in living"

too long for the peace of an annuity office. So fare all companies, East and West, and all annuity-offices, that stand opposed in interest to philosophers! In 1814, however, to my great regret, I did not see him; for I was then taking a great deal of opium, and never could contrive to issue to the light of day soon enough for a morning-call upon a philosopher of such early hours, and in the evening, I concluded that he would be generally abroad, from what he had formerly communicated to me of his own habits. It seems, however, that he afterwards held *conversaziones* at his own rooms, and did not stir out to theatres quite so much. From a brother of mine, who at one time occupied rooms in the same house with him, I learned that, in other respects, he did not deviate in his prosperity from the philosophic tenor of his former life. He abated nothing of his peripatetic exercises, and repaired duly in the morning, as he had done in former years, to St James's Park, where he sat in trance-like reverie amongst the cows, inhaling their balmy breath and pursuing his philosophic speculations. He had also purchased an organ, or more than one, with which he solaced his solitude, and beguiled himself of uneasy thoughts, if he ever had any.

The works of Walking Stewart must be read with some indulgence, the titles are generally too lofty and pretending, and somewhat extravagant; the composition is lax and unprecise, as I have before said; and the doctrines are occasionally very bold, incautiously stated, and too hardy and high-toned for the nervous effeminacy of many modern moralists. But Walking Stewart was a man who thought nobly of human nature: he wrote, therefore, at times, in the spirit and with the indignation of an ancient prophet against the oppressors and destroyers of the time. In

particular, I remember that, in one or more of the pamphlets which I received from him at Grasmere, he expressed himself in such terms on the subject of Tyrannicide (distinguishing the cases in which it was and was not lawful) as seemed to Wordsworth and myself every way worthy of a philosopher, but, from the way in which that subject was treated in the House of Commons, where it was at that time occasionally introduced, it was plain that his doctrine was not fitted for the luxurious and relaxed morals of the age Like all men who think nobly of human nature, Walking Stewart thought of it hopefully. In some respects his hopes were wisely grounded, in others, they rested too much upon certain metaphysical speculations which are untenable, and which satisfied himself only, because his researches in that track had been purely self-originated and self-disciplined. He relied upon his own native strength of mind, but, in questions which the wisdom and philosophy of every age, building successively upon each other, have not been able to settle, no mind, however strong, is entitled to build wholly upon itself In many things he shocked the religious sense—especially as it exists in unphilosophic minds. he held a sort of rude and unscientific Spinosism; and he expressed it coarsely, and in the way most likely to give offence. And indeed there can be no stronger proof of the utter obscurity in which his works have slumbered, than that they should all have escaped prosecution. He also allowed himself to look too lightly and indulgently on the afflicting spectacle of female prostitution as it exists in London and in all great cities. This was the only point on which I was disposed to quarrel with him, for I could not but view it as a greater reproach to human nature than the slave-trade, or any sight of wretchedness that the sun looks down upon

I often told him so, and that I was at a loss to guess how a philosopher could allow himself to view it simply as part of the equipage of civil life, and not less reasonably making part of the establishment and furniture of a great city as police-offices, lamp-lighting, or newspapers. Waiving, however, this one instance of something like compliance with the brutal spirit of the world, on all other subjects he was eminently unworldly, child-like, simple-minded, and upright. He would flatter no man: even when addressing nations, it is almost laughable to see how invariably he prefaces his counsels with such plain truths, uttered in a manner so offensive as must have defeated his purpose, if it had otherwise any chance of being accomplished. For instance, in addressing America, he begins thus.—"People of America! since your separation from the mother-country, your moral character has degenerated in the energy of thought and sense; produced by the absence of your association and intercourse with British officers and merchants: you have no moral discernment to distinguish between the protective power of England and the destructive power of France." And his letter to the Irish nation opens in this agreeable and conciliatory manner:—"People of Ireland! I address you as a true philosopher of nature, foreseeing the perpetual misery your irreflective character, and total absence of moral discernment, are preparing for," &c. The second sentence begins thus:—"You are sacrilegiously arresting the arm of your parent kingdom, fighting the cause of man and nature, when the triumph of the fiend of French police-terror would be your own instant extirpation." And the letter closes thus:—"I see but one awful alternative—that Ireland will be a perpetual moral volcano, threatening the destruction of the world, if the education and instruction of thought and sense shall not be able to gene-

rate the faculty of moral discernment among a very numerous class of the population, who detest the civic calm as sailors the natural calm, and make civic rights on which they cannot reason a pretext for feuds which they delight in." As he spoke freely and boldly to others, so he spoke loftily of himself. At p. 313 of the "Harp of Apollo," on making a comparison of himself with Socrates (in which he naturally gives the preference to himself), he styles the "Harp," &c., "this unparalleled work of human energy." At p. 315, he calls it "this stupendous work;" and lower down, on the same page, he says, "I was turned out of school, at the age of fifteen, for a dunce or blockhead, because I would not stuff into my memory all the nonsense of erudition and learning; and if future ages should discover the unparalleled energies of genius in this work, it will prove my most important doctrine—that the powers of the human mind must be developed in the education of thought and sense in the study of moral opinion, not arts and science." Again, at p. 225 of his "Sophiometer," he says, "The paramount thought that dwells in my mind incessantly is a question I put to myself—whether, in the event of my personal dissolution by death, I have communicated all the discoveries my unique mind possesses in the great master-science of man and nature." In the next page, he determines that he *has*, with the exception of one truth—viz., "the latent energy, physical and moral, of human nature as existing in the British people." But here he was surely accusing himself without ground, for, to my knowledge, he has not failed, in any one of his numerous works, to insist upon this theme at least a billion of times. Another instance of his magnificent self-estimation is, that in the title-pages of several of his works he announces himself as "John

Stewart, the only man of nature* that ever appeared in the world."

By this time I am afraid the reader begins to suspect that he was crazy: and certainly, when I consider everything, he must have been crazy when the wind was at NNE; for who but Walking Stewart ever dated his books by a computation drawn—not from the creation, not from the flood, not from Nabonassar, or *ab urbe conditâ*, not from the Hegira—but from themselves, from their own day of publication, as constituting the one great era in the history of man by the side of which all other eras were frivolous and impertinent? Thus, in a work of his, given to me in 1812, and probably published in that year, I find him incidentally recording of himself that he was at that time "arrived at the age of sixty-three, with a firm state of health acquired by temperance, and a peace of mind almost independent of the vices of mankind—because my knowledge of life has enabled me to place my happiness beyond the reach or contact of other men's follies and passions, by avoiding all family connections, and all ambitious pursuits of profit, fame, or power." On reading this passage, I was anxious to ascertain its date; but this, on turning to the title-page, I found thus mysteriously expressed: "In the 7000th year of Astronomical History, and the first day of Intellectual Life or Moral World, from the era of this work." Another slight indication of craziness appeared in a notion which obstinately haunted his mind, that all the kings and rulers of the earth would

* In Bath he was surnamed the "Child of Nature," which arose from his contrasting, on every occasion, the existing man of our present experience with the ideal or Stewartian man that might be expected to emerge in some myriads of ages—to which latter man he gave the name of the Child of Nature

madness, it seemed to me a somewhat sublime madness: and I assured him of my co-operation against the kings, promising that I would bury the "Harp of Apollo" in my own orchard in Grasmere at the foot of Mount Fairfield; that I would bury the 'Apocalypse of Nature" in one of the coves of Helvellyn, and several other works in several other places best known to myself. He accepted my offer with gratitude; but he then made known to me that he relied on my assistance for a still more important service—which was this in the lapse of that vast number of ages that would probably intervene between the present period and the period at which his works would have reached their destination, he feared that the English language might itself have mouldered away. "No!" I said, "*that* was not probable: considering its extensive diffusion, and that it was now transplanted into all the continents of our planet, I would back the English language against any other on earth." His own persuasion, however, was, that the Latin was destined to survive all other languages; it was to be the eternal as well as the universal language; and his desire was that I should translate his works, or some part of them, into that language * This I promised;

* I was not aware until the moment of writing this passage, that Walking Stewart had publicly made this request three years after making it to myself opening the "Harp of Apollo," I have just now accidentally stumbled on the following passage —" This stupendous work is destined, I fear, to meet a worse fate than the aloe, which, as soon as it blossoms, loses its stalk. This first blossom of reason is threatened with the loss of both its stalk and its soil for, if the revolutionary tyrant should triumph, he would destroy all the English books and energies of thought I conjure my readers to translate this work into Latin, and to bury it in the ground, communicating on their death-beds only its place of concealment to men of nature "

From the title page of this work, by the way, I learn that "the 7000th year of Astronomical History" is taken from the Chinese tables, and coincides (as I had supposed) with the year 1812 of our computation.

and I seriously designed at some leisure hour to translate into Latin a selection of passages which should embody an abstract of his philosophy. This would have been doing a service to all those who might wish to see a digest of his peculiar opinions cleared from the perplexities of his peculiar diction, and brought into a narrow compass from the great number of volumes through which they are at present dispersed. However, like many another plan of mine, it went unexecuted.

On the whole, if Walking Stewart were at all crazy, he was so in a way which did not affect his natural genius and eloquence—but rather exalted them. The old maxim, indeed, that "Great wits to madness sure are near allied," the maxim of Dryden and the popular maxim, I have heard disputed by Mr Coleridge and Mr Wordsworth, who maintain that mad people are the dullest and most wearisome of all people. As a body, I believe they are so. But I must dissent from the authority of Messrs Coleridge and Wordsworth so far as to distinguish. Where madness is connected, as it often is, with some miserable derangement of the stomach, liver, &c., and attacks the principle of pleasurable life, which is manifestly seated in the central organs of the body (*i. e.*, in the stomach and the apparatus connected with it), there it cannot but lead to perpetual suffering and distraction of thought, and there the patient will be often tedious and incoherent. People who have not suffered from any great disturbance in those organs are little aware how indispensable to the process of thinking are the momentary influxes of pleasurable feeling from the regular goings on of life in its primary function; in fact, until the pleasure is withdrawn or obscured, most people are not aware that they *have* any pleasure from the due action of the great central machinery

of the system: proceeding in uninterrupted continuance, the pleasure as much escapes the consciousness as the act of respiration: a child, in the happiest stage of its existence, does not *know* that it is happy. And, generally, whatsoever is the level state of the hourly feeling is never put down by the unthinking (*i. e.*, by 99 out of 100) to the account of happiness: it is never put down with the positive sign, as equal to $+ x$; but simply as $= 0$. And men first become aware that it *was* a positive quantity, when they have lost it (*i. e*, fallen into $- x$). Meantime the genial pleasure from the vital processes, though not represented to the consciousness, is *immanent* in every act, impulse, motion, word, and thought: and a philosopher sees that the idiots are in a state of pleasure, though they cannot see it themselves. Now I say that, where this principle of pleasure is not attacked, madness is often little more than an enthusiasm highly exalted; the animal spirits are exuberant and in excess; and the madman becomes, if he be otherwise a man of ability and information, all the better as a companion. I have met with several such madmen; and I appeal to my brilliant friend, Professor Wilson of Edinburgh, who is not a man to tolerate dulness in any quarter, and is himself the ideal of a delightful companion, whether he ever met a more amusing person than that madman who took a post-chaise jointly with him and myself, from Penrith to Carlisle, long years ago, when he and I were hastening with the speed of fugitive felons to catch the Edinburgh mail. His fancy and his extravagance, and his furious attacks on Sir Isaac Newton, like Plato's suppers, refreshed us not only for that day, but whenever they recurred to us, and we were both grieved when we heard some time afterwards, from a Cambridge man, that he had met our clever friend in a

forests of Canada; with the swarming life of the torrid zone; together with innumerable recollections of individual joy and sorrow that he had participated by sympathy —lay like a map beneath him, as if eternally co-present to his view, so that, in the contemplation of the prodigious whole, he had no leisure to separate the parts, or occupy his mind with details. Hence came the monotony which the frivolous and the desultory would have found in his conversation. I, however, who, by accidents of experience, am qualified to speak of him, must pronounce him to have been a man of great genius, and, with reference to his conversation, of great eloquence. That these were not better known and acknowledged was owing to two disadvantages—one grounded in his imperfect education, the other in the peculiar structure of his mind. The first was this: like the late Mr Shelley, he had a fine vague enthusiasm, and lofty aspirations, in connection with human nature generally and its hopes; and like him he strove to give steadiness, a uniform direction, and an intelligible purpose to these feelings, by fitting to them a scheme of philosophical opinions. But unfortunately the philosophic system of both was so far from supporting their own views, and the cravings of their own enthusiasm, that, as in some points it was baseless, incoherent, or unintelligible, so in others it tended to moral results from which, if they had foreseen them, they would have been themselves the first to shrink, as contradictory to the very purposes in which their system had originated. Hence, in maintaining their own system, they found themselves painfully entangled, at times, with tenets pernicious and degrading to human nature. These were the inevitable consequences of the πρῶτον ψεῦδος* in their speculations; but were naturally

* "πρῶτον ψεῦδος"—The first (or fundamental) falsehood.

THE MARQUESS WELLESLEY.*

It sounds like the tolling of funeral bells, as the annunciation is made of one death after another amongst those who supported our canopy of empire through the last most memorable generation. The eldest of the Wellesleys is gone; he is gathered to his fathers. and here we have his life circumstantially written.

Who, and of what origin, are the Wellesleys? There is an impression current amongst the public, or there *was* an impression, that the true name of the Wellesley family is Wesley. This is a case very much resembling some of those imagined by the old scholastic logicians, where it was impossible either to deny or to affirm saying *yes*, or saying *no*, equally you told a falsehood. As if, being asked whether you killed your wife by strychnia, then to reply *yes* would be directly to own the crime; but, on the other hand, to reply *no* would be indirectly to own it—since it would be argued that you admitted the killing, by denying that you did it by strychnia. The case as to the Wellesleys is briefly this: The family was originally English; and in England, at the earliest era, there is no doubt at all that its name was De Wellesleigh, which was pronounced

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* Suggested by Mr Pearce's "Memoirs and Correspondence"

his Somersetshire descent, for the family of Lord Egmont, the head of all Percivals, ever was, and ever will be, in Somersetshire. But *how* was he killed? The time *when* —viz., 1303—the place *where*, are known; but the manner *how* is not exactly stated. It was in skirmish with rascally Irish "kernes," fellows that (when presented at the font of Christ for baptism) had their right arms covered up from the baptismal waters, in order that, still remaining consecrated to the devil, those arms might inflict a devilish blow. Such a blow, with such an unbaptised arm, the Irish villain struck, and there was an end of Wellerand de Wellesleigh. Strange that history should make an end of a man before she had made a beginning of him. These, however, are the *facts;* which, in writing a romance about Sir Wellerand and Sir Percival, I shall have great pleasure in falsifying. But how, says the too curious reader, did the De Wellesleighs find themselves amongst Irish kernes? Had these scamps the presumption to invade Somersetshire? Did they dare to intrude into Wells? Not at all: but the pugnacious De Wellesleighs had dared to intrude into Ireland. Some say in the train of Henry II. Some say —— but no matter. *there* they were, and *there* they stuck like limpets. They soon engrafted themselves into the County of Kildare, from which, by means of a fortunate marriage, they leaped into the County of Meath, and in that county, as if to refute the pretended mutability of human things, they have roosted ever since. There was once a famous copy of verses floating about Europe, which asserted that, whilst other princes were destined to fight for thrones, Austria—the handsome house of Hapsburg—should obtain thrones by marriage:

"Pugnabunt alii tu, felix Austria, nube."*

* "*Nube:*"—One must wink at blunders where royalties are concerned,

son for omitting the *le*, that it caused her too much additional trouble. She was a very good and kind-hearted woman, yet still, as a daughter of the Howards (the great feudal house of Suffolk), she regarded any possible heraldic pretensions of an obscure baronet's family as visible only through powerful microscopes.

So far the evidence seems in favour of Wellesley, and against Wesley. But, on the other hand, during the last three centuries the Wellesleys themselves wrote the name Wesley. They, however, were only the *maternal* ancestors of the present Wellesleys. Garret Wellesley, the last male heir of the direct line, in the year 1745, left his whole estate to one of the Cowleys, a Staffordshire family, who had emigrated to Ireland in Queen Elizabeth's time, but who were, however, descended from the Wellesleys This Cowley or Colley, taking, in 1745, the name of Wesley, received from George II the title of Earl Mornington; and Colley's grandson, the Marquess Wellesley of our age, was recorded in the Irish peerage as *Wesley*, Earl of Mornington, was uniformly so described up to the end of the eighteenth century; and even Arthur of Waterloo, whom most of us Europeans know pretty well, on going to India a little before his brother (say early in 1799), was thus introduced by Lord Cornwallis to Sir John Shore (Lord Teignmouth, at that time the Governor-General), "Dear sir, I beg leave to introduce to you Colonel Wesley, who is a lieutenant-colonel of my regiment. He is a sensible man, and a good officer." Posterity (for *we* are posterity in respect of Lord Cornwallis) have been very much of *his* opinion. Colonel Wesley really *was* a sensible man; and the sensible man, soon after his arrival in Bengal, under the instigation of his brother, resumed the old name of Wellesley. In reality, the name of Wesley was merely the

So of the Wellesleighs. Sir Wellerand took quite the wrong way. not cudgelling, but courting, was the correct line of policy in Kildare. Two great estates, by two separate marriages, the De Wellesleighs obtained in Kildare; and by a third marriage, in a third generation, they obtained, in the County of Meath, an estate known by the name of Castle Dengan (otherwise Dangan), with lordships as plentiful as blackberries Castle Dangan came to them in the year of our Lord 1411—*i e.*, four years before Agincourt, which memorable battle was fought exactly four hundred years before Waterloo—*ergo* in 1415. And in Castle Dangan did Field-Marshal the Man of Waterloo draw his first breath, shed his first tears, and perpetrate his earliest trespasses. That is what one might call a pretty long spell for one family. Four hundred and thirty-five years* has Castle Dangan furnished a nursery for the Wellesley piccaninnies Amongst the lordships attached to Castle Dangan was *Mornington,* which, more than three centuries afterwards, supplied an earldom for the grandfather of Waterloo. Any further memorabilia of the Castle Dangan family are not recorded, except that in 1485 (which surely was the year of Bosworth Field?) they began to omit the *de,* and to write themselves Wellesley *tout court.* From indolence, I presume, for a certain Lady Di. le Fleming, whom once I knew, a Howard by birth, who had condescended so far as to marry a simple baronet (Sir Michael le Fleming), told me, when a widow, as her rea-

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else, between you and me, reader, *nube* is not the right word, unless when the Austrian throne-winner happened to be a princess *Nube* could not be applied to a man, as an old dusty pentameter will assist the reader in remembering·

"Uxorem *duco, nubit* at illa mihi" ·

* "*Four hundred and thirty-five*"—but now (1858), on republication of this paper, hard upon four hundred and forty-seven years.

son for omitting the *le*, that it caused her too much additional trouble. She was a very good and kind-hearted woman; yet still, as a daughter of the Howards (the great feudal house of Suffolk), she regarded any possible heraldic pretensions of an obscure baronet's family as visible only through powerful microscopes

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abbreviation of indolence, as Chumley for Cholmondeley, Pomfret for Pontefract, Cicester for Cirencester, or, in Scotland, Marchbanks for Majoribanks, Shatorow, as commonly pronounced, for the Duke of Hamilton's French title of Chatelherault. I remember well from my days of childhood a niece of John Wesley, the Proto-Methodist, who always spoke of the second Lord Mornington (author of the well-known glees) as a cousin, and as intimately connected with her brother, the great *foudroyant* performer on the organ Southey, in his Life of John Wesley, the pious founder of Methodism, tells us that Charles Wesley, the brother of John, and father of the great organist, had the offer from Garret Wellesley of those same estates which eventually were left to Richard Cowley. This argues a recognition of near consanguinity. Why the offer was declined, is not distinctly explained Certainly it requires explanation, being a problem of very difficult solution to us sublunary men. But, if it had been accepted, Southey thinks that then we should have had no storming of Seringapatam, no Waterloo, and no Arminian Methodists. All that is not quite clear. Tippoo was booked for a desperate British vengeance by his own desperate enmity to our name, though no Lord Wellesley had been Governor-General in the penultimate year of the last century. Napoleon, by the same fury of hatred to us, was booked for the same fate, though the scene of it might not have been Waterloo. And, as to John Wesley, why should he not have made the same schism with the English Church, because his brother Charles had become unexpectedly rich?

The Marquess Wellesley was of the same standing, as to age, or nearly so, as Mr Pitt; though he outlived Pitt by almost forty years. Born in 1760, three or four months before the accession of George III., he was sent to Eton,

at the age of eleven; and from Eton, in his eighteenth year, he was sent to Christ Church, Oxford, where he matriculated as a nobleman. He then bore the courtesy title of Viscount Wellesley; but, in 1781, when he had reached his twenty-first year, he was summoned away from Oxford by the death of his father, the second Earl of Mornington. It is interesting, at this moment, to look back on the family group of children collected at Dangan Castle. The young Earl of Mornington, future Marquess Wellesley, was within a month of his majority; his younger brothers and sisters were these. William Wellesley Pole (since dead, under the title of Lord Maryborough), then aged eighteen, Anne, since married to Henry, son of Lord Southampton, then aged thirteen, *Arthur*, aged twelve; Gerald Valerian, now in the church, aged ten; Mary Elizabeth (since Lady Culling Smith), aged nine; Henry, since Lord Cowley, and British ambassador to Spain, France, &c, aged eight. The new Lord Mornington showed his conscientious nature, by assuming his father's debts, and by superintending the education of his brothers. He had distinguished himself at Oxford as a scholar; but he returned thither no more, and took no degree. As Earl of Mornington, he sat in the Irish House of Lords; but not being a *British* peer, he was able to sit also in the English House of Commons; and of this opening for a more national career, he availed himself at the age of twenty-four. Except that he favoured the claims of the Irish Catholics, his policy was pretty uniformly that of Mr Pitt. He supported that minister throughout the contests on the French Revolution; and a little earlier, on the Regency question. This came forward in 1788, on occasion of the first insanity which attacked George III. The reader, who is likely to have been born since that era—at least I hope so—will perhaps

not be acquainted with the constitutional question then at issue. It was this. Mr Fox held that, upon any incapacity arising in the sovereign, the regency would then settle (*ipso facto* of that incapacity, and, therefore, in defiance of Parliament) upon the Prince of Wales, overlooking altogether the case in which there should *be* no Prince of Wales, and the case in which such a prince might be as incapable, from youth, of exercising the powers attached to the office, as his father from disease Mr Pitt denied that a Prince of Wales simply *as* such, and apart from any moral fitness which he might have manifested, had more of *legal* title to the office of regent than any lamplighter or scavenger. It was the province of Parliament exclusively to legislate for the particular case. The practical decision of the question was not called for, through the accident of the king's sudden recovery: but in Ireland, from the independence asserted by the two houses of the British councils, the question grew still more complex. The Lord-Lieutenant refused to transmit their address,* and Lord Mornington supported him powerfully in his refusal.

Ten years after this hot collision of parties, Lord Mornington was appointed Governor-General of India, and now first he entered upon a stage worthy of his powers I cannot myself agree with his biographer, Mr Pearce, that "the wisdom of his policy is now universally recognised," because the same false views of our Indian position, which at that time caused his splendid services to be slighted in many quarters, still preponderates. All administrations alike have been intensely ignorant of Indian

* Which adopted neither view, for, by *offering* the regency of Ireland to the Prince of Wales, they negatived Mr Fox's view, who held it to be the prince's by inherent right, whether offered or not, and, on the other hand, they still more openly opposed Mr Pitt

was, Lord Mornington's government reduced and crippled the Mahrattas to such an extent, that in 1817 Lord Hastings found it possible to crush them for ever. Three services of a profounder nature Lord Wellesley was enabled to do for India: first, to pave the way for the propagation of Christianity—mighty service, stretching to the clouds, and which, in the hour of death, must have given him consolation; secondly, to enter upon the abolition of such Hindoo superstitions as are most shocking to humanity, particularly the practice of Suttee, and the barbarous exposure of dying persons or of first-born infants at Saugor on the Ganges, finally, to promote an enlarged system of education, which (if his splendid scheme had been adopted) would have diffused its benefits all over India It ought also to be mentioned, that the expedition by way of the Red Sea, against the French in Egypt, was so entirely of his suggestion and his preparation, that, to the great dishonour of Messrs Pitt and Dundas, whose administration, great by its general policy, was the worst, as a *war* administration, that ever feebly misapplied or lazily nonapplied the resources of a mighty empire, it languished for eighteen months purely through *their* neglect

In 1805, having staid about seven years in India, Lord Mornington was recalled; was created Marquess Wellesley, was sent, in 1821, as Viceroy to Ireland, where there was little to do, having previously, in 1809, been sent ambassador to the Spanish Cortes, where there was an infinity to do, but no means of doing it. The last great political act of Lord Wellesley was the smashing of the Peel ministry in 1834—viz, by the famous resolution (which he personally drew up) for appropriating to the great purpose of general education in Ireland whatever surplus might arise from the remodelled revenues of the Irish Church. Full

of honours, he retired from public affairs at the age of seventy-five; and. for seven years more of life, dedicated his time to such literary pursuits as he had found most interesting in early youth.

Mr Pearce, who is so capable of writing vigorously and sagaciously, has too much allowed himself to rely upon public journals For example, he reprints the whole of the attorney-general's official information against eleven obscure persons, who, from the gallery of the Dublin theatre, did "wickedly, riotously, and routously"* hiss, groan, insult, and assault (to say nothing of their having *caused and procured to be hissed, groaned, &c.*) the Marquess Wellesley, Lord-Lieutenant General, and General Governor of Ireland. This document covers more than nine pages; and, after all, omits the only fact of the least consequence —viz., that several missiles were thrown by the rioters into the viceregal box, and amongst them a quart-bottle, which barely missed his excellency's temples. Considering the impetus acquired by the descent from the gallery, there is little doubt that such a weapon would have killed Lord Wellesley on the spot. In default, however, of this weighty fact, the attorney-general favours us with memorialising the very best piece of doggerel that I remember to have read—viz. that upon divers (to wit, three thousand) papers the rioters had wickedly and maliciously written and printed, besides, observe, *causing* to be written and printed, "No Popery," as also the following traitorous couplet·—

"The Protestants want Talbot,
As the Papists have got *all but*,"

meaning "all but" that which they got some years later

* *Routously*—This is not altogether lawyers' surplusage for, let the hot-blooded reader understand that to be *routous* is nothing like so criminal in law as to be *riotous* I never go beyond the routous point.

by means of the Clare election. in favour of Dan O'Connell. Yet if, in some instances like this, Mr Pearce has too largely drawn upon official papers, which he should rather have abstracted and condensed, on the other hand, his work has a special value in bringing forward private documents, to which his opportunities have gained him a confidential access We are indebted to Mr Pearce also for two portraits of Lord Wellesley, one in middle life, and one in old age, from a sketch by the Comte d'Orsay, felicitously executed.

Something remains to be said of Lord Wellesley as a literary man; and towards such a judgment Mr Pearce has contributed some very pleasing materials. As a public speaker, Lord Wellesley had that degree of brilliancy and effectual vigour, which might have been expected in a man of great talents, possessing much native sensibility to the charms of style, but not led by any personal accidents of life into a separate cultivation of oratory, or into any profound investigation of its duties and its powers on the arena of a British senate. There is less call for speaking of Lord Wellesley in this character, where he did not seek for any eminent distinction, than in the more general character of an elegant *litterateur*, which furnished to him much of his recreation in all stages of his life, and much of his consolation in the last It is interesting to see this accomplished nobleman, in advanced age, when other resources were one by one decaying, and the lights of life were successively fading into darkness, still cheering his languid hours by the culture of classical literature, and in his eighty-second year drawing solace from those same pursuits which had given grace and distinction to his twentieth.

One or two remarks I will make upon Lord Wellesley's

verses—Greek as well as Latin. The Latin lines upon Chantrey's success at Holkham in killing two woodcocks at the first shot, which subsequently he sculptured in marble, and presented to Lord Leicester, are perhaps the most felicitous amongst the whole. Masquerading, in Lord Wellesley's verses, as Praxiteles, who could not well be represented with a Manton having a percussion lock, Chantrey is armed with a bow and arrows.

"En! trajecit aves una sagitta duas."

In the Greek translation of "Parthenopœus" there are as few faults as could reasonably be expected. But, first, one word as to the original Latin poem: to whom does it belong? It is traced first to Lord Grenville, who received it from his tutor (afterwards Bishop of London), who had taken it as an anonymous poem from the "Censor's book," and with very little probability, it is doubtfully assigned to "Lewis of the War Office," meaning, no doubt, the father of Monk Lewis. By this anxiety in tracing its pedigree, the reader is led to exaggerate the pretensions of the little poem; these are inconsiderable: and there is a conspicuous fault, which it is worth while noticing, because it is one peculiarly besetting those who write Latin verses with the help of a gradus—viz., that the Pentameter is often a mere reverberation of the preceding Hexameter. Thus, for instance.—

"Parthenios inter saltus non amplius erro,
Non repeto Dryadum pascua læta choris,"

and so of others, where the second line is but a variation of the first. Even Ovid, with all his fertility, and partly in consequence of his fertility, too often commits this fault. Where, indeed, the thought is effectually varied, so that the second line acts as a musical *minor*, succeeding to the

major in the first, there may happen to arise a peculiar beauty. But I speak of the ordinary case, where the second is merely the rebound of the first, presenting the same thought in a diluted form. This is the commonest resource of feeble thinking, and is also a standing temptation or snare for feeble thinking Lord Wellesley, however, is not answerable for these faults in the original, which, indeed, he notices indulgently as "repetitions;" and his own Greek version is spirited and good. There are, however, some mistakes. The second line is altogether faulty.

Χωρια Μαιναλιῳ παντ ἐρατεινα θεῳ
'Αχνυμενος λειπων

does not express the sense intended. Construed correctly, this clause of the sentence would mean—"*I sorrowfully leaving all places gracious to the Mænalian god;*" but *that* is not what Lord Wellesley designed: "*I leaving the woods of Cylene, and the snowy summits of Pholoe, places that are all of them dear to Pan*"—*that* is what was meant, that is to say, not *leaving all places dear to Pan*—far from it—but *leaving a few places, every one of which is dear to Pan* In the line beginning

Καν ἐθ ὑφ' ἡλικιας,

where the meaning is—*and if as yet, by reason of my immature age*, there is a métrical error; and ηλικια will not express immaturity of age. I doubt whether, in the next line,

Μηδ' ἀλκη θαλλοι γουνασιν ἠιθεος,

γουνασιν could convey the meaning without the preposition ἐν And in

Σπερχομαι οὑ καλεουσι θεοι

—*I hasten whither the gods summon me*—οὑ is not the right word: ὁυ is *where*, or *in* what place, but the call is for *whither*, or *to* what place It is, however, difficult to write Greek verses which shall be liable to no verbal objections; and

the fluent movement of these verses sufficiently argues the off-hand ease with which Lord Wellesley must have *read* Greek, writing it so elegantly, and with so little of apparent constraint.

Meantime the most interesting (from its circumstances) of Lord Wellesley's metrical attempts, is one to which his own English interpretation of it has done less than justice. It is a Latin epitaph on the daughter (an *only* daughter) of Lord and Lady Brougham. She died and (as was generally known at the time) of an organic affection disturbing the action of the heart, at the early age of eighteen. And the peculiar interest of the case lies in the suppression, by this pious daughter (so far as it was possible), of her own bodily anguish, in order to beguile the mental anguish of her parents The Latin epitaph is this

> "Blanda anima, e cunis heu! longo exercita morbo,
> Inter maternas heu lachrymasque patris,
> Quas risu lenire tuo jucunda solebas,
> Et levis, et proprii vix memor ipsa mali,
> I, pete cælestes, ubi nulla est cura, recessus
> Et tibi sit nullo mista dolore quies!"

The English version is this·

> "Doom'd to long suffering from earliest years,
> Amidst your parents' grief and pain alone
> Cheerful and gay, you smiled to soothe their tears;
> And in *their* agonies forgot your own.
> Go, gentle spirit! and among the blest
> From grief and pain eternal be thy rest!"

In the Latin, the phrase *e cunis* hardly expresses *from your cradle upwards* The second line is faulty in the opposition of *maternas*, an adjective, to the substantive *patris*; whilst the repetition of the *heu* in two consecutive lines is ungraceful. In the fourth line, *levis* conveys a false meaning· *levis* must mean either *physically light*—*i e.*, not heavy —which is not the sense, or else *tainted with levity*, which

is still less the sense. What Lord Wellesley wished to say was *light-hearted:* this he has *not* said, but neither is it easy to say it in good Latin.

I complain, however, of the whole, as not bringing out Lord Wellesley's own feeling—which feeling is partly expressed in his verses, and partly in his accompanying prose note on Miss Brougham's mournful destiny ("her life was a continual illness"), contrasted with her fortitude, her innocent gaiety, and the pious motives under which she supported this gaiety to the last. Not as a direct version, but as filling up the outline of Lord Wellesley, sufficiently indicated by himself, I propose the following

INSCRIPTION FOR THE GRAVE OF THE HON MARIA BROUGHAM —

"Child, that for thirteen* years hast fought with pain,
Prompted by joy and depth of filial love,
Rest now at God's command Oh! not in vain
His angel ofttimes watch'd thee—oft, above
All pangs that would have dimm'd thy parents' eyes,
Saw thy young heart victoriously rise!
Rise now for ever, self-forgetting child!
Rise to those choirs, where love like thine is blest,
From pains of flesh, from filial tears assoil'd—
Love which God's hand shall crown with God's own rest!"

* "*For thirteen*"—i e, from the age of five to eighteen, at which age she died.

SCHLOSSER'S LITERARY HISTORY OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

In the person of this Mr Schlosser is exemplified a common abuse, not confined to literature. An artist from the Italian opera of London and Paris, making a professional excursion to the French or English provinces, is received deferentially and almost passively according to the tariff of the metropolis, no rural judge being bold enough to dispute decisions coming down from the courts above In that particular case, there is seldom any reason to complain—since really, out of Germany and Italy, there is no city, if you except Paris and London, possessing musical resources for the composition of an audience large enough to act as a court of revision. It would be presumption in the provincial audience, so slightly trained to good music and dancing, if it should affect to disturb a judgment ratified in the supreme capital. The result, therefore, will be practically just, if the original verdict was just, what was right from the first cannot be made wrong by iteration. Yet, even in such a case, there is something not satisfactory to a delicate sense of equity; for the artist returns from the tour as if from some new and independent triumph, whereas all is but the reverberation of an old one, it seems a new access of sunlight,

whereas it is but a reflex illumination from lunar satellites

In literature, the corresponding case is worse. An author, passing (by means of translation) before a foreign people, ought *de jure* to find himself before a new tribunal, but *de facto* too often he does not. Like the opera artist, but not with the same propriety, he comes before a court that never interferes to unsettle a judgment, but only to re-affirm it. And he returns to his native country, quartering in his armorial bearings these new trophies, as though won by new trials, when, in fact, they are due to servile ratifications of old ones When Sue or Balzac Dumas or George Sand, comes before an English audience, the opportunity is invariably lost for estimating the men at a new angle of sight What is thought of Dumas in Paris? asks the London reviewer; and shapes his notice to catch the *aroma* of the Parisian verdicts just then current But exactly this is what he should prudently have shunned. He will never learn his own natural and unbiassed opinion of the book when he thus deliberately intercepts all that would have been spontaneous in his impressions, by adulterating with alien views—possibly not even sincere. And thus a new set of judges, that might usefully have modified the narrow views of the old ones, fall by mere *inertia* into the humble character of echoes and sounding-boards to swell the uproar of the original mob.

In this way is thrown away the opportunity, not only of applying corrections to false national tastes, but oftentimes even to the unfair accidents of *luck* that befall books. For it is well known to all who watch literature with vigilance, that books and authors have their fortunes, which travel upon a far different scale of proportions from

iose that measure their merits Not even the capiice or ie folly of the ieading public is iequiied to account for iis. Very often, indeed, the whole difference between an xtensive circulation for one book, and none at all for an-ther of about equal merit, belongs to no particular blind-ess in men, but to the simple fact, that the one *has*, whilst he other has *not*, been brought effectually under the eyes f the public. By far the greater part of books are lost, iot because they are rejected, but because they are nevei ntroduced In any proper sense of the word, very few iooks are published. Techmcally, no doubt, they *are* pub-ished; which means, that for ten or twenty times they are *dvertised;* but they are not made known to *attentive* ears, r to ears *prepared* for attention. And amongst the causes rhich account for this difference in the fortune of books, lthough there are many, we may reckon, as foremost, *ersonal* accidents of position in the authors For instance, rith us in England, it will do a bad book no *ultimate* ser-ice that it is written by a lord, or by a bishop, or by a rivy counsellor, or by a member of Paiiament; though indoubtedly it will do an *instant* service—it will sell an dition or so. This being the case—it being certain that io rank will reprieve a bad writei from *final* condemna-ion—the sycophantic gloiifier of the public fancies his idol justified, but not so. A bad book, it is true, will not be saved by advantages of position in the author; but a book moderately good will be extravagantly aided by such advantages. ' Lectures on Christianity," that happened to be respectably written and delivered, had piodigious success in my young days, because, also, they happened to be lectures of a prelate; three times the ability would not have procured them any attention, had they been the lec-tures of an obscure curate. Yet, on the other hand, it is

but justice to say, that, if written with three times less ability, lawn-sleeves would not have given them buoyancy, but, on the contrary, they would have sunk the bishop irrecoverably; whilst the curate, favoured by obscurity, would have survived for another chance. So again, and indeed more than so, as to poetry. Lord Carlisle (not of this generation, but the earl of fifty years back) wrote tolerable verses. They were better than Lord Roscommon's, which, for one hundred and fifty years, the judicious public has allowed the booksellers to incorporate, along with other rubbish of the seventeenth and eighteenth century, into the costly collections of the "British Poets." And really, if you *will* insist on odious comparisons, they were not much below the verses of an amiable prime minister (John Woburn) known to us all. Yet, because they wanted vital *stamina*, not only they fell, but in falling they caused the earl to reel much more than any commoner would have done. Now, on the other hand, a kinsman of Lord Carlisle—viz., Lord Byron—because he brought dazzling genius and power to the effort, found a vast auxiliary advantage in his peerage and his very ancient descent. On these double wings, he soared into a region of public interest far higher than ever he *would* have reached by poetic power alone. Not only all his rubbish—which in quantity is great—passed for jewels, but also what *are* incontestably jewels more gorgeous than the Koh-i-noor, have been, and will be, valued at a far higher rate than if they had been raised from less aristocratic mines. So fatal for mediocrity, so gracious for real power, is any adventitious distinction from birth, from station, or from accidents of brilliant notoriety. In reality, the public, our never-sufficiently-to-be-respected mother, is the most unutterable sycophant that ever the clouds dropped their rheum upon

She is always ready for Jacobinical scoffs at a man for being a lord, if he happens to fail, she is always ready for toadying a lord, if he happens to make a hit. Ah, dear sycophantic old lady! I kiss your sycophantic hands, and wish heartily that I were a duke for your sake!

It would be a mistake to fancy that this tendency to confound real merit and its accidents of position is at all peculiar to us or to our age. Dr Sacheverell, by embarking his small capital of talent on the spring-tide of a furious political collision between the Whigs and Tories, brought back an ampler return for his little investment than ever did Wickliffe or Luther. Such was his popularity, in the heart of love and the heart of hatred, that he would have been assassinated by the Whigs, on his triumphal progresses through England, had he not been canonised by the Tories He was a dead man, if he had not been suddenly gilt and lacquered as an idol Neither is the case peculiar at all to England. Ronge, the *ci-devant* Romish priest (whose name pronounce as you would the English word *wrong*, supposing that it had for a second syllable the final *a* of "sopha"—*i e*, *Wronguh*), has been found a wrongheaded man by *all* parties—and in a venial degree is, perhaps, a stupid man; but he moves* about with more *eclat* by far than the ablest man in Germany. And, in days of old, the man that burned down a miracle of beauty—viz., the Temple of Ephesus—protesting, with tears in his eyes, that he had no other way of getting himself a name, *has* got it in spite of us all. He's booked for a ride down through all history, whether you and I like it or not Every pocket-dictionary knows that Erostratus was that scamp. So of Martin, the man that parboiled, or par-

* Not at all. He *did* move when this was written, but that was in 1847. He is now as sedentary, or as stationary, as a milestone.

There he thrives, not by any approving experience or knowledge of his works, but through blind faith in his original German public. And back he flies afterwards to Germany, as if carrying with him new and independent testimonies to his merit, and from two nations that are directly concerned in his violent judgments; whereas (which is the simple truth) he carries back a careless reverberation of his first German character, from those who have far too much to read for declining aid from vicarious criticism when it will spare that effort to themselves. Schlosser has simply had his old passport *visé'd* up and down Europe; fresh passports he has none to show. Thus it is that German critics become audacious and libellous. Kohl, Von Raumer, Dr Carus, physician to the King of Saxony, by means of introductory letters floating them into circles far above any they had seen in homely Germany, are qualified by our own negligence and indulgence for mounting a European tribunal, from which they pronounce malicious edicts against ourselves. Sentinels presented arms to Von Raumer at Windsor, because he rode in a carriage of Queen Adelaide's, and Von Raumer immediately conceived himself the Chancellor of all Christendom, keeper of the conscience to universal Europe, upon all questions of art, manners, politics, or any conceivable intellectual relations of England Schlosser meditates the same career.

But have I any right to quote Schlosser's words from an English translation? I do so only because this happens to be at hand, and the German not German books are still rare in this country, though more numerous (by one thousand to one) than they were thirty years ago. But I have a special right to rely on the English of Mr Davison. "I hold in my hand," as gentlemen so often say at

public meetings, "a certificate from Herr Schlosser, that to quote Mr Davison is to quote *him.*" The English translation is one which Mr Schlosser "*durchgelesen hat, und für deren genauigkeit und richtigkeit er bürgt*" [has read through, and for the accuracy and propriety of which he pledges himself]. Mr Schlosser was so anxious for the spiritual welfare of us poor islanders, that he not only read it through, but he has even *aufmerksam durchgelesen* it [read it through wide awake], *und geprüft* [and carefully examined it], nay, he has done all this in company with the translator. "Oh, ye Athenians! how hard do I labour to earn your applause!" And, as the result of such Herculean labours, a second time he makes himself surety for its precision; "*er bürgt also dafür wie für seine eigne arbeit*" [he guarantees it accordingly as he would his own workmanship]. Were it not for this unlimited guarantee, I should have sent for the book to Germany. As it is, I need not wait, and all complaints on this score I defy, above all from Herr Schlosser.*

* Mr Schlosser, who speaks English, who has read rather too much English for any good that he has turned it to, and who ought to have a keen eye for the English version of his own book, after so much reading and study of it, has, however, overlooked several manifest errors. I do not mean to tax Mr Davison with general inaccuracy. On the contrary, he seems wary, and in most cases successful as a dealer with the peculiarities of the German. But several cases of error I detect without needing the original: they tell their own story. And one of these I here notice, not only for its own importance, but out of love to Schlosser, and by way of nailing his guarantee to the counter—not altogether as a bad shilling, but as a light one. At p. 5 of vol. ii., in a foot-note, which is speaking of Kant, we read of his *attempt to introduce the notion of negative greatness into philosophy*. *Negative greatness!* What strange bird may *that* be? Is it the *ornithorynchus paradoxus?* Mr Schlosser was not wide awake *there*. The reference is evidently to Kant's essay upon the advantages of introducing into philosophy the algebraic idea of *negative quantities*. It is one of Kant's grandest gleams into hidden truth. Were it only for the merits of this most masterly essay in reconstituting

In dealing with an author so desultory as Mr Schlosser, the critic has a right to an *extra* allowance of desultoriness for his own share; so excuse me, reader, for rushing at once into angry business

Of Swift, Mr Schlosser selects for notice three works—the "Drapier's Letters," "Gulliver's Travels," and the 'Tale of a Tub." With respect to the first, as it is a necessity of Mr S to be for ever wrong in his substratum of facts, he adopts the old erroneous account of Wood's contract as to the copper coinage, and of the imaginary wrong which it inflicted on Ireland. Of all Swift's villanies for the sake of popularity, and still more for the sake of wielding this popularity vindictively, none is so scandalous as this. In any new Life of Swift the case must be stated *de novo.* Even Sir Walter Scott is not impartial; and for the same reason as now forces me to blink it—viz, the difficulty of presenting the details in a readable shape. "Gulliver's Travels" Schlosser strangely considers "spun out to an intolerable extent" Many evil things might be said of Gulliver; but not this The captain is anything but tedious. And, indeed, it becomes a question of mere mensuration, that can be settled in a moment A year or two since I had in my hands a pocket edition, comprehending all the four parts of the worthy skipper's adventures within a single volume of 420 pages. Some part of the space was also wasted on notes, often very

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the algebraic meaning of a *negative quantity* [so generally misunderstood as a *negation* of quantity, and which even Sir Isaac Newton misconstrued as regarded its metaphysics], great would have been the service rendered to logic by Kant But there is a greater From this little *brochure* I am satisfied was derived originally the German regeneration of the Dynamic philosophy, its expansion through the idea of polarity, indifference, &c Oh, Mr Schlosser, you had not *geprüft* p 5 of vol. ii. You skipped the notes

Swift, and is a malicious calumniator of the captain; who, luckily, roaming in Sherwood Forest, and thinking, often with a sigh, of his little nurse,* Glumdalclitch, would trouble himself slightly about what Heidelberg might say in the next century. There is but one example on our earth of a novel received with such indiscriminate applause as "Gulliver," and *that* was "Don Quixote." Many have been welcomed joyfully by a class—these two by a people. Now, could that have happened had it been characterised by dulness? Of all faults, it could least have had *that.* As to the "Tale of a Tub," Schlosser is in such Cimmerian vapours, that no system of bellows could blow open a shaft or tube through which he might gain a glimpse of the English truth and daylight, or we gain a glimpse of Schlosser sitting over his German black-beer. It is useless talking to such a man on such a subject. I consign him to the attentions of some patriotic Irishman

Schlosser, however, is right in a graver reflection which he makes upon the prevailing philosophy of Swift—viz., that "all his views were directed towards what was *immediately* beneficial, which is the characteristic of savages."

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* "*Little nurse*"—The word *Glumdalclitch*, in Brobdingnagian, absolutely *means little nurse*, and nothing else It may seem odd that the captain should call any nurse of Brobdingnag, however kind to him, by such an epithet as *little*, and the reader may fancy that Sherwood Forest had put it into his head, where Robin Hood always called his right hand man "Little John," not *although*, but expressly *because* John stood seven feet high in his stockings But the truth is, that Glumdalclitch *was* little, and literally so, she was only nine years old, and (says the captain) "little of her age," being barely forty feet high She had time to grow certainly, but, as she had so much to do before she could overtake other women, it is probable that she would turn out what, in Westmoreland, they call a *little stiffenger*—very little, if at all, higher than a common English church steeple.

This is undeniable. The meanness of Swift's nature, and his rigid incapacity for dealing with the grandeurs of the human spirit, with religion, with poetry, or even with science, when it rose above the mercenary practical, is absolutely appalling. His own *yahoo* is not a more abominable one-sided degradation of humanity, than is he himself under this aspect. And, perhaps, it places this incapacity of his in its strongest light, when we recur to the fact of his *astonishment* at a religious princess refusing to confer a bishoprick upon one that had treated the Trinity, and all the profoundest mysteries of Christianity, not with mere scepticism or casual sneer, but with set pompous merriment and farcical buffoonery. This dignitary of the church, Dean of the most conspicuous cathedral in Ireland, had, in full canonicals, made himself into a regular mountebank, for the sake of giving fuller effect, by the force of contrast, to the silliest of jests directed against all that was most inalienable from Christianity. Ridiculing such things, could he, in any just sense, be thought a Christian? But, as Schlosser justly remarks, even ridiculing the peculiarities of Luther and Calvin as he *did* ridicule them, Swift could not be thought other than constitutionally incapable of religion. Even a Pagan philosopher, if made to un- stand the case, would ... of scoffing at any, natural or casual, si... which might b... sumed by the most ... blems—problems ... rest with the weight ... the human spiri

"Fix'd fate, ... absolute"—

the destiny of man, or ... man to God. ... erefore, Swift ... elt it* to the ... st wretched lif... ground

* See his bi...

a man of sense for *astonishment* that a princess, who (according to her knowledge) was sincerely pious, should decline to place such a man upon an episcopal throne? This argues, beyond a doubt, that Swift was in that state of constitutional irreligion—irreligion not from intellectual scepticism, but from a vulgar temperament—which imputes to everybody else its own plebeian feelings People differed, he fancied, not by more and less religion, but by more and less dissimulation. And, therefore, it seemed to him scandalous that a princess, who must, of course, in her heart regard (in common with himself) all mysteries as solemn masks and mummeries, should pretend, in a case of downright serious business, to pump up, out of dry conventional hoaxes, any solid objection to a man of his shining merit. "*The Trinity*," for instance, *that* he viewed as the password which the knowing ones gave in answer to the challenge of the sentinel, but, as soon as it had obtained admission for the party within the gates of the camp, it was rightly dismissed to oblivion or to laughter. No case so much illustrates Swift's essential irreligion; since, if he had shared in ordinary human feelings on such subjects, not only he could not have been surprised at his own exclusion from the bench of bishops, *after* such ribaldries, but originally he would have abstained from them as inevitable bars to clerical promotion, even upon principles of public decorum.

As to the *style* of Swift, Mr Schlosser shows himself without sensibility in his objections, as the hackneyed English reader shows himself without philosophic knowledge of style in his applause. Schlosser thinks the style of Gulliver "somewhat dull" This shows Schlosser's presumption in speaking upon a point where he wanted, first, original delicacy of tact, and, secondly, familiar know-

ledge of English. Gulliver's style is *purposely* touched slightly with that dulness of circumstantiality which besets the excellent, but somewhat dull race of men, old sea-captains. Yet it wears only an aerial tint of dulness, the felicity of this colouring in Swift's management is, that it never goes the length of actually wearying, but only of giving a comic air of downright Wapping and Rotherhithe verisimilitude. All men grow dull, and ought to be dull, that live under a solemn sense of eternal danger, one inch only of plank (often worm-eaten) between themselves and eternity; and also that see for ever one wilderness of waters—sublime, but (like the wilderness on shore) monotonous. All sublime people, being monotonous, have a tendency to be dull, and sublime things also. Milton and Æschylus, the sublimest of men, are crossed at times by a shade of dulness So is Bilidulgerid, so is the Sahara, so is the sea. Dulness is their weak side. But as to a sea-captain, a regular nor'-nor'-wester, and sou'-sou'-easter, he ought to be kicked out of the room if he is *not* dull. It is not "ship-shape," or barely tolerable, that he should be otherwise. Yet, after all, considering what I have stated about Captain Gulliver's nine voyages crowded into one pocket volume, he cannot really have much abused his professional license for being dull. Indeed, one has to look out an excuse for his being so little dull, which excuse is found in the fact that he had studied three years at a learned university. Captain Gulliver, though a sailor, I would have you to know, was a gownsman of Cambridge· so says Swift, who knew more about the captain than anybody now-a-days.

Now, on the other hand, you, commonplace reader, that (as an old tradition) believe Swift's style to be a model of excellence, hereafter I shall say a word to you, drawn from

deeper principles. At present I content myself with these three propositions, which overthrow if you can:—

1. That the merit, which justly you ascribe to Swift, is *vernacularity;* and nothing better or finer; he never forgets his mother-tongue in exotic forms, unless we may call Irish exotic; for some Hibernicisms he certainly has. This merit, however, is exhibited—not, as *you* fancy, in a graceful artlessness, but in a coarse inartificiality. To be artless, and to be inartificial, are very different things; as different as being natural and being gross; as different as being simple and being homely.

2 That whatever, meantime, be the particular sort of excellence, or the value of the excellence, in the style of Swift, he had it in common with multitudes beside of that age. Defoe wrote a style for all the world the same as to kind and degree of excellence, only pure from Hibernicisms. So did every honest skipper (Dampier was something more) who had occasion to record his voyages in this world of storms. So did many a hundred of religious writers. And what wonder should there be in this, when the main qualification for such a style was plain good sense, natural feeling, unpretendingness, some little scholarly practice in putting together the clockwork of sentences, so as to avoid mechanical awkwardness of construction; but above all the advantage of a *subject,* such in its nature as instinctively to reject ornament, lest it should draw off attention from itself? Such subjects are common; but grand impassioned subjects insist upon a different treatment; and *there* it is that the true difficulties of style commence; and there it is that your worshipful Master Jonathan would have broke down irrecoverably.

3. [Which partly is suggested by the last remark.] That nearly all the blockheads with whom I have at any

time had the pleasure of conversing upon the subject of style (and pardon me for saying that men of the most sense are apt, upon two subjects—viz., poetry and style—to talk *most* like blockheads), have invariably regarded Swift's style not as if *relatively* good [i. e., *given* a proper subject], but as if *absolutely* good—good unconditionally, no matter what the subject. Now, my friend, suppose the case, that the Dean had been required to write a pendant for Sir Walter Raleigh's immortal apostrophe to Death, or to many passages that I could select in Sir Thomas Brown's "Religio Medici," and his "Urn-burial," or to Jeremy Taylor's inaugural sections of his ' Holy Living and Dying," do you know what would have happened? Are you aware what sort of ridiculous figure your poor bald Jonathan would have cut? About the same that would be cut by a forlorn scullion from a greasy eating-house at Rotterdam, if suddenly called away in vision to act as seneschal to the festival of Belshazzar the king, before a thousand of his lords.

Schlosser, after saying anything right and true (and he really did say the true thing about Swift's *essential* irreligion), usually becomes exhausted, like a boa-constrictor after eating his half-yearly dinner. The boa gathers himself up, it is to be hoped for a long fit of dyspepsy, in which the horns and hoofs that he has swallowed may chance to avenge the poor goat that owned them. Schlosser, on the other hand, retires into a corner, for the purpose of obstinately talking nonsense, until the gong sounds again for a slight refection of sense. Accordingly he likens Swift, before he has done with him, to whom? I might safely allow the reader three years for guessing, if the greatest of wagers were depending between us. He likens him to Kotzebue, in the first place. How faithful

the resemblance! How exactly Swift reminds you of Count Benyowski in Siberia, and of Mrs Haller mopping her eyes in the "Stranger!" One really is puzzled to say, according to the negro's distinction, whether Mrs Haller is more like the Dean of St Patrick's, or the Dean more like Mrs Haller. Anyhow, the likeness is prodigious, if it is not quite reciprocal. The other *terminus* of the comparison is Wieland. Now there *is* some shadow of a resemblance there. For Wieland had a touch of the comico-cynical in his nature; and it is notorious that he was often called the German Voltaire, which argues some tiger-monkey grin that traversed his features at intervals. Wieland's malice, however, was far more playful and genial than Swift's; something of this is shown in his romance of "Idris," and oftentimes in his prose. But what the world knows Wieland by is his "Oberon." Now in this gay, musical romance of Sir Huon and his enchanted horn, with its gleams of voluptuousness, is there a possibility that any suggestion of a scowling face like Swift's should cross the festal scenes?

From Swift the scene changes to Addison and Steele. Steele is of less importance; for, though a man of greater intellectual activity* than Addison, he had immeasurably

* "*Activity*"—It is some sign of this, as well as of the more thoroughly English taste in literature which distinguished Steele, that hardly twice throughout the "Spectator" is Shakspere quoted or alluded to by Addison Even those quotations he had from the theatre, or the breath of popular talk. Generally, if you see a line from Shakspere, it is safe to bet largely that the paper is Steele's, sometimes, indeed, of casual contributors, but, almost to a certainty, *not* a paper of Addison's. Another mark of Steele's superiority in vigour of intellect is, that much oftener in *him* than in other contributors strong thoughts came forward; harsh and disproportioned, perhaps to the case, and never harmoniously developed with the genial grace of Addison, but original, and pregnant with promise and suggestion.

less of genius. But, so far as concerns Addison, I am happy to support the character of Schlosser for consistency, by assuring the reader that, of all the monstrosities uttered by man upon Addison, and of all the monstrosities uttered by Schlosser upon man, a thing which he says about Addison is the worst But this I reserve for a climax ahead. Schlosser really puts his best leg foremost at starting, and one thinks he's going to mend; for he catches a truth—viz., the following—that all the brilliancies of the Queen Anne period (which so many inconsiderate people have called the Augustan age of our literature) "point to this: that the reading public wished to be entertained, not roused to think, to be gently moved, not deeply excited" Undoubtedly what strikes a man in Addison, or *will* strike him when indicated, is the coyness and timidity, almost the girlish shame, which he betrays in the presence of all the elementary majesties belonging to impassioned or idealised human nature Like one bred in crowded cities, when first left alone in forests or amongst mountains, he is frightened at their silence, their solitude, their magnitude of form, or their frowning glooms It has been remarked by others, that Addison and his companions never rise to the idea of addressing the "nation" or the "people," it is always the "town." Even their audience was conceived of by *them* under a miniature form. Yet for this they had some excuse in the state of facts. An author would like at this moment to assume that Europe and Asia were listening to him, and as some few copies of his book do really go to Paris and Naples, some to Calcutta, there is a sort of legal fiction that such an assump tion is steadily taking root. Yet, unhappily, that ugly barrier of languages interferes Schamyl, the Circassian chief, though much of a savage, is not so wanting in taste

and discernment as to be backward in reading any book of yours or mine. Doubtless he yearns to read it. But then, you see, that infernal *Tchirkass* language steps between our book, the darling, and *him*, the discerning reader. Now just such a barrier existed for the "Spectator" in the travelling arrangements of England. The very few old heavies that had begun to creep along three or four main roads, depended so much on wind and weather, their chances of foundering were so uncalculated, their periods of revolution were so cometary and uncertain, that no body of scientific observations had yet been collected to warrant a man in risking by *them* a heavy bale of goods; and, on the whole, even for York, Norwich, or Winchester, a consignment of "*Specs*" was not quite a safe spec. Still, I could have told the Spectator who was anxious to make money, where he might have been sure of a distant sale, though returns would have been slow—viz., at Oxford and Cambridge. We know from Milton that old Hobson delivered his parcels pretty regularly eighty years before 1710. And, one generation before *that*, it is plain, by the interesting (though somewhat Jacobinical) letters of Joseph Mede,* the commenter on the Apocalypse, that news and politics of one kind or other (and scandal of *every* kind) found out for themselves a sort of contraband lungs to breathe through between London and Cambridge, not quite so regular as the tides of ebb and flood, but better than nothing. If you consigned a packet into the proper hands on the 1st of May, "as sure as death" (to speak *Scotticè*), it would be delivered within sixty miles of the capital before midsummer. Still there were delays, and these forced a man

* "*Letters of Joseph Mede*."—Published more than forty years ago by Sir Henry Ellis.

into carving his world out of London. That excuses the word *town*.

Inexcusable, however, were many other forms of expression in those days, which argued cowardly feelings. One would like to see a searching investigation into the state of society in Anne's days—its extreme artificiality, its sheepish reserve upon all the impassioned grandeurs, its shameless outrages upon all the decencies, of human nature. Certain it is, that Addison (because everybody) was in that meanest of conditions which blushes at any expression of sympathy with the lovely, the noble, or the impassioned. The wretches were ashamed of their own nature, and perhaps with reason, for in their own denaturalised hearts they read only a degraded nature. Addison, in particular, shrank from every bold and every profound expression as from an offence against good taste. He durst not for his life have used the word "passion," except in the vulgar sense of an angry paroxysm. He durst as soon have danced a hornpipe on the top of the "Monument," as have talked of a "rapturous emotion." What *would* he have said? Why, "sentiments that were of a nature to prove agreeable after an unusual rate." In their odious verses, the creatures of that age talk of love as something that "burns" them. You suppose at first that they are discoursing of tallow candles, though you cannot imagine by what impertinence they address *you*, that are no tallow-chandler, upon such painful subjects And, when they apostrophise the woman of their heart (for you are to understand that they pretend to such an organ), they beseech her to "ease their pain." Can human meanness descend lower? As if the man, being ill from pleurisy, therefore had a right to take a lady for one of the dressers in a hospital, whose duty it would be

to fix a burgundy-pitch plaster between his shoulders. Then to read of their Phillises and Strephons, and Chloes and Corydons—names that proclaim the fantasticalness of the life with which they are poetically associated—it throws me into such convulsions of rage, that I move to the window, and (without thinking what I am about) throw it up, calling, "*Police! police!*" What's *that* for? What can the police do in the business? Why, certainly nothing. What I meant in my dream was, perhaps [but one forgets *what* one meant upon recovering one's temper], that the police should take Strephon and Corydon into custody, whom I fancied at the other end of the room. And really the justifiable fury that arises upon recalling such abominable attempts at bucolic sentiments in such abominable language, sometimes transports me into a luxurious vision sinking back through one hundred and thirty years, in which I see Addison, Phillips (both John and Ambrose), Tickell, Fickell, Budgell, and Cudgell, with many others beside, all cudgelled in a round-robin, none claiming precedency of another, none able to shrink from his own dividend, until a voice seems to recall me to milder thoughts, by saying, "But surely, my friend, you never could wish to see Addison cudgelled? Let Strephon and Corydon be cudgelled without end, if the police can show any warrant for doing it But Addison was a man of great genius" True, he was so. I recollect it suddenly, and will back out of any angry things that I have been misled into saying by Schlosser, who, by the by, was right, after all, for a wonder.

Now then I will turn my whole fury in vengeance upon Schlosser. And looking round for a stone to throw at him, I observe this: Addison could not be so entirely careless of exciting the public to think and feel as Schlosser

pretends, when he took so much pains to inoculate that public with a sense of the Miltonic grandeur. The "Paradise Lost" had then been published barely forty years, which was nothing in an age without reviews or any other organs of literary advertisement; and though no Addison could eventually promote, for the instant he quickened, the circulation If I recollect, Tonson's accurate revision of the text followed immediately upon Addison's papers. And it is certain that Addison* must have diffused the knowledge of Milton upon the Continent, from signs that soon followed But does not this prove that I myself have been in the wrong as well as Schlosser? No, that's impossible. Schlosser is always in the wrong, but it's the next thing to an impossibility that I should be detected in an error. philosophically speaking, it is supposed to involve a contradiction. "But surely I said the very same thing as Schlosser, by assenting to what he said." Maybe I did; but then I have time to make a distinction, because my article is not yet finished, we are only at the beginning; whereas Schlosser can't make any distinction now, because his book is printed, and his list of *errata* (which is shocking, though he does not confess to the thousandth part) is actually published and finished My distinction is, that, though Addison generally hated the impassioned, and shrank from it as from a fearful thing, yet this was when it combined with forms of life and fleshly realities (as in dramatic works), but not when it combined with elder forms of eternal abstractions. Hence he did not

* It is an idea of many people, and erroneously sanctioned by Wordsworth, that Lord Somers gave a powerful lift to the "Paradise Lost" He was a subscriber to the sixth edition, the first that had plates, but this was some years before the Revolution of 1688, and when he was simply *Mr* Somers, a h[illegible] h no effectu[illegible] of *literary* patronage

read, and did not like, Shakspere; the music was here too rapid and life-like: but he sympathised profoundly with the solemn cathedral-chanting of Milton. An appeal to his sympathies which exacted quick changes in those sympathies he *could not* meet, but a more stationary key of solemnity he *could.* Indeed, this difference is illustrated daily. A long list can be cited of passages in Shakspere which have been solemnly denounced by many eminent men (all blockheads) as ridiculous. and if a man *does* find a passage in a tragedy which displeases him, it is sure to seem ludicrous. Witness the indecent exposures of themselves made by Voltaire, La Harpe, and many billions beside of bilious people Whereas, of all the shameful people (equally billions and not less bilious) that have presumed to quarrel with Milton, not one has thought him ludicrous, but only dull and somnolent. In "Lear" and in "Hamlet," as in a human face agitated by passion, are many things that tremble on the brink of the ludicrous to an observer endowed with small range of sympathy or intellect. But no man ever found the starry heavens ludicrous, though many find them dull, and prefer, for a near view, a decanter of brandy. So, in the solemn wheelings of the Miltonic movement, Addison could find a sincere delight. But the sublimities of earthly misery and of human frenzy were for him a book sealed Beside all which, Milton renewed the types of Grecian beauty as to *form;* whilst Shakspere, without designing at all to contradict these types, did so in effect by his fidelity to a new nature, radiating from a Gothic centre.

In the midst, however, of much just feeling, which one could only wish a little deeper, in the Addisonian papers on "Paradise Lost," there are some gross blunders of criticism, as there are in Dr Johnson, and from the self-same

cause—an understanding suddenly palsied from defective passion. A feeble capacity of passion must, upon a question of passion, constitute a feeble range of intellect. But, after all, the worst thing uttered by Addison in these papers is not *against* Milton, but meant to be complimentary. Towards enhancing the splendour of the great poem, he tells us that it is a Grecian palace as to amplitude, symmetry, and architectural skill but, being in the English language, it is to be regarded as if built in brick; whereas, had it been so happy as to be written in Greek, then it would have been a palace built in Parian marble. Indeed? that's smart—"that's handsome, I calculate!" Yet, before a man undertakes to sell his mother-tongue as old pewter trucked against gold, he should be quite sure of his own metallurgic skill, because else the gold that he buys may happen to be copper, and the pewter that he sells to be silver. Are you quite sure, my Addison, that you have understood the powers of this language which you toss away so lightly as an old tea-kettle? Is it a ruled case that you have exhausted its resources? Nobody doubts your grace in a certain line of composition, but it is only one line among many, and it is far from being amongst the highest. It is dangerous, without examination, to sell even old kettles; misers conceal old stockings filled with guineas in old tea-kettles: and we all know that Aladdin's servant, by exchanging an old lamp for a new one, caused an Iliad of calamities. his master's palace jumped from Bagdad to some place on the road to Ashantee, Mrs Aladdin and the piccaninnies were carried off as inside passengers, and Aladdin himself only escaped being lagged for a rogue and a conjurer by a flying jump after his palace Now, mark the folly of man. Most of the people I am going to mention subscribed generally to the supreme excellence of

Milton, but each wished for a little change to be made, which, and which only, was wanted to perfection. Dr Johnson, though he pretended to be satisfied with the "Paradise Lost," even in what he regarded as the undress of blank verse, still secretly wished it in rhyme. That's No. 1. Addison, though quite content with it in English, still could have wished it in Greek. That's No 2. Bentley, though admiring the blind old poet in the highest degree, still observed, smilingly, that after all he *was* blind. He, therefore, Slashing Dick,* could have wished that the great man had always been surrounded by honest people; but, as that was not to be, he could have wished that his amanuensis had been hanged; yet, as that also had become impossible, he could wish to do execution upon him in effigy, by sinking, burning, and destroying his handiwork; upon which basis of posthumous justice he proceeded to amputate all the finest passages in the poem. Slashing Dick was No 3. Payne Knight, who in his own person had rendered services to literature, was a severer man even than Slashing Dick He professed to look upon the first book of 'Paradise Lost' as the finest thing that earth had to show; but, for that very reason, he could have wished, by your leave, to see the other eleven books sawed off, and sent overboard; because, though tolerable perhaps in another situation, they really were a national disgrace when standing behind that unrivalled portico of Book I. There goes No. 4. Then came a fellow, whose name was either not on his title-page, or I have forgotten

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* *Slashing* was the characteristic epithet by which Pope described Bentley, in allusion, generally, to Bentley's bold style of practice in critical correction, but specially to his furious ravages up and down the "Paradise Lost," on the plea that Milton's amanuensis, whosoever he might be, had taken a base advantage of the great poet's blindness.

it, that pronounced the poem to be laudable, and full of good materials; but still he could have wished that the materials had been put together in a more workmanlike manner; which kind office he set about himself. He made a general clearance of all lumber; the expression of every thought he entirely re-cast, and he fitted up the metre with beautiful patent rhymes—not, I believe, out of any consideration for Dr Johnson's comfort, but on principles of mere abstract decency; as it was, the poem seemed naked, and yet was not ashamed. There went No. 5. *Him* succeeded a droller fellow than any of the rest. A French bookseller had caused a prose French translation to be made of the "Paradise Lost," without particularly noticing its English origin, or at least not in the title-page. Our friend No. 6, getting hold of this as an original French romance, translated it back into English prose, as a satisfactory novel for the season. His little mistake was at length discovered, and communicated to him with shouts of laughter, on which, after considerable kicking and plunging (for a man cannot but turn restive when he finds that he has not only got the wrong sow by the ear, but actually sold the sow to a bookseller), the poor translator was tamed into sulkiness; in which state he observed that he could have wished his own work, being evidently so much superior to the earliest form of the romance, might be admitted by the courtesy of England to take the precedency as the original "Paradise Lost," and to supersede the very rude performance of "Milton, Mr John."*

Schlosser makes the astounding assertion, that a compli-

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* "*Milton, Mr John*."—Dr Johnson expressed his wrath, in an amusing way, at some bookseller's hack, who, when employed to make an index, introduced Milton's name among the M's, and by way of being particularly civil, as "Milton, Mr John."

ment of Boileau to Addison, and a pure compliment of ceremony upon Addison's early Latin verses, was *(credite posteri!)* the making of Addison in England. Understand, Schlosser, that Addison's Latin verses were never heard of by England, until long after his English prose had fixed the public attention upon him; his Latin reputation, so far from being the foundation upon which he built, was a slight reaction from his English* reputation: and, secondly, understand that Boileau had at no time any such authority in England as to *make* anybody's reputation; he had first of all to make his own. A sure proof of this is, that Boileau's name was first published in London by Prior's burlesque of what the Frenchman had called an ode. This gasconading ode celebrated the passage of the Rhine in 1672, and the capture of a famous fortress ("*le fameux fort de Skink*") by Louis XIV., known to London at the time of Prior's parody by the name of "Louis Baboon."† *That* was not likely to recommend Master Boileau to any of the allies against the said Baboon, had it ever been heard of out of France. Nor was it likely to make him popular in England, that his name was first mentioned amidst shouts of laughter and mockery. It is another argument of the slight notoriety possessed by Boileau in England, that no attempt was ever made to translate even his satires, epistles, or "Lutrin," except by booksellers' hacks; and

* In Oxford, where naturally an academic reputation forestalls for any scholarlike student his more national reputation, some of Addison's Latin verses were probably the ground of his first premature notoriety. But in London, I believe that Addison was first made known by his "Blenheim" in 1704; most assuredly not by any academic exercise whatever.

† "*Louis Baboon.*"—As people read nothing in these days that is more than a month old, I am daily admonished that allusions the most obvious to anything in the rear of our own time need explanation. *Louis Baboon* is Swift's allegorico-jocular name for *Louis Bourbon*—*i. e.*, Louis XIV.

that no such version ever took the slightest root amongst ourselves, spite of Skink, from Addison's day down to our own. Boileau was essentially, and in two senses—viz., both as to mind and as to influence—*un homme borné.*

Addison's "Blenheim" is poor enough; one might think it a translation from some German original of those times. Gottsched's aunt, or Bodmer's wet-nurse, might have written it; but still no fibs even as to "Blenheim." His "enemies" did not say this thing against "Blenheim" "aloud," nor his friends that thing against it "softly." And why? Because at that time (1704-5) he had made no particular enemies, nor any particular friends, unless by friends you mean his Whig patrons, and by enemies his creditors.

As to "Cato," Schlosser, as usual, wanders in the shadow of ancient night. The English "people," it seems, so "extravagantly applauded" this wretched drama, that you might suppose them to have "altogether changed their nature," and to have forgotten Shakspere. That man must have forgotten Shakspere, indeed, and from *ramollissement* of the brain, who could admire "Cato." "But," says Schlosser, "it was only a 'fashion,' and the English soon repented." The English could not repent of a crime which they had never committed. Cato was not popular for a moment, nor tolerated for a moment, upon any literary ground, or as a work of art. It was an apple of temptation and strife thrown by the goddess of faction between two infuriated parties. "Cato," coming from a man without parliamentary connections, would have dropped lifeless to the ground. The Whigs have always affected a special love and favour for popular counsels: they have never ceased to give themselves the best of characters as regards public freedom. The Tories, as contradistinguished from the Jacobites, knowing that without *their* aid, the Revolution could not have been carried, most

justly contended that the national liberties had been at least as much indebted to themselves. When, therefore, the Whigs put forth *their* man Cato to mouth speeches about liberty, as exclusively *their* pet, and about patriotism and all that sort of thing, saying insultingly to the Tories, "How do you like *that*? Does *that* sting?" "Sting, indeed!" replied the Tories; "not at all; it's quite refreshing to us, that the Whigs have not utterly disowned such sentiments, which, by their public acts, we really thought they *had*." And, accordingly, as the popular anecdote tells us, a Tory leader, Lord Bolingbroke, sent for Booth, who performed Cato, and presented him *(populo spectante)* with fifty guineas "for defending so well the cause of the people against a perpetual dictator." In which words, observe, Lord Bolingbroke at once asserted the cause of his own party, and launched a sarcasm against a great individual opponent—viz., Marlborough. Now, Mr Schlosser, I have mended your harness: all right ahead: so drive on once more.

But, oh Castor and Pollux, whither—in what direction is it that the man is driving us? Positively, Schlosser, you must stop and let *me* get out. I'll go no further with such a drunken coachman. Many another absurd thing I was going to have noticed, such as his utter perversion of what Mandeville said about Addison (viz., by suppressing one word, and misapprehending all the rest). Such, again, as his point-blank misstatement of Addison's infirmity in his official character, which was *not* that "he could not prepare despatches in a good style," but diametrically the opposite case: that he insisted—so microscopically insisted on scruples of diction, that a serious retardation was threatened to the course of public business. But all these things are as nothing to what Schlosser says elsewhere. He actually describes Addison, on the whole, as a "dull prosaist,"

and the patron of pedantry! Addison, the man of all that ever lived most hostile even to what was good in pedantry, to its tendencies towards the profound in erudition, to its minute precision and the non-popular; Addison, the champion of all that is easy, natural, superficial—Addison a pedant, and a patron of pedantry!

Pope, by far the most important writer, English or continental, of his own age, is treated with more extensive ignorance by Mr Schlosser than any other, and (excepting Addison) with more ambitious injustice A false abstract is given, or a false impression, of any one amongst his brilliant works, that is noticed at all, and a false sneer, a sneer irrelevant to the case, at any work dismissed by name as unworthy of notice The three works selected as the gems of Pope's collection are, the "Essay on Criticism," the "Rape of the Lock," and the "Essay on Man." On the first, which (with Dr Johnson's leave) is the feeblest and least interesting of Pope's writings, being substantially a mere versification, like a metrical multiplication-table, of commonplaces the most mouldy with which criticism has baited its rat-traps, since nothing is said worth answering, it is sufficient to answer nothing The "Rape of the Lock" is treated with the same delicate sensibility that we might have looked for in Brennus, if consulted on the picturesque, or in Attila the Hun, if adjured to decide æsthetically between two rival cameos. Attila is said (though no doubt falsely) to have described himself as not properly a man so much as the divine wrath incarnate. This would be fine in a melodrama, with Bengal lights burning on the stage. But, if ever he said such a naughty thing, he forgot to tell us what it was that had made him angry. By what *title* did *he* come into alliance with the divine

wrath, which was not likely to consult a savage? And why did his wrath hurry, by forced marches, to the Adriatic? Now so much do people differ in opinion, that, to me, who look at him through a telescope from an eminence, fourteen centuries distant, he takes the shape rather of a Mahratta trooper painfully gathering *chout*, or a Scottish cateran levying black-mail, or a decent tax-gatherer with an ink-horn at his button-hole, and supported by a select party of constabulary friends. The very natural instinct which Attila always showed for following the trail of the wealthiest footsteps, seems to argue a most commercial coolness in the dispensation of his wrath. Mr Schlosser burns with the wrath of Attila against all aristocracies, and especially that of England. He governs his fury, also, with an Attila discretion in many cases; but not here. Imagine this Hun coming down, sword in hand, upon Pope and his Rosicrucian light troops, levying *chout* upon Sir Plume, and fluttering the dove-cot of the Sylphs. Pope's "duty it was," says this demoniac, to "scourge the follies of good society," and also "to break with the aristocracy." No, surely? something short of a total rupture would have satisfied the claims of duty? Possibly, but it would not have satisfied Schlosser. And Pope's guilt consists in having made his poem an idyl or succession of pictures representing the gayer aspects of society as it really was, and supported by a comic interest of the mock-heroic derived from a playful machinery, instead of converting it into a bloody satire Pope, however, did not shrink from such assaults on the aristocracy, if these made any part of his duties Such assaults he did actually make four times over, and twice at least* too often for his own peace, and

* "*Twice at least.*"—Viz, upon Aaron Hill, and upon the Duke of Chandos In both cases the aggrieved parties sharpened the edge of the

perhaps for his credit at this day. It is useless, however, to talk of the poem as a work of art, with one who sees none of its exquisite graces, and can imagine his countryman Zacharia equal to a competition with Pope. But this it may be right to add, that the "Rape of the Lock" was *not* borrowed from the "Lutrin" of Boileau. That was impossible. Neither was it suggested by the "Lutrin." The story in Herodotus of the wars between cranes and pigmies, or the "Batrachomyomachia" (so absurdly ascribed to Homer), was *more* likely, though very unlikely, to have suggested the idea. Both these there is proof that Pope had read: there is none that he had read the "Lutrin," nor did he read French with ease to himself. The "Lutrin," meantime, is as much below the "Rape of the Lock" in brilliancy of treatment, and in the festive gaiety of its incidents, as it is dissimilar in plan and in the quality of its pictures.

The "Essay on Man" is a more thorny subject. When a writer finds himself attacked and defended from all quarters, and on all varieties of principle, he is bewildered. Friends are as dangerous as enemies. He must not defy a bristling enemy, if he cares for repose; he must not disown a zealous defender, though defending him perhaps on a principle potentially ruinous, and making concessions on his own behalf abominable to himself; he must not explain away ugly phrases in one direction, or perhaps he is recanting the very words of his "guide, philosopher, and

unprovoked assault by the dignity of their own behaviour, by their command of temper, and by their manly disdain of all attempts to retaliate, by undervaluing their splendid assailant. Evil is the day for a conscientious man, when his sole resource for self defence lies in a falsehood. And such, unhappily, was Pope's situation. His assaults upon Lady M. W. Montagu, and upon the two Duchesses of Marlborough, stand upon another basis.

friend;" he must not explain them away in another direction, or he runs full tilt into the wrath of mother Church—who will soon bring him to his senses by penance and discipline Long Lents, and no lampreys allowed, would soon cauterise the proud flesh of heretical ethics. Pope did wisely, situated as he was, in a decorous nation, and closely connected, upon motives of honourable fidelity under political suffering, with the Roman Catholics, to say little in his own defence. That defence, and any reversionary cudgelling which it might entail upon the Quixote undertaker, he left—meekly but also slyly, humbly but yet cunningly—to those whom he professed to regard as greater philosophers than himself. All parties found their account in the affair. Pope slept in peace; several pugnacious gentlemen up and down Europe expectorated much fiery wrath in dusting each other's jackets; and Warburton, the attorney, ultimately earned his bishoprick in the service of whitewashing a writer, who was aghast at finding himself first trampled on as a deist, and then enthroned as a defender of the faith. Meantime, Mr Schlosser misinterprets Pope's courtesy, when he supposes his acknowledgments to Lord Bolingbroke sincere in their whole extent.

Of Pope's "Homer" Schlosser thinks fit to say, amongst other evil things, which it really *does* deserve (though hardly in comparison with the German hexametrical "Homer" of the ear-splitting Voss), "that Pope pocketed the subscription of the 'Odyssey,' and left the work to be done by his understrappers." Don't tell fibs, Schlosser. Never do *that* any more. True it is, and disgraceful enough in itself without lying, that Pope (like modern contractors for a railway or a loan) let off to sub-contractors several portions of the undertaking. He was perhaps not illiberal

in the terms of his contracts At least I know of people now-a-days (much better artists) that would execute such contracts, and enter into any penalties for keeping time, at thirty per cent. less. But *navvies* and bill-brokers that are in excess now, then were scarce. Still the affair, though not mercenary, was illiberal in a higher sense of art; and no anecdote shows more pointedly Pope's sense of the mechanic fashion, in which his own previous share of the Homeric labour had been executed. It was disgraceful enough, and needs no exaggeration. Let it, therefore, be reported truly. Pope personally translated one-half of the "Odyssey"—a dozen books he turned out of his own oven, and, if you add the "Batrachomyomachia," his dozen was a baker's dozen. The journeymen did the other twelve; were regularly paid; regularly turned off when the job was out of hand; and never once had to "strike for wages" How much beer was allowed, I cannot say. This is the truth of the matter. So no more fibbing, Schlosser, if you please

But there remains behind all these labours of Pope the "Dunciad," which is by far his greatest. I shall not, within narrow bounds, enter upon a theme so exacting, for in this instance I should have to fight not against Schlosser only, but against Dr Johnson, who has thoroughly misrepresented the nature of the "Dunciad," and consequently could not measure its merits Neither he, nor Schlosser, in fact, ever read more than a few passages of this admirable poem. But the villany is too great for a brief exposure. One thing only I will notice of Schlosser's misrepresentations He asserts (not when directly speaking of Pope, but afterwards, under the head of Voltaire) that the French author's trivial and random "Temple de Gout" "shows the superiority in this species of poetry to

have been greatly on the side of the Frenchman" Let us hear a reason, though but a Schlosser reason, for this opinion. Know, then, all men whom it concerns, that "the Englishman's satire only hit such people as would never have been known without his mention of them, whilst Voltaire selected those who were *still* (meaning even in Voltaire's day) called great, and their respective schools" Pope's men, it seems, never *had* been famous —Voltaire's might possibly cease to be so, but as yet they had *not* ceased; as yet they commanded interest. Now mark how I will put three bullets into that plank, riddle it so that the leak shall not be stopped by all the old hats in Heidelberg, and Schlosser will have to swim for his life. First, he is forgetting that, by his own previous confession, Voltaire, not less than Pope, had "immortalised a great many *insignificant* persons," consequently, had it been any fault to do so, each alike was caught in that fault, and insignificant as the people might be, if they *could* be "immortalised," then we have Schlosser himself confessing to the possibility that poetic emblazonries might create a secondary interest where originally there had been none: a concession which is abundantly sufficient for the justification of Pope. Secondly, the question of merit does not graduate itself by the object of the archer, but by the style of his archery. Not the choice of victims, but the execution done is what counts. Even for continued failures it would plead advantageously, much more for continued and brilliant successes, that Pope fired at an object offering no sufficient breadth of mark. Thirdly, it is the grossest of blunders to say that Pope's objects of satire were obscure by comparison with Voltaire's. Grant that the Frenchman's example of a scholar—viz., the French Salmasius—was commandingly impressive. But so was

rather impeaches the equity, and sometimes the judgment of Pope, at least it contributes to show the groundlessness of Schlosser's objection — that the population of the "Dunciad," the characters that filled its stage, were inconsiderable.

FOX AND BURKE.

It is, or it *would* be, if Mr Schlosser were himself more interesting, a luxury to pursue his ignorance as to facts, and the craziness of his judgment as to the valuation of minds, throughout his comparison of Burke with Fox. The force of antithesis brings out into a feeble life of meaning what, in its own insulation, had been languishing mortally into nonsense. The darkness of Schlosser's "Burke" becomes *visible* darkness under the glimmering that steals over it from the desperate commonplaces of his "Fox" Fox is painted exactly as he *would* have been painted fifty years ago by any pet subaltern of the Whig Club, enjoying free pasture in Devonshire House. The practised reader knows well what is coming. Fox is "formed after the model of the ancients"—Fox is "simple"—Fox is "natural"—Fox is "chaste"—Fox is "forcible." Why, yes, in a sense, Fox is even "forcible" but then, to feel that he was so, you must have *heard* him; whereas, for fifty-and-one years he has been silent. We of 1858, that can only *read* him, hearing Fox described as *forcible,* are disposed to recollect Shakspere's Mr Feeble amongst Falstaff's recruits, who also is described as *forcible*—viz , as the "most forcible Feeble." And, perhaps, a better description could not be devised for Fox himself—so feeble was he in matter, so forcible in manner, so powerful for instant effect, so impotent for posterity. In the Pythian fury of his gestures—in his screaming voice (for Fox's voice was shrill as a woman's)—in his directness

the Englishman's scholar—viz, the English Bentley. Each was absolutely without a rival in his own day. Meantime, the day of Bentley was the very day of Pope. Pope's man had not even *begun* to fade; whereas the day of Salmasius, as respected Voltaire, had gone by for more than half-a century. As to Dacier, whom Schlosser cites, *which* Dacier? "which king Bezonian?' The husband was a good* scholar; but madame was a poor sneaking fellow, fit only for the usher of a boarding-school All this, however, argues Schlosser's twofold ignorance—first, of English authors, secondly, of the "Dunciad;"—else he would have known that even Dennis, mad John Dennis, was a much cleverer man than most of those alluded to by Voltaire Cibber, though slightly a coxcomb, was born a brilliant man. Aaron Hill was so lustrous, that even Pope's venom (and by Pope's own confession) fell off spontaneously from *him*, like rain from oily plumage, leaving him to "mount far upwards with the swans of Thames," and, finally, let it not be forgotten, that Samuel Clark, for one, Burnet, of the Charterhouse,† for a second, and Sir Isaac Newton, for a third, did not wholly escape Pope's knout. Now, if *that*

* See his edition of "Horace" in nine volumes, from which any man may learn, and be thankful

† "*Burnet of the Charterhouse* "—Let not the reader confound this Burnet with Gilbert Burnet, the Bishop of Salisbury The latter was a gossiper, a slanderer, and, by the Duchess of Portsmouth's report, so notorious a falsifier of facts, that to repeat a story on *his* authority was—to insure its scoffing rejection by the whole court Such was his character in that section of Europe (viz, the Court of Whitehall in the days of Charles II) where he was most familiarly and experimentally known. That one of his sermons was burned by the hangman under orders from the House of Commons, is the sole consolatory fact in his most worldly career. Would there have been much harm in tying his lordship to the sermon? But the other Burnet, though too early for a sound Cosmogony (anarchon ara kai ateleutaion to Pan), was amongst the elect of earth by his eloquence.

rather impeaches the equity, and sometimes the judgment, of Pope, at least it contributes to show the groundlessness of Schlosser's objection — that the population of the "Dunciad," the characters that filled its stage, were inconsiderable.

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of purpose, Fox would now remind you of some demon steam-engine on a railroad, some Fire-king or Salmoneus, that had counterfeited Jove's thunderbolts, hissing, bubbling, snorting, fuming, demoniac gas, you think—gas from Acheron must feed that dreadful system of convulsions. But pump out the imaginary gas, and, behold! it is ditch-water. Fox, as Mr Schlosser rightly thinks, was all of a piece—simple in his manners, simple in his style, simple in his thoughts. No waters in *him* turbid with new crystallisations; everywhere the eye could see to the bottom. No music in *him* dark with Cassandra meanings. Fox, indeed, disturb decent gentlemen by "allusions to all the sciences, from the integral calculus and metaphysics down to navigation!" Fox would have seen you hanged first. Burke, on the other hand, did all that, and other wickedness besides, which fills an 8vo page in Schlosser; and Schlosser crowns his enormities by charging him, the said Burke (p. 99), with "*wearisome tediousness*" Among my own acquaintances are several old women, who think on this point precisely as Schlosser thinks, and they go further, for they even charge Burke with "tedious wearisomeness" Oh, sorrowful wo, and also woful sorrow, when an Edmund Burke arises, like a *cheeta* or hunting-leopard coupled in a tiger-chase with a German poodle. To think, in any Christian spirit, of the jungle—barely to contemplate, in a temper of merciful humanity, the incomprehensible cane-thickets, dark and bristly, into which that bloody *cheeta* will drag that unoffending poodle!

But surely the least philosophic of readers, who hates philosophy "worse than toad or asp," must yet be aware that, where new growths are not germinating, it is no sort of praise to be free from the throes of growth. Where ex-

pansion is hopeless, it is little glory to have escaped distortion. Nor is it any blame that the rich fermentation of grapes should disturb the transparency of their golden fluids. Fox had nothing new to tell us, nor did he hold a position amongst men that required, or would even have allowed, him to tell anything new. He was helmsman to a party; what he had to do, though seeming to *give* orders, was simply to repeat *their* orders. "Port your helm," said the party; "Port it is," replied the helmsman. But Burke was no steersman; he was the Orpheus that sailed with the Argonauts; he was their *seer*, seeing more in his visions than was always intelligible even to himself; he was their watcher through the starry hours; he was their astrological interpreter. Who complains of a prophet for being a little darker of speech than a post-office directory? or of him that reads the stars for being sometimes perplexed?

Yet, even as to facts, Schlosser is always blundering. Post-office directories would be of no use to *him*, nor link-boys, nor blazing tar-barrels. He wanders in a fog such as sits upon the banks of Cocytus, fancying that Burke in his lifetime was *popular*, perhaps too popular. Of course, it is so natural to be popular by means of "*wearisome tediousness*," that Schlosser, above all people, ought to credit such a tale. Burke has been dead just sixty-one years come next autumn. I remember the time from this accident, that my own nearest relative stepped, on a golden day of 1797, into that same suite of rooms at Bath (North Parade) from which, three hours before, the great man had been carried out to die at Beaconsfield. It is, therefore, you see, threescore years and one. Now, ever since then, his *collective* works have been growing in bulk by the incorporation of juvenile essays (such as his "European Settlements," his "Essay on the Sublime," on

you, Schlosser, which never happened before, in island or in continent, amongst Christians or Pagans, to a writer steeped to his lips in *personal* politics. What a tilth of intellectual lava must that man have interfused amongst the refuse and scoria of such mouldering party rubbish, to

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cantile letters exhausted his whole power of franking This made him wear a selfish expression of countenance to that army of letter-writing ladies in whose eyes the final cause of an M P. was, that he might give franks to his female acquaintances—a matter of some importance when a double letter usually cost you a pretty half-crown, which, and not five shillings, is what the French always mean by an *écu* Mr Sharpe was chivalrous, nevertheless, and conceived himself a master in the most insinuating modes of deferential gallantry But his seat in Parliament cost him exactly a thousand pounds sterling per annum. This sum he had to fetch back by franking, which lucrative privilege he applied naturally to all the heaviest despatches of his own firm And under such circumstances, where each civility to his fair friends could be put into the scales and weighed in his counting-house, reasonably he neither stood nor understood any "nonsense" *Usque ad aras*—*i e*, so far as the ledger permitted—he wished to conduct himself towards women *en grand seigneur*, or even *en prince* But to waste a frank upon *their* "nonsense"—a frank that paid all expenses from the Cornish Scillys northwards to John Groat, Esq , in Caithness—was the high road to bankruptcy Consequently Mr Sharpe was less popular than else he might have been, with so abundant a treasure of anecdotes, of gossip, and (amongst select friends) of high-flavoured scandal Him, the said Sharpe, I heard more than once at Wordsworth's say, that one or both of the executors had offered to *him* (the river) a huge travelling trunk, perhaps an imperial or a Salisbury boot (equal to the wardrobe of a family), filled with Burke's MSS , on the simple condition of editing them, with annotations. An Oxford man, and also the celebrated Mr Christian Curwen, then member for Cumberland, made, in my hearing, the same report. The Oxford man, in particular, being questioned as to the probable amount of MS , lamented that the gods had not made him an exciseman, with the gift of gauging barrels and other repositories, that he could not speak upon oath to the cubical contents, but this he could say, that having stripped up his coat-sleeve, he had endeavoured, by such poor machinery as nature had allowed him, to take the soundings of the trunk, but apparently there were none, with his middle finger he could find no bottom, for it was stopped by a dense stratum of MS ; below which, you know, other strata might lie *ad infinitum* For anything proved to the contrary, the trunk might be bottomless

force up a new verdure and laughing harvests, annually increasing for new generations! Popular he *is* now, but popular he was not in his own generation. And how could Schlosser have the face to say that he was? Did he never hear the notorious anecdote, that at one period Burke obtained the sobriquet of "dinner-bell?" And why? Not as one who invited men to a banquet by his gorgeous eloquence, but as one that gave a signal to shoals in the House of Commons for seeking refuge in a *literal* dinner from the oppression of his philosophy. This was, perhaps, in part a scoff of his opponents.* Yet there must have been some foundation for the scoff, since, at an earlier stage of Burke's career, Goldsmith had independently said, that this great orator

"Went on refining,
And thought of convincing, whilst *they* thought of *dining*."

I blame neither party. It ought not to be expected of any *popular* body that it should be patient of abstractions amongst the intensities of party strife, and the immediate necessities of voting. No deliberative body would less have tolerated such philosophic exorbitations from public business than the *agora* of Athens or the Roman Senate. So far the error was in Burke, not in the House of Commons. Yet also, on the other side, it must be remembered, that an intellect of Burke's, combining power and enormous compass, could not, from necessity of nature, abstain from such speculations. For a man to reach a remote

* I do not believe that at any time he was so designated; unless playfully and in special coteries. That the young, who were wearied, that the intensely practical, who distrusted him as a speculator, that the man of business, *natus rebus agendis*, who viewed him as a trespasser on the disposable time of the House, should combine intermittingly in giving expression to their feelings is conceivable, or even probable. The rest is exaggeration.

posterity, it is sometimes necessary that he should throw his voice over to them in a vast arch—it must sweep a parabola; which, therefore, rises high above the heads of those that stand next to him, and is heard by the bystanders but indistinctly, like bees swarming in the upper air before they settle on the spot fit for hiving.

See, therefore, the immeasurableness of misconception. Of all public men that stand confessedly in the first rank as to splendour of intellect, Burke was the *least* popular at the time when our blind friend Schlosser assumes him to have run off with the lion's share of popularity. Fox, on the other hand, as the leader of opposition, was at that time a household term of love or reproach from one end of the island to the other. To the very children playing in the streets, Pitt and Fox, throughout Burke's generation, were pretty nearly as broad distinctions, and as much a war-cry, as English and French, Roman and Punic. Now, however, all this is altered. As regards the relations between the two Whigs whom Schlosser so steadfastly delighteth to misrepresent,

> "Now is the winter of our discontent
> Made glorious summer"

as respects that intellectual potentate, Edmund Burke, the man whose true mode of power has never yet been truly investigated; whilst Charles Fox is known only as an echo is known; and, for any real *effect* of intellect upon this generation, for anything but the "whistling of a name," the Fox of 1780–1807 sleeps where the carols of the larks are sleeping that gladdened the spring-tides of those years—sleeps with the roses that glorified the beauty of their summers.*

* A man in Fox's situation is sure, whilst living, to draw after him trains of sycophants; and it is the evil necessity of newspapers the most

JUNIUS.

Schlossser talks of Junius, who is to him, as to many people, more than entirely the enigma of an enigma, a vapoury likeness of Hermes Trismegistus, or a dark shadow of the mediæval Prester John. Not only are most people unable to solve the enigma, but they have no idea of what it is that they are required to solve. Schlosser is in that predicament. I have to inform Schlosser that there are three separate questions about Junius, of which he has evidently never heard, and cannot, therefore, have many chances to spare for settling them. The three questions are these:—A. Who *was* Junius? B. What was it that armed Junius with a power over the public mind so unaccountable at this day. C. Why, having actually exercised such a power, and gained under his mask far more than he ever hoped to gain, did this Junius not come forward *in his own person,* when all the legal danger had long passed away, to claim a distinction that for *him* (among

independent that they *must* swell the mob of sycophants The public compels them to exaggerate the true proportions of such people, as we see or hear every hour in our own day Those who for the moment modify, *or may modify, the national condition, become preposterous idols in the* eyes of the gaping public, but with the sad necessity of being too utterly trodden under foot after they are shelved, unless they live in men's memory by something better than speeches in Parliament. Having the usual fate, Fox was complimented, *whilst living,* on his knowledge of Homeric Greek, which was a jest: he knew neither more nor less of Homer and his Ionic Greek than most English gentlemen of his rank, quite enough, that is, to read the "Iliad" with unaffected pleasure, far too little to revise the text of any ten lines without making himself ridiculous The excessive slenderness of his general literature, English and French, may be seen in the letters published by his secretary, Trotter But his fragment of a history, published by Lord Holland at two guineas, and currently sold for two shillings (not two *pence,* or else I have been defrauded of one shilling and tenpence), most of all proclaims the tenuity of his knowledge He looks upon Malcolm Laing as a huge oracle, and having read even less than Hume—a thing not very easy—with great naïveté, cannot guess where Hume picked up his facts

the vainest of men) must have been more precious than his heart's blood? The two questions B and C I have examined in past times, and I will not here repeat my conclusions further than to say, with respect to the last that the reason for the author not claiming his own property was this—because he *dared* not; because, for that man who *was* Junius, it would have been mere *infamy* to avow himself as Junius; because it would have revealed a crime, and would have published a crime in his own earlier life, for which many a man is transported in our days, and for less than which many a man has been, in neighbouring lands, hanged, broken on the wheel, burned, gibbeted, or impaled. To say that he watched and listened at his master's key-holes, is nothing. It was not key-holes only that he made free with, but keys; he tampered with his master's seals; he committed larcenies—not like a brave man risking his life on the highway, but petty larcenies—larcenies in a dwelling-house—larcenies under the opportunities of a confidential situation—crimes which formerly, in the days of Junius, our bloody code never pardoned in villains of low degree. Junius was in the situation of Lord Byron's Lara, or—because Lara is a foul plagiarism—of Harriet Lee's Kruitzner. All the world over, *or nearly*, Lara moved in freedom as a nobleman, haughtily and irreproachably. But one spot there was on earth in which he durst not for his life show himself—one spot in which instantly he would be challenged as a criminal—nay, whisper it not, ye forests and rivers! challenged as a vile midnight thief. But this man, because he had money, friends, and talents, instead of going to prison, took himself off for a jaunt to the Continent From the Continent, in full security, and in possession of the *otium cum dignitate*. he negotiated with the govern-

ment, whom he had alarmed by publishing the secrets which he had stolen. He succeeded. He sold himself to great advantage Bought and sold he was; and of course it is understood that if you buy a knave, and expressly in consideration of his knaveries, you secretly undertake, even without a special contract, not to hang him. "Honour bright!" Lord Barrington might certainly have indicted Junius at the Old Bailey, and had a reason for wishing to do so but George III., who was a party to the negotiation, and all his ministers, would have said, with fits of laughter, "Oh, come now, my lord, you must *not* do that. For since we have bargained for a price to send him out as a member of council to Bengal, you see clearly that we could not possibly hang him *before* we had fulfilled our bargain. Then it is true we *might* hang him after he comes back, but since the man (being a clever man) has a fair chance in the interim of rising to be Governor-General, we put it to your candour, Lord Barrington, whether it would be for the public service to hang his excellency?" In fact, Sir Philip might very probably have been Governor General, had his vile temper not overmastered him. Had he not quarrelled so viciously with Mr Hastings, it is ten to one that he might, by playing his cards well, have succeeded him. As it was, after enjoying an enormous salary, he returned to England, not Governor-General certainly, but still in no fear of being hanged. Instead of hanging him, on second thoughts, government gave him a red riband. He represented a borough in Parliament, he was an authority upon Indian affairs; he was caressed by the Whig party; he sat at good men's tables. He gave for toasts—*Joseph Surface* sentiments at dinner-parties—"The man that betrays" [something or other]—"The man that sneaks into"

[other men's portfolios, perhaps]—"is" ay, *what* is he? Why, he is perhaps a Knight of the Bath, has a sumptuous mansion in St James's Square, dies full of years and honour, has a pompous funeral, and fears only some such epitaph as this—"Here lies, in a red riband, the man who built a great prosperity on the basis of an unparalleled knavery." I complain heavily of Mr Taylor, the very able unmasker of Junius, for blinking the whole questions B and C. He it is that has settled the question A, so that it will never be re-opened by a man of sense. A man who doubts, after *really* reading Mr Taylor's work, is not only a blockhead, but an irreclaimable blockhead. It is true that several men, among them Lord Brougham, whom Schlosser (though hating him, and kicking him) cites, still profess, or are *said to profess*, scepticism. But the reason is evident: they have not *read* the book, they have only heard of it. They are unacquainted with the strongest arguments, and even with the nature of the evidence.* Lord Brougham, indeed, is generally reputed to have reviewed

* Even in Dr Francis's "Translation of Select Speeches from Demosthenes," which Lord Brougham would be likely to consult in his own labours on that theme, there may be traced several peculiarities of diction that startle us in Junius. Sir Philip had them from his father, Dr Francis. And Lord Brougham ought not to have overlooked them. The same thing may be seen, as was pointed out by Mr Taylor, in the notes to Dr Francis's translation of "Horace." These points, though not *independently* of conclusive importance, become far more so in combination with others. The reply made to me once by a publisher of some eminence upon this question is remarkable, and worth repeating. "I feel," he said, "the impregnability of the case made out for Sir Philip Francis by Mr Taylor. But the misfortune is, that I have seen so many previous impregnable cases made out for other claimants." Ay, that *would* be unfortunate. But the misfortune for this repartee was, that I, for whose use it was intended, not being in the predicament of a *stranger* to the dispute, having seen every page of the pleadings, knew all (except Mr Taylor's) to be false in their statements of fact; after which, that their arguments should be ingenious or subtle, signified nothing.

Mr Taylor's book. *That* may be; it is probable enough. What I am denying is not at all that Lord Brougham *reviewed* Mr Taylor, but that Lord Brougham *read* Mr Taylor. And there is not much wonder in *that*, when we see professed writers on the subject, bulky writers, writers of answers and refutations, dispensing with the whole of Mr Taylor's book, single paragraphs of which would have forced them to cancel the sum total of their own. The possibility of scepticism, after really *reading* Mr Taylor's book, would be the strongest exemplification upon record of Sancho's proverbial reproach, that some men "want better bread than is made of wheat"—would be the old case renewed from the scholastic grumblers, "that some men do not know when they are answered." They have got their *quietus,* and they still continue to "maunder" on with objections long since disposed of. In fact, it is not too strong a thing to say—and Chief-Justice Dallas *did* say something like it—that if Mr Taylor is not right, if Sir Philip Francis is *not* Junius, then was no man ever yet hanged on sufficient evidence. Even confession is no absolute proof. Even confessing to a crime, the man may be mad, or a knavish simulator. Well, at least seeing is believing: if the court sees a man commit an assault, will not *that* suffice? Not at all: ocular delusions on the largest scale are common. What's a court? Lawyers have no better eyes than other people. Their physics are often out of repair; and whole cities have been known to see things that could have no existence. Now, all other evidence is held to be short of this blank seeing or blank confessing. But I am not at all sure of *that.* Circumstantial evidence, that multiplies indefinitely its points of *internexus,* its nodes of intersection, with known admitted facts, is more impressive than any possible direct testimony. If

you detect a fellow with a large sheet of lead, that by many (to wit, seventy) salient angles—that by tedious (to wit, sixty-nine) re-entrant angles—fits into and owns its sisterly relationship to all that is left of the lead upon your roof, this tight fit will weigh more with a jury than even if my Lord Chief-Justice should jump into the witness-box, swearing that with judicial eyes he saw the vagabond cutting the lead whilst he himself sat at breakfast; or even than if that very vagabond should protest before this honourable court that he *did* cut the lead, in order that he (the said vagabond) might have hot rolls and coffee as well as my lord, the witness. If Mr Taylor's body of evidence does *not* hold water, then is there no evidence extant upon any question, judicial or not judicial, that *will.*

But I blame Mr Taylor heavily for throwing away the whole argument deducible from B and C, not as any debt that rested particularly upon *him* to public justice; but as a debt to the integrity of his own book. That book is now a fragment; admirable as regards A; but (by omitting B and C) not sweeping the whole area of the problem There yet remains, therefore, the dissatisfaction which is always likely to arise—not from the smallest *allegatio falsi*, but from the large *suppressio veri.* B, which, on any other solution than the one I have proposed, is perfectly unintelligible, now becomes plain enough. To imagine a heavy, coarse, hard-working government, seriously affected by such a bauble as *they* would consider performances on the tight-rope of style, is mere midsummer madness. "Hold your absurd tongue," would any of the ministers have said to a friend descanting on Junius as a powerful artist of style; "do you dream, dotard, that this baby's rattle is the thing that keeps us from sleeping? Our eyes are fixed on something else: that fellow, whoever he is, knows

what he ought *not* to know; he has had his hand in some of our pockets: he's a good locksmith, is that Junius; and before he reaches Tyburn, who knows what amount of mischief he may do to self and partners?" The rumour that ministers were themselves alarmed (which was the naked truth) travelled downwards; but the *why* did not travel, and the innumerable blockheads of lower circles, not understanding the real cause of fear, sought a false one in the supposed thunderbolts of the rhetoric. Opera-house thunderbolts they were: and strange it is, that grave men should fancy newspapers, teeming (as they have always done) with *Publicolas*, with *Catos*, with *Algernon Sydneys*, able by such trivial small-shot to gain a moment's attention from the potentates of Downing Street Those who have despatches to write, councils to attend, and votes of the Commons to manage, think little of Junius Brutus. A Junius Brutus, that dares not sign by his own honest name, is presumably skulking from his creditors. A Timoleon who hints at assassination in a newspaper, one may take it for granted, is a manufacturer of begging letters. And it is a conceivable case that a twenty-pound note, enclosed to Timoleon's address through the newspaper office, might go far to soothe that great patriot's feelings, and even to turn aside his avenging dagger. These sort of people were not the sort to frighten a British Ministry. One laughs at the probable conversation between an old hunting squire coming up to comfort the First Lord of the Treasury, on the rumour that he was panicstruck "What, surely, my dear old friend, you're no afraid of Timoleon?"—First Lord. "Yes, I am."—C. Gent. "What, afraid of an anonymous fellow in the papers?"—F. L "Yes, dreadfully."—C. Gent. "Why, I always understood that these people were a sort of

shams—living in Grub Street—or where was it that Pope used to tell us they lived? Surely you're not afraid of Timoleon, because some people think he's a patriot?"—F. L "No, not at all; but I am afraid because some people think he's a housebreaker!" In that character only could Timoleon become formidable to a Cabinet Minister; and in some such character must our friend, Junius Brutus, have made himself alarming to government. From the moment that B is properly explained, it throws light upon C. The government was alarmed—not at such moonshine as patriotism, not at such a soap-bubble as rhetoric, but because treachery was lurking amongst their own households, and, if the thing went on, the consequences might be appalling. But this domestic treachery, which accounts for B, accounts at the same time for C. The very same treachery that frightened its objects at the time by the consequences it might breed, would frighten its author afterwards from claiming its literary honours by the remembrances it might awaken. The mysterious disclosures of official secrets, which had once roused so much consternation within a limited circle, and (like the French affair of the diamond necklace) had sunk into neglect only when all clue seemed lost for *perfectly* unravelling it, would revive in all its mystical interest when a discovery came before the public—viz, a claim on the part of Francis to have written the famous letters, which must at the same time point a strong light upon the true origin of the treacherous disclosures made in those letters. Some astonishment had always existed as to Francis—how he rose so suddenly into rank and station: some astonishment had always existed as to Junius, how he should so suddenly have fallen asleep as a writer in the journals The coincidence of this sudden and unaccountable silence with that

sudden and unaccountable Indian appointment of Francis; the extraordinary familiarity of Junius, which had *not altogether escaped notice*, with the secrets of one particular office—viz., the War Office; the sudden recollection, sure to flash upon all who remembered Francis, if again he should become revived into suspicion, that he had held a situation of trust in that particular War Office; all these little recollections would begin to take up their places in a connected story: *this* and *that*, laid together, *that* and *this*, spelled into most significant words, would become clear as daylight; and to the keen eyes of still surviving enemies—Horne Tooke, "little Chamier," Ellis, to the English houses of Fitzroy and Russell, to the Scottish houses of Murray and Wedderburne—the whole progress and catastrophe of the scoundrelism, the perfidy and the profits of the perfidy, would soon become as intelligible as any tale of midnight burglary from without, in concert with a wicked butler within, that was ever sifted by judge and jury at the Old Bailey, or critically reviewed by Mr John Ketch at Tyburn.

Francis was the man. Francis was the wicked butler within, whom Pharaoh ought to have hanged, but whom he clothed in royal apparel, and mounted upon a horse that carried him to a curule chair of honour. So far his burglary prospered. But, as generally happens in such cases, this prosperous crime subsequently became the killing curse of long years to Francis. By a just retribution, the success of Junius, in two senses so monstrously exaggerated—exaggerated by a romantic over-estimate of its intellectual power through an error of the public, not admitted to the secret, and equally exaggerated as to its political power by the government, in the hush-money for its future suppression—became the self-avenger to the suc-

cessful criminal. This criminal was one who, with a childish eagerness, thirsted for literary distinction above all other distinction, as for the *amrecta* cup of immortality. And, behold! there the brilliant bauble lay, glittering in the sands of a solitude, unclaimed by any man; disputed with him (if he chose to claim it) by nobody, and yet for his life he durst not touch it. Sir Philip stood—he knew that he stood—in the situation of a murderer who has dropped an inestimable jewel upon the murdered body in the death-struggle with his victim. The jewel is his! Nobody will deny it. He may have it for asking. But to ask is—to die; to die the death of a felon. "Oh yes!" would be the answer, "here's your jewel, wrapped up safely in tissue paper. But here's another lot that goes along with it—no bidder can take them apart—viz, a halter, also wrapped up in tissue paper." Francis, in relation to Junius, was in that exact predicament. "You, then, are Junius? You are that famous man who has been missing since 1772? And you can prove it? God bless me! sir, what a long time you've been sleeping. everybody's gone to bed from that generation. But let us have a look at you, before you move off to prison. I like to look at clever men; particularly men that are *too* clever, and you, my dear sir, are too clever by half. I regard you as the brightest specimen of the swell-mob, and in fact as the very ablest scoundrel that at this hour rests in Europe unhanged!"—Francis died, and made no sign. Peace of mind he had parted with for a peacock's feather, which feather, living or dying, he durst not mount in the plumage of his cap.

PROTESTANTISM.*

The work whose substance and theme are thus briefly abstracted is at this moment (1847) making a noise in the world. It is ascribed by report to two bishops—not jointly, but alternatively—in the sense that, if one did *not* write the book, the other *did* The Bishops of Oxford and St David's, Wilberforce and Thirlwall, are the two pointed at by the popular finger, and, in some quarters, a third is suggested—viz , Stanley, Bishop of Norwich. The betting, however, is altogether in favour of Oxford. So runs the current of *public* gossip. But the public is a bad guesser, "stiff in opinion," and almost "always in the wrong." Now let *me* guess. When I had read for ten minutes, I offered a bet of seven to one (no takers) that the author's name began with H. Not out of any love for that amphibious letter, on the contrary, being myself what Professor Wilson calls a *hedonist*, or philosophical voluptuary, murmuring, with good reason, if a rose leaf lies doubled below me, naturally I murmur at a letter that

* This little paper, founded on a "Vindication of Protestant Principles"—by Phileleutherus Anglicanus—might perhaps sufficiently justify itself by the importance of the principles discussed, if it replied to a mere imaginary antagonist But this was not so. "The Vindication" was a mild book, and, as a startling phenomenon, made a sudden and deep impression

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puts one to the expense of an aspiration, forcing into the lungs an extra charge of raw air on frosty mornings. But truth is truth, in spite of frosty air. And yet, upon further reading, doubts gathered upon my mind. The H. that I mean is an Englishman; now it happens that here and there a word, or some peculiarity in using a word, indicates, in this author, a Scotchman; for instance, the expletive "just," which so much infests Scottish phraseology, written or spoken, at page 1; elsewhere the word "*shortcomings*," which, being horridly tabernacular, and such that no gentleman could allow himself to touch it without gloves, it is to be wished that our Scottish brethren would resign, together with "*backslidings*," to the use of field-preachers. But worse, by a great deal, and not even intelligible in England, is the word *thereafter*, used as an adverb of time; *i. e.*, as the correlative of *hereafter*. *Thereafter*, in pure vernacular English, bears a totally different sense. In "Paradise Lost," for instance, having heard the character of a particular angel, you are told that he spoke *thereafter*; *i. e*, spoke agreeably to that character. "How a score of sheep, Master Shallow?" The answer is, "*Thereafter* as they be." Again, "Thereafter as a man sows shall he reap"—*i. e*, conformably or answerably to what he sows. The objections are overwhelming to the Scottish use of the word; first, because already in Scotland it is a barbarism transplanted from the filthy vocabulary of attorneys, locally called *writers*; secondly, because in England it is not even intelligible, and, what is worse still, sure to be *mis*-intelligible. And yet, after all, these exotic forms may be a mere blind. The writer is, perhaps, purposely leading us astray with his "*thereafters*" and his horrid "*shortcomings*" Or, because London newspapers and Acts of Parliament are beginning to be more

infirmity (nay, human criminality) to *every* book of the Bible, uttered by anybody rather than by a father of the church, and guaranteed by anybody rather than by an infidel in triumph. A boy may fire his pistol unnoticed, but a sentinel, mounting guard in the dark, must remember the trepidation that will follow any shot from *him*, and the certainty that it will cause all the stations within hearing to get under arms immediately. Yet why, if this bold opinion *does* come from a prelate, he being but one man, should it carry so alarming a sound? Is the whole bench of bishops bound and compromised by the audacity of any one amongst its members? Certainly not. But yet such an act, though it should be that of a rash precursor, marks the universal change of position; there is ever some sympathy between the van and the rear of the same body at the same time; and the boldest could not have dared to go ahead so rashly, if the rearmost was not known to be pressing forward to his support far more closely than thirty years ago he could have done. There have been, it is true, heterodox professors of divinity and freethinking bishops before now. England can show a considerable list of such people—even Rome has a smaller list. Rome, that weeds all libraries, and is continually burning books, in effigy, by means of her vast *Index Expurgatorius*,* which index, continually, she is enlarging by successive supple-

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* "*Index Expurgatorius*."—A question of some interest arises upon the casuistical construction of this index. We that are not by name included—may we consider ourselves indirectly licensed? Silence, I should hope, gives consent. And if it wasn't that the present Pope, being a horrid Radical, would be sure to blackball *me* as an honest Tory, I would send him a copy of my *Opera Omnia*, requesting his Holiness to say, by return of post, whether I ranked amongst the chaff winnowed by St Peter's flail, or had his gracious permission to hold myself amongst the pure wheat gathered into the Vatican garner.

ments, needs also an *Index Expurgatorius* for the catalogue of her prelates. Weeds there are in the very flower-garden and conservatory of the church. Fathers of the church are no more to be relied on, as safe authorities, than we rascally lay authors, that notoriously will say anything. And it is a striking proof of this amongst our English bishops, that the very man who, in the last generation, most of all won the public esteem as the champion of the Bible against Tom Paine, was privately known amongst us connoisseurs in heresy (that are always prying into ugly secrets) to be the least orthodox thinker, one or other, amongst the whole brigade of eighteen thousand contemporary clerks who had subscribed the Thirty-nine Articles. Saving your presence, reader, his lordship was no better than a bigoted Socinian, which, in a petty diocese that he never visited, and amongst South Welshmen, that are all incorrigible Methodists, mattered little, but would have been awkward had he come to be Archbishop of York; and that he did *not*, turned upon the accident of a few weeks too soon, by which the Fates cut short the thread of the Whig Ministry in 1807. Certainly for a Romish or an English bishop to be a Socinian is *un peu fort*. But I contend that it is quite possible to be far less heretical, and yet dangerously bold, yes, upon the free and spacious latitudes purposely left open by the English Thirty-nine Articles (ay, or by *any* Protestant Confession), to plant novelties not less startling to religious ears than Socinianism itself. Besides (which adds to the shock), the dignitary now before us, whether bishop or no bishop, does not write in the tone of a conscious heretic; or, like Archdeacon Blackburne* of old, in a spirit of hostility to

* "*Archdeacon Blackburne*."—He was the author of "The Confessional," which at one time made a memorable ferment amongst all those

his own fellow-churchmen; but, on the contrary, in the tone of one relying upon support from his clerical brethren, he stands forward as expositor and champion of views now prevailing amongst the *elite* of the English Church So construed, the book is, indeed, a most extraordinary one, and exposes a record that almost shocks one of the strides made in religious speculation. Opinions change slowly and stealthily. The steps of the changes are generally continuous, but sometimes it happens that the notice of such steps, the publication of such changes, is *not* continuous, that it comes upon us *per saltum,* and consequently with the stunning effect of an apparent treachery. Every thoughtful man raises his hands with an involuntary gesture of awe at the revolutions of so revolutionary an age, when thus summoned to the spectacle of an English prelate serving a piece of artillery against what once were fancied to be main outworks of religion, and at a station sometimes considerably in advance of any station ever occupied by Voltaire.*

It is this audacity of speculation, I apprehend, this *étalage* of bold results, rather than any success in their development, which has fixed the public attention Develop-

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who loved as sons, or who hated as Nonconformists, the English Establishment. This was his most popular work, but he wrote many others in the same temper, that fill six or seven octavos. I fear that it may be a duty to read him, and if it is, then I think of his seven octavos with holy horror.

* "*Voltaire*"—Let not the reader misunderstand me, I do not mean that the clerical writer now before us (bishop or not bishop) is more hostile to religion than Voltaire, or is hostile at all. On the contrary, he is, perhaps, profoundly religious, and he writes with neither levity nor insincerity. But this conscientious spirit, and this piety, do but the more call into relief the audacity of his freethinking—do but the more forcibly illustrate the prodigious changes in the spirit of religious philosophy wrought by time, and by the contagion from secular revolutions.

pages we propose to vindicate the fundamental and inherent *principles* of Protestantism." Good; but what *are* the fundamental principles of Protestantism? "They are," says *Phil.*, "the sole sufficiency of Scripture,* the right of private judgment in its interpretation, and the authority of individual conscience in matters of religion." Errors of logic show themselves more often in a man's terminology, and his antitheses, and his subdivisions, than anywhere else. *Phil* goes on to make this distinction, which brings out his imperfect conception. "We," says he (and, by the way, if *Phil.* is *we*, then it must be my duty to call him *they*)—"we do not propose to defend the varieties of *doctrine* held by the different communities of Protestants." Why, no; that would be a sad task for the most skilful of funambulists or theological tumblers, seeing that many of these varieties stand related to each other as categorical affirmative and categorical negative: it's heavy work to make *yes* and *no* pull together in the same proposition. But this, fortunately for himself, *Phil.* declines. You are to understand that he will not undertake the defence of Protestantism in its *doctrines*, but only in its *principles* That won't do; that antithesis is as hollow as a drum;

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* "*Sole sufficiency of Scripture*"—This is much too elliptical a way of expressing the Protestant meaning. Sufficiency for *what?* "Sufficiency for salvation" is the phrase of many, and I think elsewhere of *Phil* But *that* is objectionable on more grounds than one, it is redundant, and it is aberrant from the true point contemplated *Sufficiency for itself, without alien helps*, is the thing contemplated. The Greek *autarkeia* (*αὐτάρκεια*), self sufficiency, or, because that phrase, in English, has received a deflection towards a bad meaning, the word *self-sufficingness* might answer, sufficiency for the exposition of its own most secret meaning, out of fountains within itself, needing, therefore, neither the supplementary aids of tradition, on the one hand, nor the complementary aids on the other (in the event of unprovided cases, or of dilemmas arising) from the infallibility of a *living* expounder.

and, if the objection were verbal only, I would not make it But the contradistinction fails to convey the real meaning. It is not that he has falsely expressed his meaning, but that he has falsely developed that meaning to his own consciousness Not the word only is wrong; but the wrong word is put forward for the sake of hiding the imperfect idea. What he calls *principles* might almost as well be called *doctrines;* and what he calls *doctrines* as well be called *principles* But of these terms, apart from the rectifications suggested by the context, no man could collect his drift, which is simply this. Protestantism, we must recollect, is not an absolute and self-dependent idea; it stands in relation to something antecedent, against which it protests—viz, Papal Rome. And under what phasis does it protest against Rome? Not against the Christianity of Rome, because every Protestant Church, though disapproving a great deal of *that*, disapproves also a great deal in its own sister churches of the protesting household; and because every Protestant Church holds a great deal of Christian truth, in common with Rome. But what furnishes the matter of protest is—the *deduction of the title* upon which Rome plants the right to be a church at all. This deduction is so managed by Rome as to make herself, not merely a true church (which many Protestants grant), but the exclusive church. Now, what *Phil.* in effect undertakes to defend is not principles by preference to doctrines (for they are pretty nearly the same thing), but the question of title to teach at all, in preference to the question of what is the thing taught. *There* is the distinction, as I apprehend it. All these terms—"principle," "doctrine," "system," "theory," "hypothesis"—are used nearly always most licentiously, and as arbitrarily as a Newmarket jockey selects the colours for his riding dress It is true that one

shadow of justification offers itself for *Phil's* distinction. All principles are doctrines, but all doctrines are not principles. Which, then, in particular? Why, those properly are principles which contain the *principia*, the beginnings, or starting-points of evolution, out of which any system of truth is developed. Now, it may seem that the very starting-point of our Protestant pretensions is, first of all, to argue our *title* or right to be a church *sui juris;* apparently we must begin by making good our *locus standi*, before we can be heard upon our doctrines. And upon this mode of approach, the pleadings about the *title*, or right to teach at all, taking precedency of the pleadings about the particular things taught, would be the *principia*, or beginnings of the whole process, and so far would be entitled by preference to the name of *principles.* But such a mode of approach is merely an accident, and contingent upon our being engaged in a polemical discussion of Protestantism in relation to Popery. *That*, however, is a pure matter of choice; Protestantism may be discussed, as though Rome were not, in relation to its own absolute merits, and this treatment is the logical treatment, applying itself to what is permanent in the *nature* of the object; whereas the other treatment applies itself to what is casual and vanishing in the *history* (or the origin) of Protestantism. For, after all, it would be no great triumph to Protestantism that she should prove her birthright to revolve as a *primary* planet in the Christian system, that she had the same original right as Rome to wheel about the great central orb, undegraded to the rank of satellite or secondary projection—if, in the meantime, telescopes should reveal the fact that she was pretty nearly a sandy desert. *What* a church teaches is true or not true, without reference to her independent right of teaching; and eventually, when the

irritations of earthly feuds and political schisms shall be tranquillised by time, the philosophy of this whole question will take an inverse order. The credentials of a church will not be put in first, and the quality of her doctrine discussed as a secondary question On the contrary, her credentials will be sought *in* her doctrine The protesting church will say, I have the *right* to stand separate, because I *do* stand; and from my holy teaching I deduce my title to teach. *Jus est ibi summum docendi, ubi est fons purissimus doctrinæ.* That inversion of the Protestant plea with Rome is even now valid with many, and, when it becomes universally current, then the *principles,* or great beginnings of the controversy, will be transplanted from the centre, where *Phil* places them, to that very *locus* which he neglects. One church may say—My doctrine must be holy, because it is admitted that I have the authentic commission from Heaven to teach. But equally another church may say—My commission to teach must be conceded, because my teaching is holy. The first deduces the purity of her doctrine from her divine commission to teach. But the second, with logic as forcible, deduces her divine commission to teach from the purity of her doctrine.

There is another expression of *Phil's* to which I object. He describes the doctrines held by all the separate Protestant churches as doctrines of Protestantism. I would not delay either *Phil* or myself for the sake of a trifle; but an impossibility is *not* a trifle. If from orthodox Turkey* you pass to heretic Persia, if from the rigour of the

* "*Orthodox Turkey*"—At Mecca, or more probably throughout the Mussulman world, the Ottoman Sultan is regarded as the true filial champion *ed deen* [*i. e.,* of the faith] He is the *right*-hand pillar; whereas the Shah of Persia is a heterodox believer, and therefore an unsound pillar. But it illustrates powerfully the non-spirituality of this religion (though pirated chiefly from the Bible), that this great schism

Sonnees (orthodox Mussulmans) to the laxity of the *Sheeahs* (Mahometan heretics), you could not, in explaining those schisms, go on to say, "And these are the doctrines *of* Islamism," for they destroy each other. Both are supported by earthly powers; but only one could be supported by a central organ of Islamism, if such there were. So of Calvinism and Arminianism; you cannot call them doctrines *of* Protestantism, as if growing out of some reconciling Protestant principles; one of the two, though not manifested to human eyes in its falsehood, must secretly be false; and a falsehood cannot be a doctrine of Protestantism. It is more accurate to say that the separate creeds of Turkey and Persia are *within* Mahometanism; such—viz., as that neither excludes a man from the name of Mussulman; and, again, that Calvinism and Arminianism are doctrines *within* the Protestant Church—as a church of general toleration for all religious doctrines not *demonstrably* hostile to any cardinal truth of Christianity.

Phil., then, we all understand, is not going to traverse the vast field of Protestant opinions as they are distributed through our many sects; *that* would be endless; and he illustrates the mazy character of the wilderness over which these sects are wandering,

"Ubi passim
Palantes error recto de tramite pellit,"

by the four cases of—1. the Calvinist, 2. the Newmanite; 3. the Romanist,* 4. the Evangelical enthusiast—as holding

in Islamism does not turn upon any point of doctrine, but simply upon a most trivial question of historic fact—viz., who were *de jure* the immediate successors of Mahomet.

* "*The Romanist*"—What, amongst Protestant sects? Ay, even so. It's *Phil.*'s mistake, not mine. He will endeavour to doctor the case, by pleading that he was speaking universally of Christian error, but the position of the clause forbids this plea. Not only in relation to what immediately precedes, the passage must be supposed to contemplate *Pro-*

systems of doctrine, "no one of which is capable of recommending itself to the favourable opinion of an impartial judge" Impartial! but what Christian *can* be impartial?

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testant error, but the immediate inference from it—viz, that "the world may well be excused for doubting whether there is, after all, so much to be gained by that liberty of private judgment, which is the essential characteristic of Protestantism, whether it be not, after all, merely a liberty to fall into error," nails *Phil* to that construction—argues too strongly that it is an oversight of indolence *Phil* was sleeping for the moment, which is excusable enough towards the end of a book, but hardly in section 1. P S —I have since observed (which *not* to have observed is excused, perhaps, by the too complex machinery of hooks and eyes between the text and the notes involving a double reference—first, to the section, second, to the particular clause of the section) that *Phil* has not here committed an inadvertency, or, if he *has*, is determined to fight himself through his inadvertency, rather than break up his quaternion of cases "In speaking of Romanism as arising from a misapplication of Protestant principles, we refer, not to those who were born, but to those who have become members of the Church of Rome." What is the name of those people? And where do they live? I have heard of many who think (and there *are* cases in which most of us, that meddle with philosophy, are apt to think) occasional principles of Protestantism available for the defence of certain Roman Catholic mysteries too indiscriminately assaulted by the Protestant zealot, but, with this exception, I am not aware of any parties professing to derive their Popish leanings *from* Protestantism, it is *in spite of* Protestantism, as seeming to *them* not strong enough, or through principles omitted by Protestantism, which therefore seems to *them* not careful enough or not impartial enough, that Protestants have lapsed to Popery Protestants have certainly been known to become Papists, not through Popish arguments, but simply through their own Protestant books, yet never, that I heard of, through an *affirmative* process, as though any Protestant argument involved the rudiments of Popery, but by a *negative* process, as fancying the Protestant reasons, though lying in the right direction, not going far enough; or, again, though right partially, yet defective as a whole *Phil* therefore seems to me absolutely caught in a sort of *Furcæ Caudinæ*, unless he has a dodge in reserve to puzzle us all In a different point, I, that hold myself a *doctor seraphicus*, and also *inexpugnabilis* upon quillets of logic, justify *Phil*, whilst also I blame him He defends himself rightly for distinguishing between the Romanist and Newmanite on the one hand, between the Calvinist and the Evangelican man on the other, though perhaps a young gentleman, commencing his studies on the *Organon*, will fancy that here he has *Phil* in a trap, for these distinc-

To be free from all bias, and to begin his review of sects in that temper, he must begin by being an infidel. Vainly a man endeavours to reserve in a state of neutrality any preconceptions that he may have formed for himself, or prepossessions that he may have inherited from "mamma," he cannot do it any more than he can dismiss his own shadow. Every man that lives, has (or has had) a *mamma*, who has made it impossible for him to be neutral in religious beliefs. And it is strange to contemplate the weakness of strong minds in fancying that they can. Calvin, whilst amiably engaged in hunting Servetus to death, and writing daily letters to his friends, in which he expresses his hope that the executive power would not think of burning the poor man, since really justice would be quite satisfied by cutting his head off, meets with some correspondents who conceive (idiots that they were!) even that little amputation not absolutely indispensable. But Calvin soon settles *their* scruples. You don't perceive, he tells them, what this man has been about. When a writer attacks Popery, it's very wrong in the Papists to cut his head off; and why? Because he has

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tions, he will say, do not entirely exclude each other as they ought to do. The class calling itself Evangelical, for instance, may also be Calvinistic; the Newmanite is not, *therefore*, anti-Romish. True, says *Phil.*, I am quite aware of it. But to be aware of an objection is not to answer it. The fact seems to be, that the actual combinations of life, not conforming to the truth of abstractions, compel us to seeming breaches of logic. It would be right practically to distinguish the Radical from the Whig; and yet it might shock *Duns* or *Lombardus*, the *magister sententiarum*, when he came to understand that partially the principles of Radicals and Whigs coincide. But, for all that, the logic which distinguishes them is right; and the apparent error must be sought in the fact, that all cases (political or religious) being cases of life, are *concretes*, which never conform to the exquisite truth of abstractions. Practically, the Radical is opposed to the Whig, though casually the two are continually in conjunction, for, as *acting* partisans, they work *from* different centres, and finally, *for* different results.

only been attacking error. But here lies the difference in this case; Servetus had been attacking the TRUTH. Do you see the distinction, my friends? Consider it, and I am sure you will be sensible that this quite alters the case. It is shocking, it is perfectly ridiculous, that the Bishop of Rome should touch a hair of any man's head for contradicting *him*; and why? Because, do you see, *he* is wrong. On the other hand, it is evidently agreeable to philosophy, that I, John Calvin, should shave off the hair, and, indeed, the head itself (as I heartily hope* will be done in this present case), of any man presumptuous enough

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* The reader may imagine that, in thus abstracting Calvin's epistolary sentiments, I am a little improving them Certainly they would bear improvement, but that is not my business. What the reader sees here is but the result of bringing scattered passages into closer juxtaposition, whilst, as to the strongest (viz, the most sanguinary) sentiments here ascribed to him, it will be a sufficient evidence of my fidelity to the literal truth, if I cite three separate sentences Writing to Farrel, he says, "*Spero* capitale saltem fore judicium" Sentence of the court, he *hopes, will, at any rate*, reach the life of Servetus Die he must, and die he shall. But why should he die a cruel death? "Pœnæ vero atrocitatem remitti cupio" To the same purpose, when writing to Sultzer, he expresses his satisfaction in being able to assure him that a principal civic officer of Geneva was, in this case, entirely upright, and animated by the most virtuous sentiments. Indeed! what an interesting character! and in what way now might this good man show this beautiful tenderness of conscience? Why, by a fixed resolve that Servetus should not in any case escape the catastrophe which I, John Calvin, am longing for ("ut saltem exitum, *quem optamus*, non fugiat") Finally, writing to the same Sultzer, he remarks that—when we see the Papists such avenging champions of their own superstitious fables as not to falter in shedding innocent blood, "pudeat Christianos magistratus [as if the Roman Catholic magistrates were not Christians] in tuendâ certâ veritate nihil prorsus habere animi"—"Christian magistrates ought to be ashamed of themselves for manifesting no energy at all in the vindication of truth undeniable," yet really, since these magistrates had at that time the full design, which design not many days after they executed, of maintaining truth by fire and faggot, one does not see the call upon them for blushes so very deep as Calvin requires Hands so crimson with blood might compensate the absence of crimson cheeks.

to contradict *me;* but then, why? For a reason that makes all the difference in the world, and which, one would think, idiocy itself could not overlook—viz., that I, John Calvin, am right—right through three degrees of comparison—right, righter, or more right, rightest, or most right.

The self-sufficingness of the Bible, and the right of private judgment—here, then, are the two great characters in which Protestantism commences; these are the bulwarks behind which it intrenches itself against Rome. And it is remarkable that these two great preliminary laws, which soon diverge into fields so different, at the first are virtually one and the same law. The refusal of a Delphic oracle at Rome alien to the Bible, extrinsic to the Bible, and claiming the sole interpretation of the Bible, the refusal of an oracle that reduced the Bible to a hollow mask, underneath which fraudulently introducing itself any earthly voice could mimic a heavenly voice, was in effect to refuse the coercion of this false oracle over each man's conscientious judgment; to make the Bible independent of the Pope, was to make man independent of *all* religious controllers. The *self-sufficingness of Scripture,* its independency of any external interpreter, passed in one moment into the other great Protestant doctrine of *Toleration.* It was but the same triumphal monument under a new angle of sight, the golden and silver faces of the same heraldic shield. The very same act which denies the right of interpretation to a mysterious Papal phœnix, renewed from generation to generation, having the antiquity and the incomprehensible omniscience of the Simorg,* that ancient bird in Southey,

* "*The Simorg*"—If the reader has not made the acquaintance of this mysterious bird, eldest of created things, it is time he should. The Simorg would help him out of all his troubles, if the reader could find him at home. Let him consult Southey's "Thalaba."

transferred this right of mere necessity to the individuals of the whole human race. For where else could it have been lodged? Any attempt in any other direction was but to restore the Papal power in a new impersonation Every man, therefore, suddenly obtained the right of interpreting the Bible for himself But the word "*right*" obtained a new sense. Every man has the right, protected by the Queen's Bench, of publishing an unlimited number of metaphysical systems; and, under favour of the same indulgent Bench, we all enjoy the unlimited right of laughing at him. But not the whole race of man has a right to *coerce*, in the exercise of his intellectual rights, the humblest of individuals The rights of men are thus unspeakbly elevated; for, being now freed from all anxiety, being sacred as merely *legal* rights, they suddenly rise into a new mode of responsibility as *intellectual* rights. As a Protestant, every mature man, the very humblest and poorest, has the same dignified right over his own opinions and profession of faith that he has over his own hearth But his hearth can rarely be abused, whereas his religious system, being a vast kingdom, opening by immeasurable gates upon worlds of light and worlds of darkness, now brings him within a new amenability—called upon to answer new impeachments, and to seek for new assistances. Formerly another was answerable for his belief, if that were wrong, it was no fault of his. Now he has new rights, but these have burdened him with new obligations Now he is crowned with the glory and the palms of an intellectual creature, but he is alarmed by the certainty of corresponding struggles. Protestantism it is that has created him into this child and heir of liberty; Protestantism it is that has invested him with these unbounded privileges of private judgment, giving him in one moment the sublime

powers of a Pope within one solitary conscience; but Protestantism it is that has introduced him to the most dreadful of responsibilities.

I repeat that the twin maxims, the columns of Hercules through which Protestantism entered the great sea of human activities, were originally but two aspects of one law: to deny the Papal control over men's conscience being to affirm man's self-control, was, therefore, to affirm man's universal right to toleration, which again implied a corresponding *duty* of toleration. Under this bi-fronted law, generated by Protestantism, but in its turn regulating Protestantism, *Phil.* undertakes to develop all the principles that belong to a Protestant church. The *seasonableness* of such an investigation—its critical application to an evil now spreading like a fever through Europe—he perceives fully, and in the following terms he expresses this perception:—

"That we stand on the brink of a great theological crisis, that the problem must soon be solved, how far orthodox Christianity is possible for those who are not behind their age in scholarship and science, this is a solemn fact, which may be ignored by the partisans of shortsighted bigotry, but which is felt by all, and confessed by most of those who are capable of appreciating its reality and importance The deep sybilline vaticinations of Coleridge's philosophical mind, the practical working of Arnold's religious sentimentalism, and the open acknowledgment of many divines who are living examples of the spirit of the age, have all, in different ways, foretold the advent of a Church of the Future"

This is from the preface, p ix, where the phrase, *Church of the Future*, points to the Prussian minister's (Bunsen's) *Kirche der Zukunft:* but in the body of the work, and not far from its close (p. 114), he recurs to this crisis, and more circumstantially.

Phil. embarrasses himself and his readers in this development of Protestant principles. His own view of the task before him requires that he should separate himself

from the consideration of any particular church, and lay aside all partisanship, *plausible or not plausible*. It is his own overture that warrants us in expecting this. And yet, *before we have travelled three measured inches*, he is found entangling himself with Church of Englandism. Let me not be misunderstood, as though, borrowing a Bentham word, I were therefore a Jerry Benthamite: I, that may describe myself generally as *Philo-Phil.*, am not less a son of the "Reformed Anglican Church" than *Phil.* Consequently, it is not likely that, in any vindication of that church, simply *as* such, and separately for itself, I should be the man to find grounds of exception. Loving most of what *Phil* loves, loving *Phil.* himself, and hating (I grieve to say), with a theological hatred, whatever *Phil.* hates, why should I demur at this particular point to a course of argument that travels in the line of my own partialities? And yet I *do* demur. Having been promised a philosophic defence of the principles concerned in the great European schism of the sixteenth century, suddenly we find ourselves collapsing from that altitude of speculation into a defence of one individual church. Nobody would complain of *Phil.*, if, *after* having deduced philosophically the principles upon which all Protestant separation from Rome should revolve, he had gone forward to show, that in some one of the Protestant churches, more than in others, these principles had been asserted with peculiar strength, or carried through with special consistency, or associated pre-eminently with the other graces of a Christian church, such as a ritual more impressive to the heart of man—where lies the defence for the sublime Anglican Liturgy, or a polity more symmetrical with the structure of English society—where lies the defence of Episcopacy. Once having unfolded from philosophic

grounds the primary conditions of a pure scriptural church, *Phil.* might then, without blame, have turned sharp round upon us, saying, such being the conditions under which the great idea of a true Christian church must be *constructed*, I now go on to show that the Church of England has conformed to those conditions more faithfully than any other. But to entangle the pure outlines of the idealising mind with the practical forms of any militant church, embarrassed (as we know all churches to have been) by pre-occupations of judgment, derived from feuds too local and interests too political—moving, also (as we know all churches to have moved), in a spirit of compromise, occasionally from mere necessities of position; this is in the result to injure the object of the writer doubly: first, as leaving an impression of partisanship: the reader is mistrustful from the first, as against a judge that in reality is an advocate; second, without reference to the effect upon the reader, directly to *Phil* it is injurious, by fettering the freedom of his speculations; or, if leaving their freedom undisturbed, by narrowing their compass.

And if *Phil.*, as to the general movement of his Protestant pleadings, modulates too little in the transcendental key, sometimes he does so too much. For instance, at p. 69, sec. 35, we find him half calling upon Protestantism to account for her belief in God. How then? Is this belief special to Protestants? Are Roman Catholics, are those of the Greek, the Armenian, and other Christian churches, atheistically given? We used to be told that there is no royal road to geometry. I don't know whether there is or not; but I am sure there is no Protestant by-road, no Reformation short-cut, to the demonstration of Deity. It is true that *Phil.* exonerates his philosophic scholar, when throwing himself in Protestant freedom upon pure

intellectual aids, from the vain labour of such an effort. He consigns him, however philosophic, to the evidence of "inevitable assumptions, upon axiomatic postulates, which the reflecting mind is compelled to accept, and which no more admit of doubt and cavil than of establishment by formal proof.' I am not sure whether I understand *Phil.* in this section. Apparently he is glancing at Kant Kant was the first person, and perhaps the last, that ever undertook formally to demonstrate the indemonstrability of God. He showed that the three great arguments for the existence of the Deity were virtually one, inasmuch as the two weaker borrowed their value and *vis apodeictica* from the more rigorous metaphysical argument. The physico-theological argument he forced to back, as it were, into the cosmological, and *that* into the ontological. After this reluctant *regressus* of the three into one, shutting up like a spy-glass, which (with the iron hand of Hercules forcing Cerberus up to daylight) the stern man of Königsberg resolutely dragged to the front of the arena, nothing remained, now that he had this pet scholastic argument driven up into a corner, than to break its neck—which he did Kant took the conceit out of all the three arguments; but, if this is what *Phil* alludes to, he should have added, that these three, after all, were only the arguments of speculating or *theoretic* reason. To this faculty Kant peremptorily denied the power of demonstrating the Deity, but then that same *apodeixis*, which he had thus inexorably torn from reason under one manifestation, Kant himself restored to the reason in another (the *praktische vernunft*). God he asserts to be a postulate of the human reason, as speaking through the conscience and will, not proved *ostensively*, but indirectly proved as being *wanted* indispensably, and presupposed in other necessities of our

human nature. This, probably, is what *Phil.* means by his shorthand expression of "axiomatic postulates." But then it should not have been said that the case does not "admit of formal proof," since the proof is as "formal" and rigorous by this new method of Kant as by the old obsolete methods of Sam. Clarke and the schoolmen.*

But it is not the too high or the too low—the too much or the too little—of what one might call by analogy the *transcendental* course, which I charge upon *Phil.* It is, that he is too desultory—too eclectic And the secret purpose, which seems to me predominant throughout his work, is, not so much the defence of Protestantism, or even of the Anglican Church, as a report of the latest novelties that have found a roosting-place in the English Church, amongst the most temperate of those churchmen who keep pace with modern philosophy; in short, it is a selection from the classical doctrines of religion, exhibited under their newest revision, or, generally. it is an attempt to show, from what is going on amongst the most moving orders in the English Church, how far it is possible that strict orthodoxy should bend, on the one side, to new impulses, derived from an advancing philosophy, and yet, on the other side, should reconcile itself, both verbally and in spirit, with ancient standards. But if *Phil.* is eclectic, then *I* will be eclectic, if *Phil.* has a right to be desultory, then *I* have a right. *Phil* is my leader. I can't in reason be expected to be better than *he* is If I'm wrong, *Phil* ought to set me a better example. And here, before this

* The method of Des Cartes was altogether separate and peculiar to himself, it is a mere conjurer's juggle, and yet, what is strange, like some other audacious sophisms, it is capable of being so stated as most of all to baffle the subtle dialectician, and Kant himself, though not cheated, was never so much perplexed in his life as in the effort to make its hollowness apparent.

is urged against an inspiration with all that the internal necessity of the case would plead in behalf of an inspiration. So would *Phil*'s. His distinction, like mine, would substantially come down to this—that the grandeur and extent of religious truth is not of a nature to be affected by verbal changes such as *can* be made by time, or accident, or without treacherous design. It is like lightning, which could not be mutilated, or truncated, or polluted. But it may be well to rehearse a little more in detail, both *Phil.'s* view and my own. Let my principal go first, make way, I desire, for my leader. let this honourable man *Phil*, whom I, *Philo-Phil.*, now take by the right hand, and solemnly present to the public—let this Daniel who has come to judgment have precedency, as, in all reason, it is my duty to see that he has.

Whilst rejecting altogether any inspiration as attaching to the separate words and phrases of the Scriptures, *Phil.* insists upon such an inspiration as attaching to the spiritual truths and doctrines delivered in these Scriptures. And he places this theory in a striking light, equally for what it affirms and for what it denies, by these two arguments—first (in affirmation of the real spiritual inspiration), that a series of more than thirty writers, speaking in succession along a vast line of time, and absolutely without means of concert, yet all combine unconsciously to one end—lock like parts of a great machine into one system—conspire to the unity of a very elaborate scheme, without being at all aware of what was to come after. Here, for instance, is one, living nearly one thousand six hundred years before the last in the series, who lays a foundation (in reference to man's ruin, to God's promises and plan for human restoration), which is built upon and carried forward by all, without exception, that follow. Here come a

multitude that prepare each for his successor—that unconsciously integrate each other—that, finally, when reviewed, make up a total drama, of which each writer's separate share would have been utterly imperfect without corresponding parts that he could not have foreseen. At length all is finished. A profound piece of music, a vast oratorio, perfect and of elaborate unity, has resulted from a long succession of strains, each for itself fragmentary. On such a final creation resulting from such a distraction of parts, it is indispensable to suppose an overruling inspiration, in order at all to account for the final result of a most elaborate harmony. Besides, which would argue some inconceivable magic, if we did not assume a providential inspiration watching over the coherencies, tendencies, and intertesselations (to use a learned word) of the whole—it happens that, in many instances, typical things are recorded—things ceremonial, that could have no meaning to the person recording—prospective words, that were reported and transmitted in a spirit of confiding faith, but that could have little meaning to the reporting parties for many hundreds of years. Briefly, a great mysterious *word* is spelt as it were by the whole sum of the scriptural books—every separate book forming a letter or syllable in that secret and that unfinished word, as it was for so many ages. This co-operation of ages, not able to communicate or concert arrangements with each other, is neither more nor less an argument of an overruling inspiration, than if the separation of the contributing parties were by space, and not by time. As if, for example, every island at the same moment were to send its contribution, without previous concert, to a sentence or chapter of a book, in which case the result, if full of meaning, much more if full of awful and profound meaning, could not be explained ra-

tionally without the assumption of a supernatural overruling of these unconscious co-operators to a common result. So far on behalf of inspiration. Yet, on the other hand, as an argument in denial of any blind mechanic inspiration cleaving to words and syllables, *Phil.* notices this consequence as resulting from such an assumption—viz., that if you adopt any one gospel, St John's suppose, or any one narrative of a particular transaction, as inspired in this minute and pedantic sense, then for every other report, which, adhering to the spiritual *value* of the circumstances, and virtually the same, should differ in the least of the details, there would instantly arise a solemn degradation. All parts of Scripture, in fact, would thus be made active and operative in degrading each other.

Such is *Phil.'s* way of explaining θεοπνευστια* (*theopneustia*), or divine prompting, so as to reconcile the doctrine affirming a *virtual* inspiration, an inspiration as to the truths revealed, with a peremptory denial of any inspiration at all, as to the mere verbal vehicle of those revelations. He is evidently as sincere in regard to the inspiration which he upholds, as in regard to that which he denies. *Phil.* is honest, and *Phil.* is able. Now comes *my* turn. I rise to support my leader, and shall attempt to wrench this notion of a verbal inspiration from the hands of its champions by a *reductio ad absurdum*—viz., by showing the

* "Θεοπνευστια"—I must point out to *Phil.* an oversight of his as to this word at page 45, he there describes the doctrine of *theopneustia* as being that of "plenary and *verbal* inspiration." But this he cannot mean, for obviously this word *theopneustia* comprehends equally the verbal inspiration which he is denouncing, and the inspiration of power or spiritual virtue which he is substituting. Neither *Phil.*, nor any one of his school, is to be understood as rejecting *theopneustia*, but as rejecting that particular mode of *theopneustia* which appeals to the eye by mouldering symbols, in favour of that other mode which appeals to the heart by incorruptible radiations of inner truth.

monstrous consequences to which it leads—which form of logic *Phil.* also has employed, but mine is different, and more elaborate. Yet, first of all, let me frankly confess to the reader, that some people allege a point-blank assertion by Scripture itself of its own verbal inspiration, which assertion, if it really *had* any existence, would summarily put down all cavils of human dialectics. *That* makes it necessary to review this assertion. This famous passage of Scripture, this *locus classicus,* or prerogative text, pleaded for the *verbatim et literatim* inspiration of the Bible, is the following; and I will so exhibit its very words as that the reader, even if no Grecian, may understand the point in litigation. The passage is this: Πασα γραφη θεοπνευστος καὶ ὠφελιμος, &c., taken from St Paul (2 Tim. iii. 16). Let us construe it literally, expressing the Greek by Latin characters: *Pasa graphé,* all written lore (or every writing)—*theopneustos,* God-breathed, or God-prompted—*kai,* and (or also)—*ophelimos,* serviceable—*pros,* towards—*didaskalian,* doctrinal truth. Now this sentence, when thus rendered into English according to the rigour of the Grecian letter, wants something to complete its sense—it wants an *is.* There is a subject, as the logicians say, and there is a predicate (or something affirmed of that subject), but there is no *copula* to connect them—we miss the *is.* This omission is common in Greek, but cannot be allowed in English. The *is* must be supplied, but *where* must it be supplied? That's the very question, for there is a choice between two places; and, according to the choice, will the word *theopneustos* become part of the subject or part of the predicate, which will make a world of difference. Let us try it both ways:—

1. All writing inspired by God (*i.e.*, being inspired by God, supposing it inspired, which makes *theopneustos* part of the subject) is also profitable for teaching, &c.

2. All writing IS inspired by God, and profitable, &c. (which makes *theopneustos* part of the predicate.)

Now, in this last way of construing the text, which is the way adopted by our authorised version, one objection strikes everybody at a glance—viz., that St Paul could not possibly mean to say of all writing, indiscriminately, that it was divinely inspired, this being so revoltingly opposed to the truth. It follows, therefore, that, on this way of interpolating the *is*, we must understand the Apostle to use the word *graphé*, writing, in a restricted sense, not for writing generally, but for sacred writing, or (as our English phrase runs) "*Holy Writ;*" upon which will arise three separate demurs. First, one already stated by *Phil.*—viz., that when *graphé* is used in this sense, it is accompanied by the article, the phrase is either ἡ γραφη, "the writing," or else (as in St Luke) ἁι γραφαι, "the writings," just as in English it is said, "the Scripture," or "the Scriptures." Secondly, that, according to the Greek usage, this would not be the natural place for introducing the *is*. Thirdly—which disarms the whole objection from this text, *howsoever* construed—that, after all, it leaves the dispute with the bibliolaters wholly untouched. We also, the anti-bibliolaters, say that all Scripture is inspired, though we may not therefore suppose the apostle to be here insisting on that doctrine. But no matter whether he is or not, in relation to this dispute. Both parties are contending for the inspiration—so far they are agreed; the question between them arises upon quite another point—viz., as to the *mode* of that inspiration, whether incarnating its golden light in the corruptibilities of perishing syllables, or in the sanctities of indefeasible, word-transcending ideas. Now, upon that question, the apostolic words, torture them how you please, say nothing at all.

There is, then, no such dogma (or, to speak *Germanicè*, no such *macht-spruch*) in behalf of verbal inspiration as has been ascribed to St Paul; and I pass to my own argument against it. This argument turns upon the self-confounding tendency of the common form ascribed to θεοπνευστια, or divine inspiration. When translated from its true and lofty sense of an inspiration—brooding, with outstretched wings, over the mighty abyss of *secret* truth—to the vulgar sense of an inspiration, burrowing, like a rabbit or a worm, in grammatical quillets and syllables, mark how it comes down to nothing at all; mark how a stream, pretending to derive itself from a heavenly fountain, is finally lost and confounded in a morass of human perplexities.

First of all, at starting, we have the inspiration (No. 1) to the original composers of the sacred books. *That* I grant, though distinguishing as to its nature.

Next, we want another inspiration (No. 2) for the countless *translators* of the Bible. Of what use is it to a German, to a Swiss, or to a Scotsman, that, three thousand years (plus two hundred) before the Reformation, the author of the Pentateuch was kept from erring by a divine restraint over his words, if the authors of this Reformation—Luther, suppose, Zwingle, John Knox—either making translations themselves, or *relying* upon translations made by others under no such verbal restraint, have been left free to bias his mind, pretty nearly as much as if the original Hebrew writer had been resigned to his own human discretion?

Thirdly, even if we adopt the inspiration No. 2, *that* will not avail us; because many *different* translators exist. Does the very earliest translation of the Law and the Prophets—viz., the Greek translation of the Septuagint—always agree verbally with the Hebrew? Or the Sama-

tion originally requisite for *constituting* a right reading. It matters not in which stage of the Bible's progress the error commences; first stage and last stage are all alike in the sight of God. There was, reader, as perhaps you know, about six-score years ago, another *Phil.*, not the same as this *Phil.* now before us (who would be quite vexed if you fancied him as old as all *that* comes to—oh dear, no! he's not near as old)—well, that earlier *Phil.* was Bentley, who wrote (under the name of *Phileleutherus Lipsiensis*) a pamphlet connected with this very subject, partly against an English infidel of that day. In that pamphlet, *Phil.* the first pauses to consider and value this very objection from textual variation to the validity of Scripture; for the infidel (as is usual with infidels) being no great scholar, had argued as though it were impossible to urge anything whatever for the Word of God, since so vast a variety in the readings rendered it impossible to know what *was* the Word of God. Bentley, though rather rough, from having too often to deal with shallow coxcombs, was really and unaffectedly a pious man He was shocked at this argument, and set himself seriously to consider it. Now, as all the various readings were Greek, and as Bentley happened to be the first of Grecians, his deliberate review of this argument is entitled to great attention. There were, at that moment when Bentley spoke, something more (as I recollect), than ten thousand varieties of reading in the text of the New Testament; so many had been collected in the early part of Queen Anne's reign by Wetstein, the Dutchman, who was then at the head of the collators. Mill, the Englishman, was at that very time making further collations. How many he added, I cannot tell without consulting books—a thing which I very seldom do. But since that day, and long after Bentley and

arms? What has a camel,* the quadruped, to do with a needle? A prodigious minority, therefore, there is of such various readings as slightly affect the *sense;* but this minority becomes next to nothing, when we inquire for such as affect any *doctrine.* This was Bentley's opinion upon the possible disturbance offered to the Christian by various readings in the New Testament. You thought that the carelessness, or, at times, even the treachery of men, through so many centuries, must have ended in corrupting the original truth; yet, after all, you see the light burns as brightly and steadily as ever. We, now, that are not bibliolatrists, no more believe that, from the disturbance of a few words here and there, any evangelical truth can have suffered a wound or mutilation, than we believe that the burning of a wood, or even of a forest, which happens in our vast American possessions, sometimes from natural causes (lightning, or spontaneous combustion), sometimes from an Indian's carelessness in lighting his culinary fires, sometimes from an Englishman's carelessness, when throwing away into a drift of dry leaves the fuming reliques of his cigar, can seriously have injured botany. But for *him*, who conceives an inviolable sanctity to have

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sea, is not so in relation to a multitude; besides, that the image *arms* itself evanesces for the same reason into *resistance* For this one note, which I cite from boyish remembrance, I have always admired the subtlety of Warburton.

* Meantime, though using this case as an illustration, I believe that *camel* is, after all, the true translation; first, on account of the undoubted proverb in the East about the *elephant* going through the needle's eye; the relation is that of *contrast* as to magnitude; and the same relation holds as to the camel and the needle's eye; secondly, because the proper word for a cable, it has been alleged, is not "camelus," but "camilus." What has an elephant to do with a needle? Why, he has this to do. the needle's eye, under its narrow function, takes charge of physical magnitude in one extreme—the elephant of the same idea in another extreme.

cretion, of any copyist, whether writer or printer, to injure the sacred oracles. But the bibliolatrist cannot say *that*; because, if he does, then he is formally unsaying the very principle which is meant by bibliolatry. He therefore must require another supplementary inspiration—viz., No. 5, if I count right, to direct him in his choice of the true reading amongst so many as continually offer themselves.*

Fifthly, as all words cover ideas, and many a word covers a choice of ideas, and very many ideas split into a variety of modifications, we shall, even after a fifth inspiration has qualified us for selecting the true reading, still be at a loss how, with regard to this right reading, to select the right acceptation. So *there*, at that fifth stage, in rushes the total deluge of human theological controversies. One church, or one sect, insists upon one sense; second church or second sect, "to the end of time,"

* I recollect no variation in the text of Scripture which makes any startling change, even to the amount of an eddy in its own circumjacent waters, except that famous passage about the three witnesses—"*There are three that bare record in heaven*," &c. This has been denounced with perfect fury as an interpolation; and it is impossible to sum up the quart bottles of ink, black and blue, that have been shed in the dreadful skirmish. Porson even, the all-accomplished Grecian, in his letters to Archdeacon Travis, took a conspicuous part in the controversy. His wish was, that men should think of him as a second Bentley tilting against Phalaris; and he stung like a hornet. To be a Cambridge man in those days was to be a hater of all Establishments in England; things and persons were hated alike. It may chance that on this subject Master Porson will get stung through his coffin, before he is many years deader. However, if this particular variation troubles the waters just around itself (for it would desolate a Popish village to withdraw its local saint), yet carrying one's eye from this Epistle to the whole domains of the New Testament—yet, looking away from that defrauded village to universal Christendom, we must exclaim—What does one miss? Surely Christendom is not disturbed because a village suffers wrong, the sea is not roused because an eddy in a corner is boiling; the doctrine of the Trinity is not in danger because Mr Porson is in a passion.

insists upon another. Babel is upon us; and, to get rid of Babel, we shall need a sixth inspiration. No. 6 is clamorously called for.*

But we all know, each knows by his own experience, that *No. 6* is not forthcoming; and in the absence of *that*, what avail for *us* the others? "Man overboard!" is the cry upon deck, but what avails it for the poor drowning creature that a rope being thrown to him is thoroughly secured at one end to the ship, if the other end floats wide of his grasp? We are in prison: we descend from our prison-roof, that seems high as the clouds, by knotting together all the prison bedclothes, and all the aids from friends outside. But all is too short: after swarming down the line, in middle air, we find ourselves hanging:

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* One does not wish to be tedious: or, if one *has* a gift in that way, naturally one does not wish to bestow it *all* upon a stranger, as "the reader" usually is, but to reserve part for the fireside, and the use of *one's most beloved friends*: *else I could torment the reader by a long succession of numbers.* But one more of the series—viz., No 7. as a parting *gage d'amitié*—he must positively permit me to drop into his pocket. Supposing, then, that No. 6 were surmounted, and that, supernaturally, you knew the value to a hair's-breadth of every separate word (or, perhaps, composite phrase made up from a constellation of words), still *you are lost again; for oftentimes,* and especially in St Paul, the words may be known, their sense may be known, but their *logical relation* is still doubtful. The word X and the word Y are separately clear; but has Y the dependency of a consequence upon X, or no dependency at all? Does Y modify X, or not? Is the clause which stands eleventh in the series a direct prolongation of that which stands tenth? or is the tenth *wholly independent and insulated? or does it occupy* the place of a parenthesis, so as to modify the ninth clause? People that have practised composition with a vigilant eye know also, by thousands of cases, how infinite is the disturbance caused in the logic of a thought by the mere position of a word as despicable as the word *even*. A mote, that is itself invisible, shall darken the august faculty of sight in a human eye—the heavens shall be hidden by a wretched atom that dares not show itself—and the station of a syllable shall cloud the judgment of a council. Nay, even an ambiguous emphasis falling to the right-hand word or the left-hand word shall confound a system.

sixty feet of line are still wanting. To reascend—*that* is impossible: to drop boldly—alas! *that* is to die.

Meantime, what need of this eternal machinery, that eternally is breaking like ropes of sand? Or of this earth resting on an elephant, that rests on a tortoise, that, when all is done, must still consent to rest on the common atmosphere of God? These chains of inspiration are needless. The great ideas of the Bible protect themselves The heavenly truths, by their own imperishableness, defeat the mortality of languages with which for a moment they are associated. Is the lightning dimmed or emasculated, because for thousands of years it has blended with the tarnish of earth and the steams of earthly graves? Or light, which so long has travelled in the chambers of our sickly air, and searched the haunts of impurity—is that less pure than it was in the first chapter of Genesis? Or that more holy light of truth—the truth, suppose, written from his creation upon the tablets of man's heart—which truth never was imprisoned in any Hebrew or Greek, but has ranged for ever through courts and camps, deserts and cities, the original lesson of justice to man—of piety to God, has that become tainted by intercourse with flesh? or has it become hard to decipher, because the very heart, that human heart where it is inscribed, is so often blotted with falsehoods? You are aware, perhaps, reader, that in the Mediterranean Sea, off the coast of Asia Minor (and, indeed, elsewhere), through the very middle of the salt-sea billows, rises up, in silvery brightness, an aspiring column of *fresh* water.* In the desert of the sea are found foun-

* See Mr Yates's "Annotations upon Fellowes's Researches in Anatolia," as *one* authority for this singular phenomenon, which has since been noticed in the Persian Gulf. This most interesting phenomenon was witnessed by the Generals Outram and Havelock, in company with most of their army, on the expedition against Persia, within the last

tains—sister fountains to those of Ishmael and Isaac in the Arabian sands! Are these fountains poisoned for the poor victim of fever, because they have to travel through a contagion of waters not potable? Oh no! They bound upwards like arrows, cleaving the seas above with as much projectile force as the glittering waterworks of Versailles cleave the air, and rising as sweet to the lip as ever mountain torrent that comforted the hunted fawn.

It is impossible to suppose that any truth, launched by God upon the agitations of things so unsettled as languages, *can* perish The very frailty of languages is the strongest proof of this, because it is impossible to suppose that anything so great can have been committed to the fidelity of anything so treacherous. There is laughter in heaven when it is told of man, that he fancies his earthly jargons, which, to heavenly ears, must sound like the chucklings of poultry, equal to the task of hiding or distorting any light of revelation Had *words* possessed any authority or restraint over scriptural truth, a much worse danger would have threatened it than any malice in the human will, suborning false copyists, or surreptitiously favouring depraved copies. Even a general conspiracy of the human race for such a purpose would avail against the Bible only as a general conspiracy to commit suicide might avail against the drama of God's providence. Either conspiracy would first become dangerous when either became possible. But a real danger seems to lie in the insensible corruption going on, for ever within all languages, by

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twelve months [February, 1858] In fact, if a fountain bursts out with the sudden impetus of a fiery projectile, forced upwards by earthquake, which may happen on the barren floor of the ocean as probably as in many other situations, then, supposing the column of water above not too dense, the fountain of fresh water will naturally cleave the marine water like an arrow.'

means of which they are eternally dying away from their own vital powers; and that is a danger which is travelling fast after all the wisdom and the wit, the eloquence and the poetry of this earth, like a mountainous wave, and will finally overtake them—their very vehicles being lost and confounded to human sensibilities. But such a wave will break harmlessly against scriptural truth; and not merely because that truth will for ever evade such a shock by its eternal transfer from language to language—from languages dying out to languages in vernal bloom—but also because, if it could *not* evade the shock, supreme truth would surmount it for a profounder reason. A danger analogous to this once existed in a different form The languages into which the New Testament was first translated offered an apparent obstacle to the translation that seemed insurmountable. The Latin, for instance, did not present the spiritual words which such a translation demanded; and how *should* it, when the corresponding ideas had no existence amongst the Romans? Yet, if not spiritual, the language of Rome was intellectual, it was the language of a cultivated and noble race But what shall be done if the New Testament seeks to drive a tunnel through a rude forest race, having an undeveloped language, and understanding nothing but war? Four centuries after Christ, such a case did actually occur: the Gothic Bishop Ulphilas set about translating the Gospels for his countrymen. He had no words for expressing spiritual relations or spiritual operations The new nomenclature of moral graces, humility, resignation, the spirit of forgiveness, &c, hitherto unrecognised for virtues amongst men, having first of all been shown as blossoms and flowers, and distinguished from weeds, by Christian gardening, had to be reproduced in the Gothic language, with apparently no means what-

ever of effecting it. In this earliest of what we may call ancestral translations (for the Goths were of our own blood), and, therefore, by many degrees, this most interesting of translations for *us*, may be seen to this day, when nearly fifteen centuries have passed, *how* the good bishop succeeded, to what extent he succeeded, and by what means. I shall take a separate opportunity for investigating that problem; but at present I will content myself with noticing a remarkable principle which applies to the case, and illustrating it by a remarkable anecdote. The principle is this—that in the grander parts of knowledge, which do not deal much with petty details, nearly all the *building* or constructive ideas (those ideas which build up the system of that particular knowledge) lie involved within each other, so that any one of the series, being awakened in the mind, is sufficient (given a multitude of minds) to lead backwards or forwards, analytically or synthetically, into many of the rest. That is the principle,* and the story which illustrates it is this:—A great

* *That is the principle*"—I am afraid, on reviewing this passage, that the reader may still say, "*What* is the principle?" I will add, therefore, the shortest explanation of my meaning. If into any Pagan language you had occasion to translate the word *love*, or *purity*, or *penitence*, &c., you could not do it. The Greek language itself, perhaps the finest (all things weighed and valued) that man has employed, could not do it. The *scale* was not so pitched as to make the transfer possible. It was to execute organ music on a guitar. And, hereafter, I will endeavour to show how scandalous an error has been committed on this subject, not by scholars only, but by religious philosophers. The relation of Christian ethics (which word ethics, however, is itself most insufficient) to natural or universal ethics is a field yet uncultured by a rational thought. The first word of sense has yet to be spoken. There lies the difficulty, and the principle which meets it is this, that what any one idea could never effect for itself (insulated, it must remain an unknown quality for ever), the total system of the ideas developed from its centre would effect for each separately. To know the part, you must first know the whole, or know it, at least, by some outline. The idea of *purity*, for instance, in its Christian altitude, would be utterly incomprehensible,

work of Apollonius, the sublime geometer, was supposed in part to have perished: seven of the eight books remained in the original Greek; but the eighth was missing. The Greek, after much search, was not recovered; but at length there was found (in the Bodleian, I think) an Arabic translation of it. An English mathematician (Halley), knowing not one word of Arabic, determined (without waiting for that Arabic key) to pick the lock of this MS. And he did so. Through strength of preconception, derived equally from his knowledge of the general subject, and from his knowledge of this particular work in its earlier sections, using also to some extent the subtle art of the decipherer,* now become so powerful an instrument of analysis, he translated the whole Arabic MS. He printed it—he pub-

and, besides, could not sustain itself for a moment if by any glimpse it were approached. But when a *ruin* was unfolded that had affected the human race, and many things heretofore unobserved, *because uncombined*, were gathered into a unity of evidence to that ruin, spread through innumerable channels, the great altitude would begin dimly to reveal itself by means of the mighty depth in correspondence One deep calleth to another. One after one the powers lodged in the awful succession of uncoverings would react upon each other, and thus the feeblest language would be as capable of receiving and reflecting the system of truths (because the system is an arch that supports itself) as the richest and noblest: and for the same reason that makes geometry careless of language. The vilest jargon that ever was used by a shivering savage of Terra del Fuego is as capable of dealing with the sublime and eternal affections of space and quantity, with up and down, with more and less, with circle and radius, angle and tangent, as is the golden language of Athens

* "*Art of the decipherer*."—An art which, in the seventeenth century, had been greatly improved by Wallis, Savilian professor of geometry at Oxford, the improver of analytic mathematics, and the great historian of algebra. Algebra it was that suggested to him his exquisite deciphering skill, and the Parliamentary War it was that furnished him with a sufficient field of practice. The King's private cabinet of papers, all written in cipher, and captured in the royal coach on the decisive day of Naseby (June, 1645), was (I believe) deciphered by Wallis, *proprio marte*; that is to say, without assistance.

lished it. He tore the hidden truth—he extorted it from the darkness of a perfectly unknown language—he would not suffer the Arabic to hide a treasure from man. And the book remains a monument to this day, that a system of ideas, having internal coherency and interdependency, is vainly hidden under a mask of words, that it may be illuminated and restored chiefly through the reciprocal involutions of the hidden ideas themselves. The same principle applies, and *à fortiori* applies, to religious truth, as one which lies far deeper than geometry in the spirit of man, one to which the inner attestation is profounder, and to which the key-notes of Scripture (once awakened on the great organ of the human heart) are sure to call up corresponding echoes It is not in the power of language to arrest or to defeat this mode of truth, because, when once the fundamental base is furnished by revelation, the human heart itself is able to co-operate in developing the great harmonies of the system, without aid from language, and in defiance of language—without aid from human learning, and in defiance of human learning, by a machinery of spiritual counterpoint.

Finally, there is another security against the suppression or distortion of any great biblical truth by false readings, which I will state in the briefest terms. The reader is aware of the boyish sport sometimes called "drake-stone:" a flattish stone is thrown by a little dexterity so as to graze the surface of a river, but so, also as in grazing it to dip slightly below the surface, to rise again from this dip, again to dip, again to rise, and so on alternately dipping and rising *à plusieurs reprises* In the same way, with the same effect of alternate resurrections, all scriptural truths reverberate and diffuse themselves along the pages of the Bible, none is confined to one text, or to one

mode of enunciation; all parts of the scheme are eternally chasing each other, like the parts of a fugue; they hide themselves in one chapter, only to restore themselves in another; they diverge, only to recombine; and under such a vast variety of expressions, that even in that way, supposing language to have powers over religious truth—which it never had, or can have—any abuse of such a power would be thoroughly neutralised. The case resembles the diffusion of vegetable seeds through the air and through the waters, draw a *cordon sanitaire* against dandelion or thistledown, and see if the armies of earth would suffice to interrupt this process of radiation, which yet is but the distribution of weeds. Suppose, for instance, the text about the *three heavenly witnesses* to have been eliminated finally as an interpolation. The first thought is—*there* goes to wreck a great doctrine! Not at all. That text occupied but a corner of the garden. The truth, and the secret implications of the truth, have escaped at a thousand points in vast arches above our heads, rising high above the garden wall, and have sown the earth with memorials of the mystery which they envelop.

The final inference is this—that scriptural truth is endowed with a self-conservative and a self-restorative virtue; it needs no long successions of verbal protection by inspiration; it is self-protected; first, internally, by the complex power which belongs to the Christian *system* of involving its own integrations, in the same way as a musical chord involves its own successions of sound, and its own technical *resolutions;* secondly, in an external and obvious way, it is protected by its prodigious iteration, and secret *presupposal* in all varieties of form. Consequently, as the peril connected with language is thus effectually neutralised, the call for any verbal inspiration (which, on

separate grounds, appears to be self-confounding) shows itself now, in a *second* form, to be a gratuitous and superfluous delusion, since, in effect, it is a call for protection against a danger which cannot have any existence.

There is another variety of bibliolatry arising in a different way—not upon errors of language incident to human infirmity, but upon deliberate errors indispensable to divine purposes. The case is one which has been considered with far too little attention, else it could never have been thought strange that Christ should comply in things indifferent with popular errors. A few words will put the reader in possession of my view Speaking of the Bible, *Phil.* says, "We admit that its separate parts are the work of frail and fallible human beings. We do not seek to build upon it systems of cosmogony, chronology, astronomy, and natural history We know no reason of internal or external probability which should induce us to believe that such matters could ever have been the subjects of direct revelation." Is *that* all? There is no reason, certainly, for expectations so unreflecting, but is there no adamantine reason against them? It is no business of the Bible, we are told, to teach science Certainly not; but that is far too little. It is an obligation resting upon the Bible, if it is to be consistent with itself, that it should *refuse* to teach science, and, if the Bible ever *had* taught any one art, science, or process of life, capital doubts would have clouded our confidence in the authority of the book. By what caprice, it would have been asked, is a divine mission abandoned suddenly for a human mission? By what caprice is this one science taught, and others not? Or these two, suppose, and not all? But an objection even deadlier would have followed. It is clear as is the purpose of daylight, that the whole body of the

arts and sciences composes one vast machinery for the irritation and development of the human intellect. For this end they exist. To see God, therefore, descending into the arena of science, and contending, as it were, for his own prizes, by teaching science in the Bible, would be to see him intercepting from their self-evident destination (viz., man's intellectual benefit) his own problems by solving them himself. No spectacle could more dishonour the divine idea—could more injure man under the mask of aiding him. *The Bible must not teach anything that man can teach himself.* Does a doctrine require a revelation? —then nobody but God *can* teach it. Does it require none?—then, in whatever case God has qualified man to do a thing for himself, he has in that very qualification silently laid an injunction upon man to do it. But it is fancied that a divine teacher, without descending to the unworthy office of teaching science, might yet have kept his own language free from all collusion with human error. Hence, for instance, it has been argued that any language in the Bible implying the earth to be stationary, and central to our system, could not express a mere compliance with the popular errors of the time, but must be taken to indicate the absolute truth. And so grew the anti-Galilean fanatics. Out of similar notions have risen the absurdities of a polemic Bible chronology, &c.* Meantime, if

* The Bible cosmology stands upon another footing. *That* is not gathered from a casual expression, shaped to meet popular comprehension, but is delivered directly, formally, and elaborately, as a natural preface to the history of man and his habitation. Here, accordingly, there should be no call for accommodation to vulgar ignorance, because the [illegible] must popular [illegible] with no creed or pr[illegible] false or true. In fact, what most [illegible] the grandeur and [illegible] of the [illegible] is the p[illegible] of the bibl[illegible]. [illegible] the English word *day* employed in the [illegible], takes it for granted that this [illegible] of twenty-four [illegible]; [illegible], therefore, [illegible]

a man sets himself steadily to contemplate the consequences which must inevitably have followed any deviation from the customary erroneous phraseology of the people, he will see the utter impossibility that a teacher (pleading a heavenly mission) could allow himself to deviate by one hair's-breadth (and why should he wish to deviate?) from the ordinary language of the times. To have uttered one syllable, for instance, that implied motion in the earth, would have issued into the following ruins:—First, it would have tainted the teacher with the reputation of lunacy. Secondly, it would have placed him in this inextricable dilemma. On the one hand, to answer the questions prompted by his own perplexing language, would have opened upon him, as a necessity, one stage after another of scientific cross-examination, until his spiritual mission would have been forcibly swallowed up in the mission of natural philosopher, but, on the other hand, to pause resolutely at any one stage of this public examination, and to refuse all further advance, would be, in the popular opinion, to retreat as a baffled disputant from insane paradoxes which it had not been found pos-

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the biblical text this conceit; fights for this conceit as for a revelation from heaven, and thus disfigures the great inaugural chapter of human history with this feature of a fairy tale But this word, which so ignorantly he presumes to be an ordinary human day, bears that meaning biblically only in common historical transactions between man and man —never once in the great prophetic writings, where God comes forward as himself the principal agent It then means always a vast and mysterious duration—undetermined, even to this hour The *heptameron*, or seven days' work of Creation and Rest, is not a week, but a shadowy adumbration of a week, comprising perhaps millions of years Let me ask this question—In Daniel, whether considered (as in past ages he was) a prophet, or (as in this generation he is, even by pious men like Dr Arnold of Rugby) simply a writer of history, and posterior to the events contemplated—has any man been foolish enough to regard his 1260 *days* as literally such—viz , as no more than 180 weeks?

sible to support. One step taken in that direction was fatal, whether the great heavenly envoy retreated from his own words to leave behind the impression that he was defeated as a rash speculator, or stood to these words, and thus fatally entangled himself in the inexhaustible succession of explanations and justifications In either event the spiritual mission was at an end. it would have perished in shouts of derision, from which there could have been no retreat, and no retrieval of character. The greatest of astronomers, rather than seem ostentatious or unseasonably learned, will stoop to the popular phrase of the sun's rising, or the sun's motion in the ecliptic. But God, for a purpose commensurate with man's eternal welfare, is by these critics supposed incapable of the same petty abstinence.

A similar line of argument applies to all the compliances of Christ with the Jewish prejudices (partly imported from the Euphrates) as to demonology, witchcraft, &c. By the way, in this last word "witchcraft," and the too memorable histories connected with it, lies a perfect mine of bibliolatrous madness. As it illustrates the folly and the wickedness of the bibliolaters, let us pause upon it.

The word *witch*, these bibliolaters take it for granted, must mean exactly what the original Hebrew means, or the Greek word chosen by the LXX.; so much, and neither more nor less That is, from total ignorance of the machinery by which language moves, they fancy that every idea and word which exists, or has existed, for any nation, ancient or modern, must have a direct interchangeable equivalent in all other languages; and that, if the dictionaries do not show it, *that* must be because the dictionaries are bad. Will these worthy people have the goodness, then, to translate *coquette* into Hebrew, and *post-office* into

Greek? The fact is, that all languages, and in the ratio of their development, offer ideas absolutely separate and exclusive to themselves. In the highly-cultured languages of England, France, and Germany, are words by thousands, which are strictly untranslatable. They may be approached, but cannot be reflected as from a mirror. To take an image from the language of eclipses, the correspondence between the disk of the original word and its translated representative is, in thousands of instances, not *annular;* the centres do not coincide; the words overlap, and this arises from the varying modes in which different nations *combine* ideas. The French word shall combine the elements, *l, m, n, o*—the nearest English word, perhaps, *m, n, o, p*—by one element richer, by one element poorer. For instance, in all words applied to the *nuances* of manners, and generally to *social* differences, how prodigious is the wealth of the French language! How merely untranslatable for all Europe! In the language of high passion, how bare and beggarly is the French! how incapable of rendering Shakspere! I suppose, my bibliolater, you have not yet finished your Hebrew or Arabic translation of *coquette* * Well, you shall be excused from *that,* if you will only translate it into English. You cannot: you are obliged to keep the French word, and yet you take for granted, without inquiry, that in the word "witchcraft," and in the word "witch," applied to the sorceress of Endor, our authorised English Bible of King James's day must be correct. And your wicked bibliolatrous ancestors proceeded on that idea throughout Christendom to murder harmless, friendless, and oftentimes crazy old women

* "*Coquette*"—Virgil comes near to one phasis of this idea—Malo me Galatea petit lasciva puella, et fugit ad salices, *et se cupit ante videri.* *Lasciva* is merely *frolicsome* in the last line appears the coquette.

Meantime the witch of Endor in no respect resembl our modern domestic witch.* There was as much diff ence as between a Roman Proconsul, surrounded wi eagle-bearers, and a commercial Consul's clerk, with a p behind his ear. Apparently she was not so much a Med

* "*The domestic witch.*"—It is the common notion that the supersti of the *evil eye,* so widely diffused in southern lands, and in some, as P tugal, for example, not a slumbering, but a fiercely operative superstiti is unknown in England and other northern latitudes On the contra to my thinking, the regular old vulgar witch of England and Scotla was but an impersonatrix of the very same superstition Virgil expres this mode of sorcery to the letter, when his shepherd says—

"Nescio quis teneros *oculus* mihi fascinat agnos"

Precisely in that way it was that the British witch operated. She, *by eye,* was supposed to blight the natural powers of growth and fertility. the way, I ought to mention, as a case parallel to that of the Bible's rec nising witchcraft, and of enlightened nations continuing to punish it, th St Paul himself, in an equal degree, recognises the *evil eye,* that is, uses the idea (though certainly not meaning to accredit such an idea), one that briefly and energetically conveyed his meaning to those wh he was addressing. "Oh, foolish Galatians, who hath bewitched you That is, literally, who has fascinated your senses by the evil eye? I the Greek is. *tis umas ebaskanen?* Now the word *ebaskanen* is a p tense of the verb *baskaino,* which was the technical term for the act of the evil eye Without having written a treatise on the Æolic digamm probably the reader is aware that F is V, and that, in many languag B and V are interchangeable letters through thousands of words, as t Italian *tavola,* from the Latin *tabula,* diavolo, from the Greek *diabolos,* & Under that little process it was that the Greek *baskaino* transmigrat into the Latin *fascino,* so that St Paul's word, in speaking to the Ga tians, is the very same word as Virgil's, in speaking of the shepherd's flo as charmed by the evil eye For first of all, St Paul's word *Baska* was undoubtedly pronounced *Vaskaino,* just as *Sebastopol* is orienta pronounced Sevastopol, and as *Sebastos,* which is the Greek equival for the Roman *Augustus,* was always pronounced Sevastos *By this p* cess, the Grecian word *Baskaino* became *Vaskaino,* and then, with hard any change, the Latin *Fascino* pronounced "Faskino." For the Rom "*c*" had in *all* situations the force of "*k*" Thus Cæsar was alwa Keysar (therefore in Greek Καισαρ); and our wicked friend Cicero w always *Kikero* (in Greek therefore Κικερων). Except for the accent the first syllable of Fascino, the Greek and the Roman word were the fore identical to the ear, though slightly different to the eye.

as an Erichtho. (See the *Pharsalia*.) She was an *Evocatrix,* or female necromancer, evoking phantoms that stood in some unknown relation to dead men; and then by some artifice (it has been supposed) of ventriloquism,* causing these phantoms to deliver oracular answers upon great political questions. Oh, that one had lived in the times of those New England wretches that desolated whole districts and terrified vast provinces by their judicial murders of witches, under plea of a bibliolatrous warrant, until at last the fiery furnace, which they had heated for women and children, shot forth flames that, like those of Nebuchadnezzar's furnace, seizing upon the very agents of his cruelty, began to reach the murderous judges themselves and the denouncers! Oh, glory of retribution to see the wicked judge of New England roasted in the fire which himself had kindled—to see the cruel bibliolater, in Hamlet's words, "hoist by his own petard."

Yet, after all, are there not express directions in Scripture to exterminate witches from the land? Certainly; but *that* does not argue any scriptural recognition of witchcraft as a possible offence. An imaginary crime may imply a criminal intention that is *not* imaginary; but also, which much more directly concerns the interests of a state, a criminal purpose, that rests upon a pure delusion, may work by means that are felonious for ends that are fatal. At this moment, we English and the Spaniards have laws, and severe ones, against witchcraft—viz., in the West Indies; and indispensable it is that we should. The Obeah man from Africa can do no mischief to one of *us*. The proud and enlightened white man despises his arts; and

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* I am not referring to German infidels. Very pious commentators have connected her with the *engastrimuthoi* (εγγαστριμυθοι), or ventriloquists

for *him*, therefore, these arts have no existence, for they work only through strong preconceptions of their reality, and through trembling faith in their efficacy. But by that very agency they are all-sufficient for the ruin of the poor credulous negro; he is mastered by original faith, and has perished by a languishing decay thousands of times under the knowledge that *Obi* had been set for him. Justly, therefore, do our colonial courts punish the Obeah sorcerer, who (though an impostor) is not the less a murderer. Now the Hebrew witchcraft was probably even worse; equally resting on delusions, equally nevertheless it worked for unlawful ends, and (which chiefly made it an object of divine wrath) it worked *through* idolatrous agencies. All the spells, the rites, the invocations were doubtless Pagan. The witchcraft of Judea therefore must have kept up that connection with idolatry which it was the unceasing effort of the Hebrew polity to exterminate from the land. Consequently, the Hebrew commonwealth might, as consistently as our own in Trinidad and Jamaica, denounce and punish witchcraft without liability to the inference that it therefore recognised the pretensions of witches as real, in the sense of working their bad ends by the means which they alleged. Their magic was causatively of no virtue at all, but, being believed in like the equally false but equally operative belief of the African negro in *Obi*, it became, through and by that potent belief, the occasional means of exciting the imagination of its victims, after which the consequences were the same as if the magic had acted physically according to its pretences.*

* Does that argument not cover "the New England wretches," so unreservedly denounced in a preceding paragraph?—American Ed. *Answer from this side of the Atlantic.*—No, surely the difference is vast between the two cases. The persons denounced and arrested in New England

2. *Development*, as applicable to Christianity, is a doctrine of the very days that are passing over our heads, and due to Mr Newman, originally the ablest son of Puseyism, but now a powerful architect of religious philosophy on his own account. I should have described him more briefly as a "master-builder," had my ear been able to endure a sentence ending with two consecutive trochees, and each of those trochees ending with the same syllable *er*. Ah, reader! I would the gods had made thee rhythmical, that thou mightest comprehend the thousandth part of my labours in the evasion of cacophony. *Phil.* has a general dislike to the Puseyites, though he is too learned to be ignorant (as are often the Low-Church, or Evangelical, party in England), that, in many of their supposed innovations, the Puseyites were really only restoring what the torpor of the eighteenth century had suffered to go into disuse. They were *reforming* the Church in the sense sometimes belonging to the particle *re*—viz., *retroforming*

were entirely passive; or were so generally, they did nothing at all—they were not seeking to injure others But the Obeah man never moved except for evil purposes, either as an agent in the service of some other man's malice, or in the service of his own rapacity—as an extortioner relying upon the mystic terrors of his negro victims Let the reader consult Bryan Edwards in his "West Indies"—a well-known book of 60 years back. Or, as I now dimly remember, in Miss Edgeworth's earliest novel of "Belinda," he will find a lively sketch embodying most of the features characterising the African form of magic, that is, the special magic of Obi (which, by the way, was popularised in London and Liverpool some 50 years back by the picturesque drama of "Obi, or Three-fingered Jack"). But for a larger view of African magic, not limited to the Koromantyn form of *Obi*, I would refer the reader to some interesting disclosures (founded on personal experience) in the "African Memoranda" of Captain Beavor. The book belongs to the last generation, and must be more than 40 years old The author was a Post-captain in our navy: and I may mention incidentally that he was greatly admired by Coleridge and Wordsworth for the meditative and philosophic style of mind exhibited in his book.

it, moulding it back into compliance with its original form and model. It is true that this effort for quickening the Church, and for adorning her exterior service, moved under the impulse of too undisguised a sympathy with Papal Rome. But there is no great reason to mind *that* in our age and our country. Protestant zealotry may be safely relied on in this island as a match for Popish bigotry. There will be no love lost between them—be assured of *that*—and justice will be done to both, though neither should do it to her rival, for philosophy, which has so long sought only amusement in either, is in these latter days of growing profundity applying herself steadily to the profound truths which dimly are descried lurking in both. It is these which Mr Newman is likely to illuminate, and not the faded forms of an obsolete ceremonial that cannot now be restored effectually, were it even important that they should. Strange it is, however, that he should open his career by offering to Rome, as a mode of homage, this doctrine of development, which is the direct inversion of her own. Rome founds herself upon the idea, that to *her*, by tradition and exclusive privilege, was communicated, once for all, the whole truth from the beginning. Mr Newman lays his corner-stone in the very opposite idea of a gradual development given to Christianity by the motion of time, by experience, by expanding occasions, and by the progress of civilisation. Is Newmanism likely to prosper? Let me tell a little anecdote. Twenty years ago, roaming one day (as so often I did) with our immortal Wordsworth, I took the liberty of telling him, at a point of our walk, where nobody could possibly overhear me, unless it were old Father Helvellyn, that I feared his theological principles were not quite so sound as his friends would wish. They wanted tinkering a little. But what was worse,

I did not see how they *could* be tinkered in the particular case which prompted my remark; for in that place, to tinker, or in any respect to alter, was to destroy. It was a passage in the "Excursion," where the Solitary had described the baptismal rite as washing away the taint of original sin, and, in fact, working the effect which is called technically *regeneration* In the "Excursion" this view was advanced, not as the poet's separate opinion, but as the avowed doctrine of the English Church, to which church Wordsworth and myself yielded gladly a filial reverence. But *was* this the doctrine of the English Church? *That* I doubted; and judging by my own casual experience, I fancied that a considerable majority in the church gave an interpretation to this sacrament differing by much from that in the "Excursion." Wordsworth was startled and disturbed at hearing it whispered even before Helvellyn, who is old enough to keep a secret, that his theology might possibly limp a little. I, on *my* part, was not sure that it *did*, but I feared so, and, as there was no chance that I should be murdered for speaking freely (though the place was lonely, and the evening getting dusky, and W. W. had a natural resemblance to Mrs Ratcliffe's Schedoni and other assassins roaming through prose and verse), I stood to my disagreeable communication with the courage of a martyr. The question between us being one of mere fact (not what *ought* to be the doctrine, but what *was* the doctrine of our English Church at that time), there was no opening for much discussion, and, on Wordsworth's suggestion, it was agreed to refer the point to his learned brother, Dr Christopher Wordsworth, just then meditating a visit to his native lakes. That visit in a short time "came off," and then, without delay, our dispute "came on" for judgment. I had no bets upon the

issue—one can't bet with Wordsworth—and I don't know that I should have ventured to back myself in a case of that nature. However, I felt a slight anxiety on the subject, which was very soon and kindly removed by Dr Wordsworth's deciding, "sans phrase," that I, the original mover of the strife, was wrong, wrong as wrong could be; without an opening in fact to any possibility of being *more* wrong. To this decision I bowed at once, on a principle of courtesy. One ought always to presume a man right within his own *profession*, even if privately one should think him wrong. But I could not think *that* of Dr Wordsworth He was a D.D; he was head of Trinity College, which has *my* entire permission to hold its head up amongst twenty colleges, as the leading one in Cambridge (provided it can also obtain St John's permission), "and which," says *Phil.*, "has done more than any other foundation in Europe for the enlightenment of the world, and for the overthrow of literary, philosophical, and religious superstitions." I quarrel not with this bold appreciation, remembering reverentially that Isaac Barrow, that Isaac Newton, that Richard Bentley belonged to Trinity, but I wish to understand it. The total pretensions of the college can be known only to its members; and therefore *Phil.* should have explained himself more fully. He *can* do so, for *Phil* is certainly a Trinity man. If the police are in search of him, beyond a doubt they'll hear of him at Trinity. Suddenly it strikes me as a dream that Lord Bacon also belonged to this college. As to Dr Wordsworth, he was, or had been, an examining chaplain to the Archbishop of Canterbury. Now to suppose Lambeth in fault on such a question, is equivalent to the old Roman formula of *Solem dicere falsum*. What other court of appeal was known to man? So I submitted as cheerfully as if the

learned doctor, instead of kicking me out of court, had been handing me in. Yet, for all that, as I returned musing past Rydal Water, I could not help muttering to myself—Ay, now, what rebellious thought was it that I muttered? You fancy, reader, that perhaps I said, "But yet, doctor, in spite of your wig, I am in the right.' No, you're quite wrong; I said nothing of the sort What I *did* mutter was this·—"The prevailing doctrine of the church must be what Dr Wordsworth says—viz, that baptism *is* regeneration—he cannot be mistaken as to *that* —and I have been misled by the unfair proportion of evangelical people, bishops, and others, whom accident has thrown in my way at Barley Wood (Hannah More's). These, doubtless, form a minority in the church, and yet, from the strength of their opinions, from their being a moving party, as also from their being a growing party, I prophesy this issue, that many years will not pass before this very question, now slumbering, will rouse a feud within the English Church. There is a quarrel brewing. Such feuds, long after they are ripe for explosion, sometimes slumber on, until accident kindles them into flame." That accident was furnished by the tracts of the Puseyites; and since then, according to the word which I spoke on Rydal Water, there has been open war raging upon this very point.

At present, with even more certainty, I prophesy that mere necessity, a necessity arising out of continual collisions with sceptical philosophy, will, in a few years, carry all churches enjoying a learned priesthood into the disputes connected with this doctrine of development. *Phil* meantime is no friend to that Newmanian doctrine; and in sect. 31, p. 66, he thus describes it:—"According to these writers" (viz., the writers "who advocate the theory

of development"), "the progressive and gradual development of religious truth, which appears to *us*" (*us*, in the mouth of an *anti-Newmanite*, meaning the *Old*-mannians) "to have been terminated by the final revelation of the Gospel, has been going on ever since the foundation of the church, is going on still, and must continue to advance. This theory presumes that the Bible does not contain a full and final exposition of a complete system of religion; that the church has developed from the Scriptures true doctrines not *explicitly* contained therein," &c. &c.

But, without meaning to undertake a defence of Mr Newman (whose book I am as yet too slenderly acquainted with), may I be allowed, at this point, to intercept a fallacious view of that doctrine, as though essentially it proclaimed some imperfection in Christianity. The imperfection is in us, the Christians, not in Christianity. The impression given by *Phil.* to the hasty reader is, that, according to Newmanism, the Scriptures make a good beginning, to which we ourselves are continually adding—furnish a foundation, on which we ourselves build the superstructure. Not so. In the course of a day or a year, the sun passes through a vast variety of positions, aspects, and corresponding powers, in relation to ourselves. Daily and annually he is *developed* to us—he runs a cycle of development. Yet, after all, this practical result does not argue any change or imperfection, growth or decay, in the sun This great orb is stationary as regards his place, and unchanging as regards his power. It is the subjective change in ourselves that projects itself into this endless succession of *apparent* changes in the object. Not otherwise on the scheme of religious development; the Christian theory and system are perfect from the beginning. In itself, Christianity changes not, neither

waxing nor waning; but the motions of time and the evolutions of experience continually uncover new parts of its *unchanging* disk. The orb *grows*, so far as practically we are speaking of our own benefit or our own perceptions; but absolutely, as regards itself in its essence, the orb, eternally the same, has simply more or fewer of its digits exposed. Christianity, perfect from the beginning, had in its earlier stages a curtain over much of its disk, which Time and Social Progress are continually withdrawing. This I say not as any deliberate judgment on development, but merely as a suspending. or *ad interim* idea, by way of barring too summary an interdict against the doctrine at this premature stage *Phil*, however, hardens his face against Newman and all his works. Him and them he defies, and would consign, perhaps secretly, to the care of a well-known (not new, but) old gentleman, if only he had any faith in that old gentleman's existence. On that point he is a fixed infidel, and quotes with applause the answer of Robinson, the once celebrated Baptist clergyman, who being asked if he believed in the devil, replied, "Oh no, *I*, for my part, believe in God—don't *you?*" as if each belief alternately involved a negation of the other.

Phil., therefore, as we have seen, in effect condemns development. But at p. 33, when as yet he is not thinking of Mr Newman, he says, "If knowledge is progressive, the *development* of Christian doctrine must be progressive likewise" I do not see the *must;* but I see the Newmanian cloven foot. As to the *must*, knowledge is certainly progressive, but the development of the multiplication table is not therefore progressive, nor of anything else that is finished from the beginning. My reason, however, for quoting the sentence, is because here we suddenly detec *Phil* laying down in his own person that doctrine which

in Mr Newman he had regarded as heterodox. *Phil.* is taken red-hand, as the English law expresses it, crimson with the blood of his offence, assuming, in fact, an original imperfection *quoad* the *scire*, though not *quoad* the *esse;* as to the "*exposition* of the system," though not as to the "*system*" itself of Christianity. Mr Newman, after all, asserts (I believe) only one mode of development as applicable to Christianity. *Phil.* having broke the ice, may now be willing to allow of two developments; whilst I, that am always for going to extremes, finding moderation to be the worst thing in this present world, should be disposed to assert three, viz.:—

First, the *Philological* development. And this is a point on which I, *Philo-Phil.* (or, as for brevity you may call me, *Phil-Phil*), shall, without wishing to do so, vex *Phil.* It's shocking that one should vex the author of one's existence, which *Phil.* certainly is in relation to me, when considered as *Phil-Phil*; for I, in my incarnation of *Phil-Phil*, certainly could not have existed, had not *Phil.* pre-existed. Still it is past all denial, that, to a certain extent, the Scriptures must benefit, like any other book, by an increasing accuracy and compass of learning in the *exegesis* applied to them. But, if all the world denied this, *Phil.*, my parent, is the man that cannot, since he it is that relies upon philological knowledge as the one resource of Christian philosophy in all circumstances of difficulty for any of its interests, positive or negative. Philology, according to *Phil*, is the sheet-anchor of Christianity. Already it is the author of a Christianity more in harmony with philosophy, and, as regards the future, *Phil.* it is that charges Philology with the whole service of divinity. Wherever anything, being right, needs to be defended—wherever anything, being amiss, needs to be

improved—on Philology it is that the burden rests. Oh, what a life he will lead this poor Philology! Philology, with *Phil.*, is the great benefactress for the past, and the sole trustee for the future. Philology is the Mrs Partington that not only engages in single duel with the Atlantic Ocean, armed simply with her mop, but also undertakes to mop out the Atlantic from all trespass or intrusion through all time coming. Here, therefore, *Phil.* is caught in a fix, *habemus confitentem.* He denounces development when dealing with the Newmanites, he relies on it when vaunting the functions of Philology, and the only evasion for *him* would be to distinguish about the modes of development, were it not that, by insinuation, he has apparently denied all modes.

Secondly, there is the *Philosophic* development, from that constant reaction upon the Bible which is maintained by advancing knowledge This is a mode of development continually going on, and reversing the steps of past human follies. In every age, man has imported his own crazes into the Bible, fancied that he saw them there, and then drawn sanctions to his wickedness or absurdity from what were nothing else than reflexes projected from his own monstrous errors, or, at best, puerile conceits of adventurous ignorance. Thus did the Papists draw a plenary justification of intolerance, or even of atrocious persecution, from the evangelical "*Compel them to come in!*" The right of unlimited coercion was read in those words People, again, that were democratically given, or had a fancy for treason, heard a trumpet of insurrection in the words, "*To your tents, oh Israel!*" But far beyond these in multitude were those that drew from the Bible the most extravagant claims for kings and rulers. "Rebellion was as the sin of witchcraft" This was a jewel of a text;

it killed two birds with one stone—viz simultaneously condemning all constitutional resistance, the most wise and indispensable, to the most profligate of kings, and also consecrating the filthiest of man's follies as to witchcraft. Broomsticks, as aerial horses, were proved out of it most clearly, and also the atrocity of representative government. What a little text to contain so much! Look into Algernon Sidney, or into Locke's controversy with Sir Robert Filmer's "Patriarcha,"* or into any books of those days on political principles, and it will be found that Scripture was so used as to form an absolute bar against human progress. All public benefits were, in the most *verbal* sense, made to be *precarious*, as depending upon prayers (*preces*—whence *precor*, and our own *precarious*) to those who had an interest in refusing them. All improvements were eleemosynary, for the initial step in all cases belonged to the crown; and except as bounty or lordly alms from the crown, no reform was possible "The right divine of kings to govern wrong" was in those days what many a man would have died for—what many a man *did* die for; and all in pure simplicity of heart—faithful to the Bible, but to the Bible of misinterpretation. They obeyed (and most sincerely, because often to their own ruin) an order which they had misread. Their sincerity, the disinterestedness of their folly, is evident; and in that degree is evident the opening for Scripture development Nobody could better obey Scripture as *they* had understood it. Change in the obedience there could be none for the better; it demanded only that there should be a change in the interpretation, and that change would be what is meant by a *development* of Scripture. Two cen-

* "*Filmer's Patriarcha*"—I mention the *book* as the antagonist, and not the man, because (according to my impression) Sir Robert was dead when Locke was answering him.

turies of enormous progress in the relations between subjects and rulers have altered the whole reading. "*How readest thou?*" was the question of Christ himself; that is, in what meaning dost thou read the particular Scripture that applies to this case, so as to escape a superstitious obedience to its mere *letter*, which so often "killeth?" All the texts and all the cases remain at this hour just as they were for our ancestors, and our reverence for these texts is as absolute as theirs; but we, applying lights of experience which *they* had not, construe these texts by a different logic. *There* now is development applied to the Bible in one of its many *strata*—that particular *stratum* which connects itself most with civil polity. Again, what a development have we made of Christian truth, how differently do we now read our Bibles in relation to the poor tenants of dungeons that once were thought, even by Christian nations, to have no rights at all!—in relation to "all prisoners and captives,"* and in relation, above all, to slaves! The New Testament had said nothing *directly* upon the question of slavery; nay, by the misreader it was rather supposed *indirectly* to countenance that institution But mark—it is Mahometanism, having little faith in its own *spiritual* power of rectification, that dares not confide in its children for developing anything, but must tie them up for every contingency by the *letter* of a rule. Christianity—how differently does *she* proceed! She throws herself broadly upon the pervading spirit which burns within her morals. "Let them alone," she says of nations, "leave them to themselves. I have put a new law into their hearts, and a new heart (a heart of flesh, where be-

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* Words from one of the beautiful petitions in the Litany of the Anglican Church.

fore was a stony heart) into all my children; and if it is really there, and really cherished, that law, read by that heart, will tell them—will develop for them—what it is that they ought to do in every case as it arises, though never noticed in words, when once its consequences are comprehended." No need, therefore, for the New Testament *explicitly* to forbid slavery; silently and *implicitly* it is forbidden in many passages of the New Testament, and it is at war with the spirit of all. Besides, the religion which trusts to formal and literal rules breaks down the very moment that a new case arises not described in the rules. Such a case is virtually unprovided for, unless it answer circumstantially to a type laid down by anticipation in some great premonitory model of legislation, whereas every case, together with its moral relations, is expounded by a religion that speaks through a spiritual organ to an apprehension spiritually trained in man. Accordingly, we find that, when a new mode of intoxication is introduced, or a mode which, *not* being new, was unknown to Mahomet (or at least was overlooked by him), devout Mussulmans hold themselves absolved from the interdict of the Koran as to strong drink, on the ground that this interdict applied itself to the fermentations of grapes, and scandalously unaware, in its bee-like limitation of prophetic vision,* that such blessings would arise in the

* "*Bee-like limitation of prophetic vision*."—Grosser ignorance than my own in most sections of natural history is not easily imagined. I retreat in panic from a cross-examination upon such themes by a child of five years. But, nevertheless, I am possessed of various odd fragments in this field of learning, mostly achieved by my own casual observation up and down innumerable solitary roamings. I am also possessed of one solitary zoological fact, borrowed, and not self-originated (which I fear may turn out to be a falsehood), as to the optics of the bee. I picked it up about fifty years ago in a most unlikely quarter—viz., the little work of a sentimentalist and a discounting poet—namely, Samuel Rogers—which is my chief rea-

Christian world, as brown stout and Bass's medicinal ale, which the Prophet himself might have found useful as a *viaticum*, on his *flight* to (or *from*, was it?) Medina.

And so it would have been with Christians, if the New Testament had contented itself with *literal* prohibitions of slavery, or of the commerce in slaves. Thousands of verbal variations would have been introduced, which no *letter* of the Scriptures could have been comprehensive enough to intercept. For instance, did servants, prædial and household, such as the Greeks termed Θῆτες [*Thetes*], fall within the description of Δοῦλοι (*i. e.*, slaves)? Were serfs, again, to be accounted slaves, or the bondsmen and *ascripti glebæ* of feudal Europe? At what point was the line to be drawn? or what was the essential and logical distinction by which Greek and Roman slavery determined its own more or less of assimilation to the modern negro slavery in the West Indies for the three-and-a-half last centuries, and (in the Spanish South American colonies) of the Indian slavery? Or again, speaking more frankly and nationally, of those amongst our own brothers and sisters, both in England and Scotland, that until very lately were born and bred subterraneously, and passed their whole lives subterraneously in mines or collieries, Scotch or English alike, and were by lawyers regarded as *ascripti metallo* borne upon the establishment as regular working tools, indorsed upon the machinery as so many spokes in a mighty wheel, shafts and tubes in the "plant" of the con-

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son for viewing it sceptically. He, in his "Pleasures of Memory," asserts that the bee, too busy for star-gazing, sees only to the extent of half-an-inch beyond his own eye. I know people with a range of vision considerably less. Will the reader permit me to present him with this little contribution to his stores of zoological science, before it has time to explode (in the event of being unsound)? I expect no premium or *bonus*, by way of *commission* on fifty years' porterage.

cern, and liable to be pursued as fugitive slaves, in the case of their coming up to daylight, and walking off to some other district* Would these poor Pariahs, Scotch

* These hideous abuses, which worked for generations through the silent aid of dense ignorance in some quarters, and of old traditional maxims in others, under the darkness of general credulity, and riveted locally by brazen impudence in lawyers, gave way (I believe), not to any express interference of the legislature [for in these monstrous inroads upon human rights the old proverbial saying was exemplified—*Out of sight, out of mind;* and no bastille can be so much out of sight as a mine or a colliery], but simply to the instincts of truth and knowledge slowly diffusing their contagious light Latterly, indeed, the House of Commons interfered powerfully to protect *women* from working in mines, and the poor creatures most fervently returned thanks to the House—but, as I saw and said at the time, under the unfortunate misconception that the gracious and paternal senate would send a supplementary stream of gold and silver, in lieu of that particular stream which the honourable House had seen cause suddenly to freeze up for ever Not that I would insinuate the reasonableness, or even the possibility, of Parliament's paying permanent wages to these poor mining women, but I *do* contend, that in the act of correcting a ruinous social evil, that never could have reached its climax unless under the criminal negligence of Parliament, naturally and justly the duty fell upon that purblind Parliament of awarding to these poor mining families such an indemnification, once for all, as might lighten and facilitate the harsh transition from double pay to single pay which the new law had suddenly exacted As a sum to be paid by a mighty nation, it was nothing at all as a sum to be received by a few hundreds of working households, at a moment of unavoidable hardship and unforeseen change, it would have been a serious and seasonable relief, acknowledged with gratitude. Meantime, I am not able to say whether *all* the evils of female participation in mining labour, as contemplated by the wisdom of Parliament, so fearfully disturbing the system of their natural household functions, and lowering so painfully the dignity of their sexual position, have even yet been purified. Mr Bald, a Scottish engineer, chiefly applying his science to collieries, describes a state of degradations as pressing upon the female co-operators in the system of some collieries, which is likely enough to prevail at this hour [February, 1858], inasmuch as the substitution of male labour would often prove too costly, besides that the special difficulty of the case would thus be aggravated: I speak of cases where the avenues of descent into the mine are too low to admit of horses, and the women, whom it is found necessary to substitute, being obliged to assume a covering attitude, gradually subside into this unnatural posture as a fixed memorial of their brutal degrada-

and English, have stood within the benefit of any s
tural privilege, had the New Testament legislated in
behalf, and contented itself with the mere verbal let
their description as Δοῦλοι (slaves)? Ten thousand eva
distinctions, and subdistinctions, would have ne
the intended relief, and a verbal refinement wou
have defeated a merely verbal concession. En
be the virtual restorations to slavery under a
appeal to the *letter* of the scriptural com
would be the defeats of these restoration
tian appeal to the pervading *spirit* of God
mand, and under an appeal to the dire
ventriloquising through the secret whispe
science. Meantime, this sort of developm
objected) is not so much a light which Scriptu
out upon human life, as inversely a light which
life and its eternal evolutions throw back upon Scrip
True: but then the very possibility of such developme
for life, and for the deciphering intellect of man, was fir
of all opened by the spirit of Christianity. Christianity

tion) The spine in these poor women, slaving on behalf of their children, becomes permanently horizontal, and at right angles to their legs. In process of time they lose the power of bending back into the perpendicular attitude conferred by nature as a symbolic privilege upon the human race; at least if we believe the Roman us that *She* (meaning Nature)

> "Os homini sublime dedit, cœlumque tuer
> Jussit, et erectos ad sidera tollere vultus

i.e., to the race of man she gave an
commands upon that race to fix his g
to lift up all faces erect and bold to
faithful mothers, loyal to their duti
rests, oftentimes exulted in tossing
hict, their womanly graces of figure a
these graces as a fund for ransom
degradation in time to come.

's medicinal ale,
und useful as a
dina.
, if the New
ohibitions of
ands of ver-
ich no *letter*
nensive enough
its, prædial and
ῆτες [*Thetes*], fall
aves)? Were serfs,
ondsmen and *adscripti*
oint was the line to be
and logical distinction
ry determined its own
modern negro slavery
half last centuries,
mes) of the In-
nkly and na-
nd sisters,
tely were
r whole
or Eng-
metallo
tools,

cern instance, brings to bear seasonably upon some opening, caseəred by a new phasis in the aspects of society, a new somd kindling truth. This truth, caught up by some influ- ——ial organ of social life, is prodigiously expanded by

* Th an experience; and subsequently, when travelling
silent aid the Bible as an improved or illustrated text, is
maxims in c
locally by br be made up in its details of many human develop-
express interf Does *that* argue any disparagement to Chris-
upon human n hough she contributed little, and man contri-
night, out of mina
or a colliery], but On the contrary, man would have contri-
diffusing their cont at all, but for that first elementary impulse
interfered powerfull istianity awakened man's attention to the
poor creatures most
saw and said at the instincts of truth, started man's movement in
gracious and patern ction, and moulded man's regenerated prin-
and silver, in her
seen cause To give one instance: Public charity, the charity
reasonabl grows out of tender and apprehensive sympathy with
v ages t
correc man sufferings—when did it commence, and where?
unle Who first thought of it as a paramount duty for all who
the had any available power—as an awful right, clamorously
m
pleading its pangs night and day in the ear of God and man? What voice, melodious as the harps of Paradise—voice which "all the company of heaven" must have echoed with a choral antiphony, first of all insisted on cold and hunger as dreadful realities afflicting poor women and innocent children? It was the voice of one that sat upon a throne; and he was the first man, having power to realise his benign purposes, that read in the rubric of man's duties any call for such purposes. But why it was that he first read the secret writing which the whole pagan world, Rome, and insolent Greece, had so obstinately ignored, suddenly becomes clear as daylight, when we learn that he—the inaugurator of eleemosynary aid to the afflictions of man—was the first son of Christianity that sat upon a throne.

Yes, Constantine it was, earliest of Christian princes, that first* of all invested Pauperism with the majesty of an

* "*Constantine that first*"—But let me warn the reader not to fancy that the public largesses of corn to the humbler citizens of Rome had intercepted the possibility of this precedency for Constantine by many generations before he was known, or even before Christianity was revealed There was no vestige of charity in the Roman distributions of grain These distributions moved upon the same impulse as the *sportulæ* of the great oligarchic houses, and the *donatives* of princely officers to their victorious soldiery upon great anniversaries, or upon accessions to the throne, or upon adoptions of successors, &c All were political, oftentimes rolling through the narrowest grooves of intrigue, and so far from contemplating any collateral or secondary purpose of charity, that the most earnest inquiry on such occasions was—to find pretexts for excluding men from the benefit of the bounty. The primary thought was—who should *not* be admitted to participate in the dole. And at any rate none *were* admitted but citizens in the most rigorous and the narrowest sense *Constantine* it was —I do not certainly know that I have anywhere called the reader's attention to another great monument which connected the name of Constantine by a separate and hardly noticed tie with the propagation of Christianity What name is it that, being still verdant and most interesting to all the nations of Christendom, serves as a daily memorial to refresh our reverence for the emperor Constantine? What but his immortal foundation of *Constantinople,* imposed upon the ruins of the elder city Byzantium, in the year of Christ 313, now therefore in the 1565th year of its age, which city of Constantinople is usually regarded, by those who have science comprehensive enough for valuing its various merits, as enjoying the most august site and circumstantial advantages, in reference to climate, commerce, navigation, sovereign policy, and centralisation, on this planet—with the doubtful reservation of one single South American station, viz , that of the Brazilian city Rio Janeiro (or, as we usually call it, Rio) Doubtless these magnificent natural endowments did much to influence the choice of Constantine, and yet I believe that no economic advantages, even though greater and more palpable, would have been sufficient to disengage his affections from a scene so consecrated by grand historical recollections as Rome, had not one overwhelming repulsion, ineradicably Roman, violently disenchanted him for ever. This turned upon religion *Rome*, it was found, *could not be depaganised* Too profound, too inveterately entangled with the very soil and deep substructions of Latium were the old traditional records, promises, auguries, and mysterious splendours of concentrated Heathenism *in*, and *on*, and nine times *round about*, and 50 fathoms *below*, and countless fathoms in upper air *above* this most memorable of capital cities.

organ amongst political forces, on the scriptural warrant that the poor should never cease out of the land—Constantine that conferred upon misery, as a mighty potentate dwelling for ever in the skirts of populous cities, the privilege of appearing by a representative and a spokesman in the council-chamber of the Empire.

Had, then, the Pagans of all generations before Con-

Jupiter Capitolinus, the Sybil's Books, which for Roman minds were authentic, the dread cloister of Vestal Virgins, Jupiter Stator, and the undeniable omen of the Twelve Vultures*—centuries of mysterious sympathy between dim records and dim inquiries, could no more be washed away from the credulous heart of the Roman *plebs*, than the predictions of Nostradamus from the expecting and listening faith of Catherine de' Medici and her superstitious court. In short, fifty baptisms could not have washed away the deep-seated scrofula of Paganism in Rome. Constantine therefore wisely drew away a select section of the population to the quiet waters of the Propontis (*the Sea of Marmŏra*, which oblige me by pronouncing as if an imperfect rhyme to *armoury*, not as if the *o* in the penult. were accented). And thus, by a double service to Christianity—viz., by a solemn institution of charitable contributions to the poor, as their absolute right under the Christian law, and by a wise shepherd's segregation of diseased members from his flock—he earned meritoriously, and did not win by luck, that fortunate destiny which has locked up his name into that of the regenerated Rome—the earliest Christian city—and the mother of the Second, or the Oriental Roman Empire.

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* "*Omen of the twelve vultures*."—The reader must not allow himself to be repelled from the plain historic truth by foolish reproaches of superstition or credulity. The fact of twelve vultures having appeared under ceremonial circumstances, at what may be considered the inauguration of Rome, and was so understood at the time, is as certain as any fact the best attested in the history of Rome. And as it repeatedly announced itself during the lapse of these twelve centuries, when as yet they were far from being completed, there cannot be a reasonable doubt that a most impressive coincidence did occur between the early prophesy and its extraordinary fulfilment. In a gross general statement, such as *can* be made in a single sentence, we may describe the duration of Rome, from Romulus to Christ, as 750 years, which leaves about 450 to be accounted for, in order to make up the tale of the twelve vultures. And pretty exactly that number of 450, plus 2 or 3 suppose, measures the interval between Christ and Augustulus.

stantine, or more strictly before the Christian era, no charity, no pity, neither money nor verbal sympathy at the service of despairing poverty? No, none at all. Supposing, for instance, any Gentile establishments to have existed up and down Greece, or Egypt, or the Grecianised regions of Asia Minor and Syria, at the Apostolic era, these would undoubtedly have been referred to by the apostles as furnishing models to emulate, or to copy with improvements, or utterly and earnestly to ignore, under terror of contagion from some of those fundamental errors in their plan theoretically, or in their administration practically, which might be counted on as pretty certain to pollute the executive details, however decent in their first originating purpose. Upon any one of some half-dozen motives, St Paul, in his boundless activity of inquiry and comparison, would have found cause to mention such institutions And again, in the next generation, under the Emperor Trajan, Pliny would have had abundant ground for dwelling on this early *communism* and system of reciprocal charity established amongst the Christians, had he not recoiled from thus emblazoning the beneficence of an obnoxious sect, when conscious that no parallel public bounty could be pleaded as a set-off on the side of those who desired to persecute this new-born sect. There remains, moreover, a damnatory evidence on this point, much more unequivocal and direct, in the formal systems of ethics still surviving from the Pagan world under the noonday splendour of its civilisation: Aristotle's, for example, at the epoch of Alexander the Great; and Cicero's, at a corresponding period of refinement three centuries later in Rome. Now, in these elaborate systems, which have come down to us unmutilated, no traces are to be found of any recognised duty moving in the direction of public aid and

relief to the sufferers from poverty. Our wicked friend Kikero,* for instance, who *was* so bad, but *wrote* so well, who *did* such naughty things, but *said* such pretty things, has himself noticed in one of his letters, with petrifying coolness, that he knew of destitute old women in Rome, who went without tasting food for one, two, or even three days. After making such a statement, did Kikero not tumble down-stairs, and break at least three of his legs, in his hurry to call a public meeting for the redressing of so cruel a grievance? Not he. the man continued to strut up and down his library, in a toga as big as the "Times" newspaper, singing out—

"Cedant arma togæ, concedat laurea laudi"

And, if Kikero noticed the case at all, it was only as a fact that might be interesting to natural philosophers, or to speculators on the theories of a *plenum* and a *vacuum*, or to Greek physicians investigating the powers of the human stomach, or to connoisseurs in old women. No drachma or denarius, be well assured, ever left the secret lockers or hidden fobs of this discreet barrister upon so blind a commission as that of carrying consolation to a superfluous old woman—not enjoying so much as the *jus suffragii*. By a thousand indirect notices, it might be shown

* It is interesting to observe, at this moment, how the proofs accumulate from the ends of the earth that the Roman C was always in value equal to K. The imperial name of Cæsar has survived in two separate functions It is found as a family name rooted amongst oriental peoples, and is always Keyser But also it has survived as an official title, indicating the sovereign ruler At this moment, from Milan, under the shadow of the Alps, to Lucknow, under the shadow of the Himalayas, this immortal Roman name popularly expresses the office of the supreme magistrate *Keyser* is the current titular designation of the king who till lately reigned over Oude, and *der Kayser*, on the fiction which made the Empire of Germany a true lineal successor to the Western Roman Empire, has always indicated the Emperor—once German, now simply Austrian.

that an act of charity would, in the eyes of Pagan moralists, have taken rank as an act of drunkenness.

Yes, the great planetary orb of charity in its most comprehensive range—not that charity only which interprets for the best all doubtful symptoms, not that charity only which "hopeth all things," and which, even to the relenting criminal, gives back an opening for recovering his lost position by showing that for *him* also there is shining in the distance a reversionary hope—but that charity also which brings aid that is effectual, and sympathy that is unaffected, to the households sitting in darkness—this great diffusive orb, and magnetic centre of every perfect social system, first wheeled into its place and functions on that day when Christianity shot above the horizon. But the idea, but the principle, but the great revolutionary fountain of benediction, was all that Christianity furnished, or needed to furnish. The executive arrangements, the endless machinery, for diffusing, regulating, multiplying, exalting this fountain—all this belongs no longer to the Bible, but to man And why not? What blindness to imagine that revelation would have promoted its own purposes by exonerating man from *his* share in the total work. So far from *that*, thus and no otherwise it was—viz., by laying upon man a necessity for co-operating with heaven—that the compound object of this great revolution had any chance of being accomplished. It was as much the object of Christianity that he who exercised charity should be bettered, as he that benefited by charity—the agent equally with the object. Only in that way is Shakspere's co3ne anticipation realised of a two-fold harvest, and a Rouble moral won, for the fountain itself

> "Is twice blessed:
> It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes"

But if Providence had reserved to itself the whole of the work—not merely the first suggestion of a new and divine magnetism for interlinking reciprocally all members of the human family, but had also appropriated the whole process of deducing and distributing into separate rills the irrigation of God's garden upon earth, in that act it would have defeated on the largest scale its own scheme of training for man; just as much as if (according to a former speculation of mine) God, by condescending to teach science in the Bible (astronomy suppose, chronology, or geology), had thus at one blow, besides defrauding the true and avowed mission of the Bible, self-counteractingly stepped in to solve his own problems, and thus had violently intercepted those very difficulties which had been strewed in man's path *seriatim*, and so as to advance by measured increments of difficulty, for the specific purpose of applying graduated irritations to the stimulation of man's intellect. Equally in the training of his moral habits, and in the development by successive steps of his intellect, man and the religion of man must move by co-operation; and it cannot be the policy or the true meaning of revelation to work towards any great purpose in man's destiny otherwise than through the co-agency of man's faculties, improved in the whole extent of their capacities. This case, therefore (of charity arising suddenly as a new command to man), teaches three great inferences —

First, the power of a religion to stimulate vast developments in man, when itself stimulated by a social condition not sleeping and passive, but in a vigilant state of healthy activity.

Secondly, that if all continued cases of interchangeable development—that is, of the Bible downwards upon man, or reversely of man upwards upon the Bible and its inter-

pretation—may be presumed to argue a concurrent action between Providence and man, it follows that the *human* element in the co-agency will always account for any admixture of evil or error, without impeaching in any degree the doctrine of a general overriding inspiration. For instance, I see little reason to doubt that economically the apostles had erred, and through their very simplicity of heart had erred, as to that joint-stock company which they, so ignorant of the world, had formed in an early stage of the infant church, and that Ananias and Sapphira had fallen victims to a perplexity and a collision between their engagements and their natural rights, such as overthrew their too delicate sensibilities But, if this were really so, the human element carries away from the divine all taint of reproach. There lies one mode of benefit from this joint agency of man and Providence.*

Thirdly, we see here illustrated one amongst innumerable cases of development applicable to the Bible. And this power of development in general proves one other thing of the last importance to prove—viz., the power of Christianity to work in co-operation with time and social progress—to work variably, according to the endless variation of time and place. And this is the exact *shibboleth* of a spiritual religion.

For, in conclusion, here lies a consideration of deadliest importance On reviewing the history of false religions,

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* Coleridge, as may be seen in his "Notes on English Divines," though free in a remarkable degree, for one so cloudy in his speculative flights, from any spirit of licenti[illegible] with [illegible] he New Testament, or with its orth[illegible], w[illegible] [illegible] with the belief that the ap[illegible] ast[illegible] [illegible]on for the pecuniary necessit[illegible] so far as to think that they had e[illegible] led [illegible] accumulations of debt that mi[illegible]

and inquiring what it was that ruined them, or caused them to tremble, or to exhibit premonitory signs of coming declension, rarely or never amongst such causes has been found any open exhibition of violence. The gay mythologic religion of Greece melted away in silence; that of Egypt, more revolting to unfamiliarised sensibilities, more gloomy, and apparently reposing on some basis of more solemn and less allegoric reality, exhaled like a dream—*i. e.*, without violence, by *internal* decay. I mean, that no violence existed where the religion fell, and there *was* violence where it did *not* For even the dreadful fanaticism of the early Mahometan sultans in Hindostan, before the accession of Baber and his Mogul successors from the house of Timour, failed to crush the monstrous idolatries of the Hindoos. All false religions have perished by their own hollowness, and by internal decay, under the searching trials applied by life and the changes of life, by social mechanism and the changes of social mechanism, which wait in ambush upon *every* mode of religion. False modes of religion could not respond to the demands exacted from them, or the questions emerging. One after one they have collapsed, as if by palsy, and have sunk away under new aspects of society and new necessities of man which they were not able to face. Commencing in one condition of society, in one set of feelings, and in one system of ideas, they sank instinctively under any great change in these elements, to which they had no natural power of plastic self-accommodation. A false religion furnished always a key to one subordinate lock; but a religion that is true will prove a master-key for all locks alike. This transcendental principle, through which Christianity transfers herself so readily from climate to

climate,* from land to land, from century to century, from the simplicity of shepherds to the utmost refinement of philosophers, carries with it a corresponding necessity (corresponding, I mean, to such infinite flexibility) of an infinite development The paganism of Rome, so flattering and so sustaining to the Roman nationality and pride, satisfied no spiritual necessity. dear to the Romans as citizens, it was at last killing to them as men.

* "*From climate to climate.*"—Sagacious Mahometans are often troubled and scandalised by the secret misgiving that, after all, their Prophet must have been an ignorant man It is clear that the case of a cold climate had never occurred to him, and even a hot one was conceived by him under conditions too palpably limited Many of the Bedouin Arabs complain of ablutions incompatible with their half-waterless position. Mahomet coming from the Hedjas, a rich tract, and through that benefit the fruitful mother of noble horses, knew no more of the arid deserts and Zaarrahs than do I These oversights of its founder would have proved fatal to Islamism, had Islamism succeeded in producing a high civilisation.

THE PAGAN ORACLES.

IT is remarkable—and, without a previous explanation, it might seem paradoxical to say it—that oftentimes, under a continual accession of light, important subjects grow more and more enigmatical. In times when nothing was explained, the student, torpid as his teacher, saw nothing which called for explanation—all appeared one monotonous blank. But no sooner had an early twilight begun to solicit the creative faculties of the eye, than many dusky objects, with outlines imperfectly defined, began to converge the eye, and to strengthen the nascent interest of the spectator. It is true that light, in its final plenitude, is calculated to disperse all darkness. But this effect belongs to its consummation. In its earlier and *struggling* states, light does but reveal darkness. It makes the darkness palpable and "visible"* Of which we may see a sen-

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* Accordingly, some five-and-thirty years ago I attempted to show that Milton's famous expression in the "Paradise Lost," "*No light, but rather darkness visible*," was not (as critics imagined) a gigantic audacity, but a simple trait of description, faithful to the literal realities of a phenomenon (sullen light intermingled with massy darkness) which Milton had noticed with closer attention than the mob of careless observers. Equivalent to this is Milton's own expression, "*Teach light to counterfeit a gloom,*" in "Il Penseroso."

sible illustration in a gloomy glass-house, where the sul lustre from the furnace does but mass and accumulate thick darkness in the rear upon which the moving figur are relieved. Or we may see an intellectual illustratio in the mind of the savage, on whose blank surface there exists no doubt or perplexity at all, none of the pains connected with half-knowledge, he is conscious of no darkness. simply because for *him* there exists no visual ray of speculation—no vestige of prelusive light.

Similar, and continually more similar, has been the condition of ancient history. Once yielding a mere barren crop of facts and dates, slowly it has been kindling of late years into life and deep interest under superior treatment. And hitherto, as the light has advanced, *pari passu* have the masses of darkness strengthened. Every question solved has been the parent of three new questions unmasked. And the power of breathing life into dry bones has but seemed to multiply the skeletons and lifeless remains; for the very natural reason—that these dry bones formerly (whilst viewed as incapable of revivification) had seemed less numerous, because everywhere confounded to the eye with stocks and stones, so long as there was no motive of hope for marking the distinction between them.

Amongst all the illustrations which might illuminate this truth, none is so instructive as the large question of Pagan Oracles. Every part, indeed, of the Pagan religion—the course, geographically or ethnographically, of its traditions, the vast labyrinth of its mythology, the deductions of its contradictory genealogies, the disputed meaning of its many secret "mysteries" [τελεται—symbolic rites or initiations], all these have been submitted of late years to the scrutiny of glasses more powerful, applied

nder more combined arrangements, and directed according to new principles more comprehensively framed. I cannot in sincerity affirm—always with immediate advantage. But, even where the individual effort may have been a failure as regarded the immediate object, rarely, indeed, has it happened that much indirect illumination did not result—which, afterwards entering into combination with other scattered currents of light, has issued in discoveries of value; although, perhaps, any one contribution, taken separately, had been, and would have remained, inoperative. Much has been accomplished, chiefly of late years; and, confining our view to ancient history, almost exclusively amongst the Germans—by the Savignys, the Niebuhrs, the Ottfried Muellers. And, if that *much* has left still more to do, it has also brought the means of working upon a scale of accelerated speed.

The books now existing upon the ancient oracles—above all, upon the Greek oracles—amount to a small library. The facts have been collected from all quarters—examined, sifted, winnowed. Theories have been raised upon these facts under every angle of aspect; and yet, after all, I profess myself dissatisfied. Amongst much that is sagacious, I feel, and I resent with disgust, a taint of falsehood diffused over these recent speculations from vulgar and even counterfeit incredulity; the one gross vice of German philosophy, not less determinate or less misleading than that vice which heretofore, through many centuries, had impoverished this subject, and had sealed up its discussion under the anile superstition of the ecclesiastical fathers.

These fathers, both Greek and Latin, had the ill fortune to be extravagantly esteemed by the Church of Rome; whence, under a natural reaction, they were systematically

early Christians, such as never can exist for more mixed bodies of professors, subject to less searching trials.

Better the primitive Christians were perhaps (not individually better, but better on the total body), yet they were not in any intellectual sense wiser. Unquestionably the elder Christians participated in the local follies, prejudices, superstitions, of their several provinces and cities, except where any of these happened to be too conspicuously at war with the spirit of love or the spirit of purity which exhaled at every point from the Christian faith, and, in all intellectual features, as were the Christians generally, such were the fathers. Amongst the Greek fathers, one might be unusually learned, as Clement of Alexandria, and another might be reputed unusually eloquent, as Gregory Nazianzen, or Basil. Amongst the Latin fathers, one might be a man of admirable genius, as far beyond the poor, vaunted Rousseau in the impassioned grandeur of his thoughts, as he was in truth and purity of heart, I speak of St Augustine (more briefly known as St Austin), and many might be distinguished by various literary merits. But could these advantages anticipate a higher civilisation? Most unquestionably some of the fathers were the *élite* of their own age, but not in advance of their age They, like all their contemporaries, were besieged by errors, ancient, inveterate, traditional; and accidentally, from one cause special to themselves, they were not merely liable to error, but usually prone to error. This cause lay in the *polemic* form which so often they found a necessity, or a convenience, or a temptation for assuming, as teachers or defenders of the truth.

He who reveals a body of awful truth to a candid and willing auditory, is content with the grand simplicities of truth in the quality of his proofs. And truth, where it

happens to be of a high order, is generally its own witness to all who approach it in the spirit of child-like docility. But far different is the position of that teacher who addresses an audience composed in various proportions of sceptical inquirers, obstinate opponents, and malignant scoffers. Less than an apostle is unequal to the suppression of all human re-actions incident to wounded sensibilities. Scorn is too naturally met by retorted scorn; malignity in the Pagan, which characterised all the known cases of signal opposition to Christianity, could not but hurry many *good* men into a vindictive pursuit of victory. Generally, where truth is communicated *polemically* (that is, not as it exists in its own inner simplicity, but as it exists in external relation to error) the temptation is excessive to use those arguments which will tell at the moment upon the crowd of bystanders, by preference to those which will approve themselves ultimately to enlightened disciples. Hence it is, that, like the professional rhetoricians of Athens, not seldom the Christian fathers, when urgently pressed by an antagonist equally mendacious and ignorant, could not resist the human instinct for employing arguments such as would baffle and confound the unprincipled opponent, rather than such as would satisfy the earnest inquirer. If a man denied himself all specious arguments, and all artifices of dialectic subtlety, he must renounce the hopes of a *present* triumph; for the light of absolute truth on moral or on spiritual themes is too dazzling to be sustained by the diseased optics of those habituated to darkness. And hence I explain not only the many gross delusions of the fathers, their sophisms, their errors of fact and chronology, their attempts to build great truths upon fantastic etymologies, or upon popular conceits in science

that have long since exploded, but also their occasional unchristian tempers. To contend with an unprincipled and malicious liar, such as Julian the Apostate, in its original sense the first deliberate *miscreant* or *conscious* misbeliever, offered a dreadful snare to any man's charity. And he must be a furious bigot who will justify the rancorous lampoons* of Gregory Nazianzen against his sovereign. Am I, then, angry on behalf of Julian? So far as *he* was interested, not for a moment would I have suspended the descending scourge. Cut him to the bone, I should have exclaimed at the time! Lay the knout into every "raw" that can be found! For I am of opinion that Julian's duplicity is not yet adequately understood. But what was right as regarded the claims of the criminal, was *not* right as regarded the duties of his opponent. Even in this mischievous renegade, trampling with his ourang-outang hoofs the holiest of truths, a Christian bishop ought still to have respected his emperor, through the brief period in which he *was* such, and to have commiserated his benighted brother, however wilfully astray, and however hatefully seeking to quench that light for other men, which, for his own misgiving heart (as might perhaps be demonstrated), he never *did* succeed in quenching. I do not wish to enlarge upon a theme both copious and easy. But here, and everywhere, speaking of the fathers as a body, I charge them with antichristian practices of a twofold order: sometimes as supporting their great cause in a spirit alien to its own, retorting in a temper not less uncharitable than that of their opponents, sometimes, again, as adopting

* "*Lampoons*"—Too literally lampoons, for, as those meant personal invectives affixed to lamp-posts, where they could be read by everybody, so Gregory of Nazianzum himself entitled each of several successive libels on the Emperor Julian by the name of *stylites*, or libel affixed to a pillar of a public portico.

arguments that are unchristian in their ultimate grounds; resting upon errors the refutation of errors, upon superstitions the overthrow of superstitions, and drawing upon the armouries of darkness for weapons that, to be durable, ought to have been of celestial temper. Alternately, in short, the fathers trespass against those affections which furnish to Christianity its moving powers, and against those truths which furnish to Christianity its guiding lights. Indeed, Milton's memorable attempt to characterise the fathers as a body, contemptuous as it is, can hardly be challenged as overcharged

Never in any instance were these aberrations of the fathers more vividly exemplified than in their theories upon the Pagan Oracles On behalf of God, they were determined to be wiser than God; and, in demonstration of scriptural power, to advance doctrines which the Scriptures had nowhere warranted. At this point, however, I shall take a short course; and, to use a vulgar phrase, shall endeavour to "kill two birds with one stone." It happens that the earliest book in our modern European literature, which has subsequently obtained a station of authority on the subject of the ancient Oracles, applied itself entirely to the erroneous theory of the fathers. This is the celebrated *Antonii Van Dale* "*De Ethnicorum Oraculis Dissertationes*," which was published at Amsterdam *at least* as early as the year 1682, that is, one hundred and seventy-six years ago And upon the same subject there has been no subsequent book which maintains an equal rank. Van Dale might have treated his theme simply with a view to the investigation of the truth, as some recent inquirers have preferred doing; and, in that case, the fathers would have been noticed only as incidental occasions might arise to bring forward their opinions—true

or false But to this author the errors of the fathers seemed capital, worthy, in fact, of forming his *principal* object, and, knowing their great authority in the Papal Church, he anticipated, in the plan of attaching his own views to the false views of the fathers, an opening to a double patronage—that of the Protestants, in the first place, as interested in all doctrines seeming to be anti-papal, that of the sceptics, in the second place, as interested in the exposure of whatever had once commanded, but subsequently lost, the superstitious reverence of mankind. On this policy, he determined to treat the subject polemically He fastened, therefore, upon the fathers with a deadly *acharnement*, that evidently meant to leave no arrears of work for any succeeding assailant, and it must be acknowledged that, simply in relation to this purpose of hostility, his work is triumphant. So much was not difficult to accomplish; for barely to enunciate the leading doctrine of the fathers is, in the ear of any chronologist, to overthrow it. But, though successful enough in its functions of destruction, on the other hand, as an affirmative or reconstructive work, the long treatise of Van Dale is most unsatisfactory. It leaves us with a hollow sound ringing in the ear, of malicious laughter from gnomes and imps grinning over the weaknesses of man—his paralytic facility in believing—his fraudulent villany in abusing this facility—but in no point accounting for those real effects of diffusive social benefits from the Oracle machinery, which must arrest the attention of candid students, amidst some opposite monuments of incorrigible credulity, or of elaborate imposture.

As a book, however, belonging to that small cycle (not numbering, perhaps, on *all* subjects, above three score), which may be said to have moulded and controlled the

public opinion of Europe through the last five generations, already for itself the work of Van Dale merits a special attention. It is confessedly the *classical* book—the original *fundus* for the arguments and facts applicable to this question; and an accident has greatly strengthened its authority. Fontenelle, the most fashionable of European authors, at the opening of the eighteenth century, writing in a language at that time even more predominant than at present, did in effect employ all his advantages to propagate and popularise the views of Van Dale. Scepticism naturally courts the patronage of France, and in effect that same remark which a learned Belgian (Van Brouwer) has found frequent occasion to make upon single sections of Fontenelle's work, may be fairly extended into a representative account of the whole—'*L'on trouve les mêmes arguments chez Fontenelle, mais dégagés des longueurs du savant Van Dale, et exprimés avec plus d'élégance*' This *rifaccimento* did not injure the original work in reputation. it caused Van Dale to be less read, but to be more esteemed, since a man confessedly distinguished for his powers of composition had not thought it beneath his ambition to adopt and to remodel Van Dale's theory This important position of Van Dale with regard to the effectual creed of Europe —so that, whether he were read directly, or were slighted for a more fashionable expounder, equally in either case it was *his* doctrines which prevailed—must always confer a circumstantial value upon the original dissertations, "*De Ethnicorum Oraculis.*"

This original work of Van Dale is a book of considerable extent. But, in spite of its length, it divides substantially into two great chapters, and no more, which coincide, in fact, with the two separate dissertations. The first of these dissertations, occupying one hundred and eighty-one

pages, inquires into the failure and extinction of the Oracles, *when* they failed, and *why*, or under what circumstances. The second of these dissertations inquires into the machinery and resources of the Oracles during the time of their prosperity. In the first dissertation, the object is to expose the folly and gross ignorance of the fathers, who insisted on representing the history of the case roundly in this shape—as though all had prospered with the Oracles up to the nativity of Christ, but that, after his crucifixion, and simultaneously with the first promulgation of Christianity, all Oracles had suddenly drooped; or, to tie up their language to the rigour of their theory, had suddenly expired All this Van Dale peremptorily denies, and, in these days, it is scarcely requisite to add, triumphantly denies, the whole hypothesis of the fathers having literally not a leg to stand upon, and being, in fact, the most audacious defiance to historical records that, perhaps, the annals of human folly present.

Oracles, take them at the very worst, were no otherwise hostile to Christianity than as a branch, or (mathematically speaking) a *function* of Paganism. If, for instance, the Delphic establishment were hateful (as sometimes no doubt it was) to the holy spirit of truth which burned in an apostle, *why* was it hateful? Not primarily in its special character of Oracle, but in its universal character of Pagan temple, not as an authentic distributor of counsels adapted to the infinite situations of its clients—often very wise counsels, but as being ultimately engrafted on the stem of idolatrous religion—as deriving, in the last resort, their sanctions from Pagan deities, and, therefore, as sharing *constructively* in all the pollutions of that tainted source Now, therefore, if Christianity, according to the fancy of

the fathers, could not tolerate the co-presence of so much evil as resided in the Oracle superstition—that is, in the derivative, in the secondary, in the not unfrequently neutralised or even redundantly compensated mode of error —then, *à fortiori*, Christianity could not have tolerated for an hour the parent superstition, the larger evil, the fontal error, which diseased the very organ of vision—which not merely distorted a few objects on the road, but spread darkness over the road itself. Yet what is the fact? So far from any mysterious repulsion *externally* between idolatrous errors and Christianity, as though the two schemes of belief could no more co-exist in the same society than two queen-bees in a hive—as though elementary nature herself recoiled from the abominable *concursus*—do but open a child's epitome of history, and you find it to have required four entire centuries before the destroyer's hammer and crowbar began to ring loudly against the temples of idolatrous worship; and not before five, nay, locally six, or even seven centuries had elapsed, could the better angel of mankind have sung gratulations announcing that the great strife was over—that man was inoculated with the truth; or have adopted the impressive language of a Latin father, that "the owls were to be heard in *every* village hooting from the dismantled fanes of heathenism, or the gaunt wolf disturbing the sleep of peasants as he yelled in winter from the cold, dilapidated altars.' Even this victorious consummation was true only for the southern world of civilisation The forests of Germany, though pierced already to the south in the third and fourth centuries by the torch of missionaries—though already at that time illuminated by the immortal Gothic version of the New Testament proceeding from Ulphilas, and still surviving—sheltered through ages in the north and

east vast tribes of idolaters, some awaiting the baptism of Charlemagne in the eighth century and the ninth, others actually resuming a fierce countenance of heathenism for the martial zeal of crusading knights in the thirteenth and fourteenth The history of Constantine has grossly misled the world It was very early in the fourth century (313 A D) that Constantine found himself strong enough to take his *earliest* steps for raising Christianity to a privileged station, which station was not merely an effect and monument of its progress, but a further cause of progress. In this latter light, as a power advancing and moving, but politically still militant, Christianity required exactly one other century to carry out and accomplish even its eastern triumph Dating from the era of the very inaugurating and merely local acts of Constantine, we shall be sufficiently accurate in saying that the corresponding period in the fifth century (namely, from about 404 to 420 A D) first witnessed those uproars of ruin in Egypt and Alexandria—fire racing along the old carious timbers, battering-rams thundering against the ancient walls of the horrid temples—which rang so searchingly in the ears of Zosimus, extorting, at every blow, a howl of Pagan sympathy from that bad and most howling of anti-christian slanderers So far from the fact being, according to the general prepossession, as though Constantine had found himself able to destroy Paganism, and to replace it by Christianity, on the contrary, it was both because he happened to be far too weak, in fact, for such a mighty revolution, and because he *knew* his own weakness, that he fixed his new capital, as a preliminary caution, upon the Propontis.

There were other motives to this change,* and particu-

* The reader will find me here treading in the footsteps of a former

larly (as I have attempted to show in a separate dissertation) motives of high political economy, suggested by the relative conditions of land and agriculture in Thrace and Asia Minor, by comparison with decaying Italy; but a paramount motive, I am satisfied, and the earliest motive, was the incurable Pagan bigotry of Rome Paganism for Rome, it ought to have been remembered by historians, was a mere necessity of her Pagan origin Paganism was the fatal dowery of Rome from her inauguration; not only she had once received a retaining fee on behalf of Paganism, in the mysterious *Ancile* (or supernatural shield), supposed to have fallen from heaven, but she actually preserved this bribe amongst her rarest jewels. She possessed a palladium, such a national amulet or talisman as many Grecian or Asiatic cities had once possessed—a *fatal* guarantee to the prosperity of the state Even the Sibylline books, whatever ravages they might be supposed by the intelligent to have sustained in a lapse of centuries, were popularly believed, in the latest period of the western empire, to exist as so many charters of supremacy. Jupiter himself in Rome had put on a peculiar Roman physiognomy, which associated him with the destinies of the gigantic state. Above all, the solemn augury of the Twelve Vultures, so memorably passed downwards from the days of Romulus, through generations as yet uncertain of the event, and, therefore, chronologically incapable of participation in any fraud—

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essay As the repetition is brief, and not at all in the same words, and occurring at different periods of time, I have seen no reason to cancel it. A kind interpreter of the case will rather regard it as an argument of my sincerity and self-consistency. The real subject for wonder, as perhaps such an interpreter may be disposed to think, is, that in such hurried essays the Press always fretting at my irregularities, I did not oftener need to make similar apologies

an augury *always* explained as promising twelve centuries of supremacy to Rome, from the year 748 down to 452 A.D.—co-operated with the endless other Pagan superstitions in anchoring the whole Pantheon to the Capitol and Mount Palatine. So long as Rome had a worldly hope surviving, it was impossible for her to forget the Vestal Virgins, the College of Augurs, or the indispensable office and the *indefeasible* privileges of the *Pontifex Maximus*, which (though Cardinal Baronius, in his great work, for many years sought to fight off the evidences for that fact, yet afterwards partially he confessed his error) actually availed — historically and *medallically* can be demonstrated to have availed—for the temptation of Christian Cæsars into collusive adulteries with heathenism. Here, for instance, came an emperor that timidly recorded his scruples—feebly protested, but gave way at once as to an ugly necessity. There came another, more deeply religious, or constitutionally more bold, who fought long and strenuously against the compromise. "What! should he, the delegate of God, and the standard-bearer of the true religion, proclaim himself officially head of the false? No, that was too much for his conscience." But the fatal meshes of prescription, of superstitions ancient and gloomy, gathered around him, he heard that he was no perfect Cæsar without this office. and eventually the very same reason which had obliged Augustus not to suppress, but himself to assume, the tribunitian office—namely, that it was a popular mode of leaving democratic organs untouched, whilst he neutralised their democratic functions by absorbing them into his own—availed to overthrow all Christian scruples of conscience, even in the most Christian of the Cæsars. Many years *after* Constantine, the pious Theodosius found himself lite-

ially compelled to become a Pagan pontiff. A *bon mot** circulating amongst the people warned him that, if he left the cycle of imperial powers incomplete, if he suffered the galvanic battery to remain imperfect in its circuit of links, pretty soon he would tempt treason to show its head, and would even for the present find but an imperfect obedience. Reluctantly therefore the emperor gave way: and perhaps soothed his fretting conscience by offering to Heaven, as a penitential litany, that same excuse which Naaman the Syrian offered to the prophet Elijah as a reason for a private personal dispensation. Hardly more possible it was that a camel should go through the eye of a needle, than that a Roman senator should forswear those inveterate superstitions with which his own system of patrician rank and privilege had been riveted for better and worse. As soon would the Venetian senator, the gloomy "magnifico" of St Mark, have consented to renounce the annual wedding of his republic with the Adriatic, as the Roman noble, whether senator, or senator elect, or of senatorial descent, would have dissevered his own solitary stem from the great forest of his ancestral order, and this he must have done by doubting the legend of Jupiter Stator, or by withdrawing his allegiance from Jupiter Capitolinus The Roman people universally became agitated towards the opening of the fifth century after Christ, when their own twelfth century was drawing near to its completion. Rome had now

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* "*A bon mot*"—This was built on the accident that a certain man whose proper name was *Maximus* stood in notorious circumstances of rivalship to the emperor [Theodosius]: and the bitterness of the jest took this turn—that if the emperor should persist in declining the office of *Pont. Maximus*, or Supreme Pontiff, in that case, "erit Pontifex Maximus." Maximus (the secret aspirant) shall be our Pontifex—i.e., shall be our Emperor. *So* the words sounded to those in the secret [*conscii*], whilst to others they seemed to have no meaning at all.

reached the very condition of Dr Faustus—having, like *him*, received a known term of prosperity from some dark power, but doomed, like *him*, to hear the revolving hours, one after one, tolling solemnly the summons to judgment, as they exhausted the waning minutes of that fatal day marked down in the contract. The more profound was the faith of Rome in the flight of the Twelve Vultures, once so glorious, now so sad, an augury, the deeper was the depression as the last hour drew near that had been so mysteriously prefigured. The reckoning, indeed, of chronology was slightly uncertain. The Varronian account varied from others. But these were trivial differences, and might tell as easily against them as for them, and did but strengthen the universal agitation. Alaric, in the opening of the fifth century [about 410]—Attila, near the middle [445]—already seemed prelusive earthquakes running before the final earthquake. And Christianity, during this era of public alarm, was so far from assuming a more winning aspect to Roman eyes, as a religion promising to survive their own, that already, under that character of reversionary triumph, this gracious religion seemed, by no fault of its own, a public insult, and this meek religion a clamorous defiance, pretty much as a king sees with scowling eyes, when revealed to him in some glass of Cornelius Agrippa, the phantom procession of that mysterious house which is destined to supplant his own.

Now, from this condition of feeling at Rome, it is apparent not only as a fact that Constantine did not overthrow Paganism, but as a possibility that he could not have overthrown it. In the fierce conflict he would probably have been overthrown himself, and, even for so much as he *did* accomplish, it was well that he attempted it at a distance from Rome. So profoundly, therefore, are the fathers in

error, that, instead of that instant victory which they ascribe to Christianity, even Constantine's revolution was slow and merely local. Nearly five centuries, in fact, it cost, and not three, to Christianise even the entire Mediterranean empire of Rome; and the premature effort of Constantine ought to be regarded as a mere *fluctus decumanus**

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* "*Fluctus decumanus*"—Connected with this term, once so well understood, but now (like all things human) hurrying into oblivion, there was amongst the ancients a fanciful superstition, or, until it is proved such, let us call it courteously a popular creed, that wanted the seal and *imprimatur* of science Has the reader himself any creed whatsoever, or even opinion, as to *waves?* Stars, we all know, are of many colours, and of many sizes—crimson, green azure, orange, and (I believe, but am not certain) violet. As to size, they range all the way from those grandees up and down the sky, apparently plenipotentiaries of the heavens, or (in the Titanic language of Æschylus) λαμπροὶ δυνάσται—blazing potentates—all the way down to such as count only amongst the secrets of the telescope telescopic stars, as imperfectly revealed to the children of man as those children are revealed to *them*. The graduation of stars runs down a Jacob's ladder. Can there be any parallel graduation amongst the billows of old Ocean? The ancients—and perhaps it furnishes not the least conspicuous amongst the many evidences attesting their defect of power to observe accurately enough to meet the purposes of natural philosophy—fancied that there was, and supposing them for the moment right as to the main principle—viz , of a secret law moulding the waves in obedience to some geometric pressure, and expressing itself in some recurrent relation to arithmetic intervals, they must yet have been negligent in excess not to have investigated the relations of the vulgar waves—those, I mean, which apparently escaped the control of the ocean looms What the ancients held was simply this—that every *tenth* wave was conspicuously larger than the other nine But in what respect larger? In height was it, or generally in bulk? Did the favoured wave distribute its superiority of size through the three dimensions of space (consequently the three dimensions of that which fills space)—an arrangement which would greatly disturb the apparent (though not the real) advantage on the scale of comparison between the tenth wave and the other nine? or did this privileged tenth wave accumulate its entire advantage upon the one dimension of altitude? Next, as to the nine subordinate waves, defrauded of their fair proportions by unjust novercal nature, were they all equally defrauded, or was a bias towards favouritism manifested here also? And, if unequally endowed, did this inequality proceed *gradatim* and continuously, or discontinuously? And, if continuously,

in the continuous advance of the new religion—one of those ambitious billows which sometimes run far ahead of their fellows in a tide steadily gaining ground, but

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how did the scale move upwards? Was it by a geometrical progression through a series of multiples, or arithmetically through a series of constant increments? And the tenth wave—a thing which I was nearly forgetting to demand—being always superior in the scale, was it always equally superior? And if not, if the superiority were liable to disturbances, did these disturbances follow any known law? or was this law suspected of leaning towards the well known Cambridge problem—Given the captain's name, and the price of his knee-buckles, to determine the latitude of the ship

This question about *the tenth wave*, together with others sent down to us from elder days—such, in particular, as that which respects the venom of the toad—had interested equally myself, the poorest of naturalists, and the late Professor Wilson, among the very best We both admired, in the highest degree, the impassioned eloquence of Sir Thomas Brown in those works which allowed of eloquence, as in his "Religio Medici," and his "Urn-Burial," but in his works of pure erudition, he, the corrector of traditional follies (as in his "Vulgar Errors"), sometimes needs correction himself We had, in Westmoreland, learned experimentally that Shakspere is right, in describing the toad as *venomous* Venomous it is, to the small extent of diluted nitric acid in burning and discolouring the skin, when irritated—or more probably when greatly alarmed Several brute creatures, cats in particular, when driven into a frenzy of fear, have been supposed to fall into a self-generated hydrophobia, with full power to inflict it But grieved should we have been, if we had imagined that the full establishment of this persecution-born venom would ever suggest an argument of palliation to the cruel persecutors of this most inoffensive creature Aggressive tendencies it has none not offended, it will never offend But *the decuman wave* was a more elaborate case We had heard little else than scoffs at the Greek races who had countenanced such a belief *Græcia mendax*, in the brief exsibilation from the stage by the stern Roman of all Greek testimony whatsoever, had been the answer of the incredulous Yet this reference had the effect of suggesting a question favourable to the ancients might not the phenomenon, in Hibernian phrase, be "*thrue for them?*" The tides in the Mediterranean are, I believe, everywhere in an under-key as compared with those of our angry Atlantic· in the Euripus, or narrow frith between Eubœa (Negropont) and the mainland, there are, by report, none at all And having confessedly one great difference, why not another?

Professor Wilson, therefore, and myself had imposed it upon ourselves as a duty to investigate this problem. Of all companions

which inevitably recede in the next moment, marking only the strength of that tendency which sooner or later is destined to fill the whole capacity of the shore.

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that a man *could* have had, with the world stretched out before him to choose from, in any chase after a natural phenomenon, for any purpose, whether of sceptical inquiry or of verification, none was equal to Professor Wilson. He had used his youthful (I may say schoolboy) opportunities indefatigably: he had won all his knowledge, so varied and so accurate, by direct experience, troubling himself little about books,* which in *his* earlier days, had as yet benefited by no reform (though even then on the brink of it) Professor Wilson has himself most powerfully discriminated (see Christopher in his "Aviary," Cant i.) the two orders of naturalists. those self-formed amongst the fields and forests, on the one hand—on the other, the dry sapless students of books in a closet or a museum. To the former class belonged pre-eminently White of Selborne, Waterton, Audubon, Charles Bonaparte, and those whom Professor Wilson himself indicated as "the two Wilsons," meaning, probably, his own younger brother, James Wilson, and the American Wilson. But we ought *now* to speak of "the three Wilsons." for the Professor himself, in so far as his other studies had left him time to pursue this science, was the

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* I ought in all gratitude to make an emphatic exception for "Bewick's Quadrupeds" a book to which myself, in common with my brothers and sisters, had been more deeply indebted than to any score of books beside in that department of knowledge. But, after all, it was the matchless vignettes of Bewick himself—

"And the skill which he learn'd on the banks of the Tyne"—

that gave such golden value to this book· for the printed text, though I daresay respectable, did not leave a profound impression upon any one of us. The "Birds," in which some of the vignettes struck me as even more beautiful, came to us, however, at a less impressible period. And the "Fables" we never heard of whilst children. Our experience of this delightful artist, on whom rest the benedictions of childhood for ever, was gathered in the years 1794 (when Robespierre might have figured for the Royal Tiger of Bengal), 1795, and 1796 Since then, two entire generations of the human race, with its annual harvests of children, have pursued their flight over the disk of Time. I have elsewhere mentioned "Gulliver" as one of those books which command a mixed audience where children and grown-up men are seen jostling each other, to this list must be added "Bunyan," the "Arabian Nights," "Robinson Crusoe," and "Bewick." Publishers, it seems to me, should pay some regard to this fact in the characteristic embellishments, &c, adapted separately to the two different audiences.

To have proved, therefore, were it even open to proof, that Christianity had been fatal in the way of a magical charm to the Oracles of the world, would have proved no-

most vivid, life-like, and realising describer of brute animals, especially birds and fishes He was not the measurer of proportions in fins and beaks, but the circumstantiator of habits and variable resources under variable difficulties

Perhaps, in earlier days, Swammerdam should be added to this meritorious catalogue Of *him* it was said, that, for every one year passed in human society, he had passed three in a ditch amongst frogs At the time I speak of, our own inquiries concerned a sublimer object !* But, sublime as it might be, *that* formed no attraction to the feelings—morbid, it may be thought, but pathetically morbid—of Professor Wilson The year of which I speak was (to the best of my recollection) 1826 Consequently, I had already known him most intimately for 17 years, and year by year, as regards the latter seven, there had been growing upon him a deadly recoil of feeling from the sea-shore—as presenting that peculiar gathering of sights and sounds which more than any other awoke phantom resurrections to his own mind of his youthful gifts and physical energies, now annually decaying We made two separate visits, if not three, to the sea-shore (*i. e* , the shore of the Frith near Edinburgh), one perhaps in the year already mentioned, and a second some seven years later. One or other of these was to no greater distance than the sands of Portobello, but on that occasion, unfortunately, we met the Yeomanry (of Mid-Lothian, I think), who with some difficulty executed a charge on the very insufficient area of sand exposed at Portobello This accident did not improve the spirits of Professor Wilson, who was reminded too keenly of the years 1806 and 1810, when he had himself figured most conspicuously in the ranks, first of the Oxford, subsequently of the Ken-

* Not so sublime, however, as at first it may be fancied Charles Lamb explained the cause of this when accounting for some person's disappointment on his first introduction to the sea. This person had vaguely prefigured the case to himself, as though the total object would present itself *in all* its tumultuous extent Not that, upon a moment's reflection, he could have expected such a spectacle; but irreflectively he had allowed himself to anticipate, if not such a spectacle, yet an *impression* answerable in grandeur to such a spectacle Meantime, all that he saw, or should reasonably have hoped to see, was a beggarly section, a fraction of the whole concern, and even for that fraction, the very station of dry land, *from* which he viewed it, reminded him that the ocean was anything but boundless The ocean pretended to hem in mighty continents, but the naked truth was—that *they* hemmed in *him*

thing but a perplexing inconsistency, so long as the fathers were obliged to confess that Paganism itself, as a gross total, as the parent superstition (sure to reproduce Oracles

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dal Volunteers—on both occasions in the light company, for his powers as an athlete turned altogether upon agility, not upon strength No man was a better judge upon questions of bodily prowess, and no man, at least no gentleman, was better acquainted with the records of the Fancy, as delivered by Mr Pierce Egan, an amateur of first-rate ability As to mere strength, though always disposed to speak disparagingly of his own powers, he was right, I believe, in undervaluing his own pretensions to the power of hard hitting What had been sometimes said of Spring, though champion of England for some years, he has often assured me was true of himself—viz , that ' he could not make a dint in a pound of butter " But in agility, as manifested in running, leaping, and dancing, he was the Pelides of his time One striking proof of his supreme excellence as a leaper is implied in this anecdote —When he was about 20 (Anno 1805), he had started from Oxford at midnight for Moulsey Hurst (50 miles distant, I believe), where some great event was to come off After this was decided, Wilson, at the request of several friends on the ground, favoured the amateurs with a specimen of his leaping The crack leaper of the day—I rather think Richmond, a black —witnessed this performance, and, upon hearing the circumstances under which it had been executed—viz., the severe pedestrian effort, and the night's want of sleep—declined to undertake a contest upon any terms That advantage upon which Lady Hester Stanhope idly nursed a secret vanity, as peculiar to herself and the Bedouins—viz , an instep so highly arched that a rat might have run under her foot—formed one in the system of muscular machinery by which nature had equipped him for unapproachable excellence in one mode of gymnastics Barely to see him even walk round a table was a pure delight to an eye at all learned in the fluencies of motion Burke's expression upon the visionary grace of Marie Antoinette—that she hardly seemed to touch the earth—was realised, and became suddenly apprehensible to the sense, in *him*. And through this same structure of foot it was, and the extraordinary strength of his *tendon Achillis*, that he danced with ease and elegance so perfect. Yet he had never received one hour's instruction

I fear that this preliminary account of my partner in the research may prove disproportioned, for the total result was small and purely negative In the latter trial we waited and watched from an early stage of a spring tide, but the answer was none We began by watching for a wave that should seem conspicuously larger than its fellows, and then counted onwards to the 10th, the 20th, the 30th, and so on to the 100th dated from *that* But we never could detect any overruling principle involving itself

faster than they could be extinguished), had been suffered to exist for many centuries concurrently with Christianity and had finally been overthrown by the simple majesty of

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in the successive swells, and the wind continually disturbed any tendency that we had fancied to a recurrent law. Southey's brother, Tom, a lieutenant in the navy, whom I had once asked for his opinion upon the question, laughed, and said that such a notion must have come from the *log* of the ship Argo. Thus raising the Professor, who really *had* a good deal of nautical skill, and my ignorant self, that had none at all, to the rank of Argonauts. We, however, fancying that the phenomenon might possibly belong to *tideless* waters, subsequently tried the English lakes, some of which throw up very respectable waves when they rise into angry moods The Cumberland lakes of Bassenthwaite and Derwentwater fell to my share, Windermere, Coniston, and Ulleswater, to Professor Wilson But the issue of all was emptiness and aerial mockeries; as if the lady of the secret depths—Undina, or some Grecian Naiad,

"Or Lady of the Lake,*
Sole-sitting by the shores of old romance"—

had been playing with our credulity. False, however, as it may be, this image of the tenth wave furnished the ancients with a strong rhetorical expression for any possible excess in any mode of evil. A fiery heat of persecution, a threatening advance of exterminating war, a sudden and simultaneous rush of calamities [as upon Athens in the Peloponnesian War], was termed a *fluctus decumanus* of evil Perhaps I have too lightly yielded to the temptation of connecting a *personal* interest with my imperfect report of an attempt to investigate the *thing*, or attempt at least to ascertain whether the supposed "thing" had any real root except in the fanciful creeds of Pagan naturalists Now let us retreat from this digression into the high-road of the discussion upon ORACLES

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* "*Lady of the Lake*"—Such was the earliest expression of Wordsworth's heavenly image—perhaps the loveliest that poetry can show. By altering the word *lake* to *mere*, he greatly deteriorated the effect as he partly perceived himself Why then had he done it? Simply because amongst the dramatic writers of Shakspere's era the phrase *Lady of the Lake* had received a slang meaning, like *Bona roba*, and other disreputable designations for that frail sisterhood But this meaning (never at any time popularly diffused) had vanished for two entire centuries So weak was William Wordsworth's reason for this, as for many another tampering with his own text His first thoughts were almost invariably best Indeed it is very noticeable that William Wordsworth, in earlier life the most obstinate of recusants, as regarded the arrogant mandates of criticism (and in general rightly so), became, towards the close of his life, most injudiciously indulgent to capricious objectors

truth that courts the light, as matched against falsehood that shuns it, that fears it, and that hates it.

As applied, therefore, to the first problem in the whole question upon Oracles—*When and under what circumstances, did they cease?*—the "*Dissertatio*" of Van Dale, and the *Histoire des "Oracles"* by Fontenelle, are irresistible; though not written in a proper spirit of gravity, nor making use of that indispensable argument which I have myself derived from the analogy of all scriptural cases in parallel circumstances.

But the case is far otherwise as concerns the second problem—*How and by what machinery did the Oracles, in the days of their prosperity, conduct their elaborate ministrations?* To this problem no justice at all is done by the school of Van Dale. A spirit of mockery and banter is ill applied to questions that at any time have been centres of fear, and hope, and mysterious awe, to long trains of human generations. And the coarse assumption of systematic fraud in the Oracles is neither satisfactory to the understanding, as failing to meet many important aspects of the case, nor is it at all countenanced by the kind of evidences that have been hitherto alleged. The fathers had taken the course—vulgar and superstitious—of explaining everything sagacious, everything true, everything that by possibility could seem to argue prophetic functions in the greater Oracles, as the product indeed of inspiration, but of inspiration emanating from an evil spirit. This hypothesis of a diabolic inspiration is rejected by the school of Van Dale. Both the power of at all looking into the future, and the fancied source of that power, are dismissed as contemptible chimeras. Upon the first of these dark pretensions I shall have occasion to speak at another point. Upon the other I agree with Van Dale. Yet,

even here, the spirit of triumphant ridicule, applied to questions not wholly within the competence of human resources, is displeasing in grave discussions, grave they are by necessity of their relations, howsoever momentarily disfigured by levity, and the unseasonable grimaces of self-sufficient "philosophy." This temper of mind is already advertised from the first to the observing reader of Van Dale by the character of his engraved frontispiece Men are there exhibited in the act of juggling, and still more odiously as exulting over their juggleries by gestures of the basest collusion, such as protruding the tongue, inflating one cheek by means of the tongue, grinning, and winking obliquely. These vilenesses are so ignoble, that for his own sake a man of honour (whether as a writer or a reader) shrinks from dealing with any case to which they do really adhere; such a case belongs to the province of police courts, not of literature But, in the ancient apparatus of the Oracles, although frauds and *espionage* did certainly form an occasional resource, the artifices employed were rarely illiberal in their mode, and frequently ennobled by their motive. As to the mode, the Oracles had fortunately no temptation to descend into any tricks that could look like "thimble-rigging," and as to the motive, it will be seen that this could never be dissociated from some regard to public or patriotic objects in the first place, to which if any secondary interest were occasionally attached, *that* could rarely descend so low as even to an ordinary purpose of gossiping curiosity, but never to a mercenary purpose of fraud. My views, however, on this phasis of the question will speedily speak for themselves.

Meantime, pausing for one moment to glance at the hypothesis of the fathers, I confess myself to be scandalised by its unnecessary plunge into the ignoble. Many

sincere Christian believers have doubted altogether of any evil spirits, as existences, warranted by Scripture; that is, as beings whose *principle* was evil ("evil, be thou my good"); others, again, believing in the possibility that spiritual beings had been (in ways unintelligible to us) seduced from their state of perfection by temptations analogous to those which had seduced man, acquiesced in the notion of spirits tainted with evil, but not therefore (any more than man himself) essentially or causelessly malignant. Now, it is well known, and, amongst others Eichhorn *(Einleitung in das alte Testament)* has noticed the fact, which will be obvious, on a little reflection, to any even unlearned student of the Scriptures who can throw his memory back through a *real* familiarity with those records, that the Jews derived their obstinate notions of fiends and demoniacal possessions (as accounting even for bodily affections) entirely from their Chaldean captivity Not before that great event in Jewish history, and, therefore, in consequence of that great event, were the Jews inoculated with this Babylonian, Persian, and Median superstition. If Eichhorn and others are right, it follows that the elder Scriptures, as they ascend more and more into the purer atmosphere of untainted Hebrew creeds, ought to exhibit an increasing freedom from all these modes of demoniacal agency. And accordingly so we find it. Messengers of God are often concerned in the early records of Moses; but it is not until we come down to Post-Mosaical records—Job, for example (though that book is doubtful as to its chronology) and the Chronicles of the Jewish kings (whether *Judaic or Israelitish*)—that we first find any allusion to malignant spirits. As against Eichhorn, however, though readily conceding that the agency is not often recognised, I would beg leave to notice, that

there is a threefold agency of evil, relatively to man, ascribed to certain spirits in the elder Scriptures; viz., 1. of *misleading* (as in the case of the Israelitish king seduced into a fatal battle by a falsehood originating with a spiritual being), 2. of *temptation;* 3. of calumnious *accusation* directed against absent parties. It is not absolutely an untenable hypothesis, that these functions of malignity to man, as at first sight they appear, may be in fact reconcilable with the general character of a being not malignant, and not evil in any sense, but simply obedient to superior commands: for none of us supposes, of course, that a "destroying angel" must be an evil spirit, though sometimes appearing in a dreadful relation of hostility to *all* parties (as in the case of the chastising angel who checked his wrath at the threshing-floor of Araunah). In commemoration of that merciful intervention from heaven, this threshing-floor was subsequently purchased by the national treasury, and solemnly appropriated to the use of the First Temple, for which it furnished the foundation area. The Temple itself, therefore, built by Solomon 1000 years before Christ, became a monumental record of that suspended wrath which uttered its departing thunders over the homestead of Araunah. But surely the Holy Temple would not have been suffered to commemorate any act of an impure spirit. Waiving, however, all these speculations, one thing is apparent, that the negative allowance, the toleration granted to these later Jewish modes of belief by our Saviour, can no more be urged as arguing any positive sanction to such existences (to *demons,* in the bad sense), than his toleration of Jewish errors and conceits in questions of science. Once for all, it was no purpose of his mission to expose errors in matters of pure curiosity, and in speculations *not* moral, but exclusively intellectual.

To leave the Patristic literature, and to state my own views on the final question argued by Van Dale—"What was the essential machinery by which the Oracles moved?"—I shall inquire, subdividingly,

1. What was the relation of the Oracles (and I would wish to be understood as speaking particularly of the Delphic Oracle) to the religious credulity of Greece?

2 What was the relation of that same Oracle to the absolute truth?

3. What was its relation to the public welfare of Greece?

Into this trisection I shall decompose the coarse unity of the question presented by Van Dale and his Vandals, as though the one sole "issue," that could be sent down for trial before a jury, were the probabilities of fraud and gross swindling. It is not with the deceptions or collusions of the Oracles, as mere matters of fact, that we in this age are primarily concerned, but with those deceptions as they affected the contemporary people of Greece.[2] It is important to know whether the general faith of Greece in the mysterious pretensions of Oracles were unsettled or disturbed by the several agencies at work that naturally tended to rouse suspicion; such, for instance, as these four which follow:—1. eminent instances of scepticism with regard to the assumed prophetic vision of any Oracle, from time to time circulating through Greece in the shape of *bon mots;* or, 2—which silently amounted to the same virtual expression of distrust—refusals (often more speciously wearing the name of *neglects)* to consult the proper Oracle on some hazardous enterprise of general notoriety and interest; 3 cases of direct failure in the event, as understood to have been predicted by the Oracle, not unfrequently accompanied by tragical catastrophès to the parties misled by this erroneous construction of the Oracle; 4.

(which is, perhaps, the climax of the exposures possible under the superstitions of Paganism) a public detection of known oracular temples doing business on a considerable scale, as accomplices with felons.

Modern appraisers of the oracular establishments are too commonly in all moral senses anachronists. I hear it alleged with some plausibility against Southey's portrait of Don Roderick, though otherwise conceived in a spirit proper for bringing out the whole sentiment of his pathetic situation,* that the king is too Protestant, and too evangelical, after the model of 1800, in his modes of penitential piety. The poet, in short, reflected back, upon one who was too certain in the eighth century to have been the victim of dark popish superstitions, his own pure and enlightened faith. But the anachronistic spirit in which modern sceptics react upon the Pagan Oracles is not so elevating as the English poet's. Southey reflected his own superiority upon the Gothic prince of Spain. But the sceptics reflect their own vulgar habits of mechanic and compendious office business upon the large institutions of the ancient Oracles. To satisfy *them*, the Oracle should resemble a modern coach-office—where undoubtedly you would suspect fraud, if the question, "How far to Derby?"

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* What *was* this situation? Early in the eighth century after Christ (let us say A D 707), Roderick the Goth, King of Spain, taking an infamous advantage from his regal power, was said to have violated the person of Count Julian's daughter—by some historians called Cava. Her father, as the deadliest mode of vengeance open to him, had called in the Mahometan invaders of the Barbary coasts. Roderick, by a deep prophetic instinct, read in vision the desolation which his own perfidious atrocity had let loose upon Spain, his country, and Christianity, his faith, through eight hundred years, descended into hell by means of despair, re ascended by penitence to earth, fought one mighty battle for the Cross, was beaten, and immediately vanished from earth—leaving no traces for deciphering his mysterious fate.

were answered evasively, or if the grounds of choice between two roads were expressed enigmatically. But the το λοξον, or mysterious indirectness of the Oracle, was calculated far more to support the imaginative grandeur of the unseen God, and was designed to do so, than to relieve the individual suitor in a perplexity that was seldom of any capital importance. In this way every oracular answer operated upon the local Grecian neighbourhood in which it circulated as one of the impulses which, from time to time, renewed the sense of a mysterious involution in the invisible powers, as though they were incapable of direct correspondence or parallelism with the monotony and slight compass of human ideas. As the symbolic dancers of the ancients, who narrated an elaborate story, "Saltando Hecubam," or "Saltando Loadamiam," interwove the passion of the advancing incidents into the intricacies of the figure—something in the same way, it was understood by all men, that the Oracle did not so much evade the difficulty by a dark form of words, as he revealed his own hieroglyphic nature. All prophets, the true equally with the false, have felt the instinct for surrounding themselves with the majesty of darkness. Look at the Hebrew prophets: never once are *they* direct and without obliquity. And in a religion like the Pagan, so deplorably meagre and starved as to most of the draperies connected with the mysterious and sublime, we must not seek to diminish its already scanty wardrobe. But let us pass from speculation to illustrative anecdotes. I have imagined several cases which might seem fitted for giving a shock to the general Pagan confidence in Oracles. Let me review them.

The first is the case of any memorable scepticism published in a pointed or witty form; as Demosthenes avowed

his suspicions "that the Oracle was *Philippising*." This was about 344 years B.C. Exactly one hundred years earlier, in the 444th year B.C., or the *locus* of Pericles, Herodotus (then forty years old) is universally supposed to have read (which for *him* was to publish) his history. In this work two insinuations of the same kind occur: during the invasion of Darius the Mede (about 490 B.C.) the Oracle was charged with *Medising;* and in the previous period of Pisistratus (about 555 B.C.) the Oracle had been almost convicted of *Alcmæonidising.* The Oracle concerned was the same—viz., the Delphic—in all three cases. In the case of Darius, fear was the ruling passion; in the earlier case, a near self-interest, but not in a base sense selfish. The Alcmœonidæ, an Athenian house hostile to Pisistratus, being exceedingly rich, had engaged to rebuild the ruined temple of the Oracle, and had fulfilled their engagements with a munificence outrunning the letter of their professions, particularly with regard to the quality of marble used in facing or "veneering" the front elevation. Now, these sententious and rather witty expressions gave wings and buoyancy to the public suspicions, so as to make them fly from one end of Greece to the other, and they continued in lively remembrance for centuries.

In the second case—viz., that of sceptical slights shown to the Oracle—there are some memorable precedents on record. Most readers know the ridiculous stratagem of Crœsus, the Lydian king, for trying the powers of the Oracle, by a monstrous culinary arrangement of pots and pans, known (as he fancied) only to himself. But, please your most Lydian majesty, it was known also to your cook, though not perhaps to your chancellor, and therefore to your cook's scullion. Which scullion, if a man, had assuredly told it to his wife—but, if a woman, then by a

deadlier necessity to her husband. Generally, the course of the Delphic Oracle under similar insults was warmly to resent them. But Crœsus, as a king, as a foreigner, and as a suitor of unexampled munificence, was privileged, especially because the ministers of the Delphic temple had doubtless found it easy to extract the secret by bribery from some one of the royal mission. A case, however, much more interesting because arising between two leading states of Greece, and in the century subsequent to the ruder age of Crœsus (who was about co-eval with Pisistratus, 555 B C), is reported by Xenophon of the Lacedæmonians and Thebans. They concluded a treaty of peace without any communication, not so much as a civil notification to the Oracle; *τῳ μεν Θεῳ ουδεν εκοινωσαντο, ὁπως ἡ ειρηνη γενοιτο*—to the god (the Delphic god) they made no communication at all as to the terms of the peace; *αυτοι δε εβουλευοντο*, but they personally pursued their negotiations in private. That this was a very extraordinary reach of presumption, is evident from the care of Xenophon in bringing it before his readers; it is probable, indeed, that neither of the high contracting parties had really acted in a spirit of religious indifference; though it is remarkable of the Spartans, that of all Greek tribes they were the most facile and frequent delinquents under all varieties of foreign temptations to revolt from their hereditary allegiance to their own established yoke of civic usage—a fact which measures the degree of unnatural constraint and tension which the Spartan usages involved; but in this case I rather account for the public outrage to religion and universal usage, by a strong political jealousy lest the provisions of the treaty should transpire prematurely amongst states adjacent to Bœotia—a point forgotten by Xenophon.

Whatever, meantime, were the secret motive to this policy, it did not fail to shock all Greece profoundly. And, in a slighter degree, the same effect upon public feeling followed the act of Agesipolis, who, after obtaining an answer from the Oracle of Delphi, carried forward his suit to the more awfully ancient Oracle of Dodona; by way of trying, as he most impudently alleged, "whether the child agreed with its papa." These open expressions of distrust were generally condemned, and the irresistible proof that they were, lies in the fact that they led to no imitations. Even in a case mentioned by Herodotus, where a man had the audacity to found a colony without seeking an oracular sanction, no precedent was established; though the journey to Delphi must often have been peculiarly inconvenient to the founders of colonies moving westwards from Greece, and the expenses of such a journey, with the subsequent offerings, could not but prove unseasonable at the moment when every drachma was most urgently needed. Charity begins at home, was a thought quite as likely to press upon a Pagan conscience, in those circumstances, as upon our modern Christian consciences under heavy taxation; yet, for all that, such was the regard to a pious inauguration of all colonial enterprises, that no one provision or pledge of prosperity was held equally indispensable by all parties to such hazardous speculations. The merest worldly foresight, indeed, to the most irreligious leader, would suggest this sanction as a necessity, under the following reason:—colonies the most enviably prosperous upon the whole, have yet had many hardships to contend with in their novitiate of the first five years; were it only from the summer failure of water under circumstances of local ignorance, or from the casual failure of crops under imperfect arrangements of culture. Now,

the one great qualification for wrestling strenuously with such difficult contingencies in solitary situations, is the spirit of cheerful hope; but, when any room had been left for apprehending a supernatural curse resting upon their efforts—equally in the most thoughtfully pious man and the most crazily superstitious—all spirit of hope would be blighted at once; and the religious neglect would, even in a common human way, become its own certain avenger, through mere depression of spirits and misgiving of expectations. Well, therefore, might Cicero in a tone of defiance demand, "Quam vero Græcia coloniam misit in Ætoliam, Ioniam, Asiam, Siciliam, Italiam, sine Pythio (the Delphic), aut Dodonæo, aut Hammonis oraculo?" An oracular sanction must be had, and from a leading oracle—the three mentioned by Cicero being the greatest;* and, if a minor oracle could have satisfied the inaugurating necessities of a regular colony, we may be sure that the Dorian states of the Peloponnesus, who had twenty-five decent oracles at home (that is, within the peninsula), would not so constantly have carried their money to Delphi. Nay, it is certain that even where the colonial counsels of the greater oracles seemed extravagant, though a large discretion was allowed to remonstrance, and even to very homely expostulations, still, in the last resort, no doubts were felt that the oracle must be right. Brouwer, the Belgic scholar, who has so recently and so temperately treated these subjects ("Histoire de la Civilisation Morale et Religieuse chez les Grecs" 6 tomes: Groningue. 1840), alleges a case (which, however, I do not remember to have met) where the client ventured

* To which at one time must be added, as of equal rank, the Oracle of the Branchides, in Asia Minor. But this had been destroyed by the invading Persians, in retaliation of the Athenian outrages—real or pretended—at Sardis.

of *inertia* was longest, I differ altogether from M. Brouwer in his belief, that the suitors fancied Apollo to have gone distracted If they ever said so, this must have been merely by way of putting the Oracle on its mettle, and calling forth some *plainer*—not any different—answer from the god, who was essentially enigmatic; for there it was that the doubts of the clients settled, and on that it was the practical demurs hinged. Not because even Battus, vexed as he was about his precious eyesight, distrusted the Oracle, but because he felt sure that the Oracle had not spoken out freely—that the Oracle was in debt to him as regarded plain dealing in a matter of *national* interest and a question of life and death; therefore had he and many others in similar circumstances presumed to linger or to demur. Blind obedience was hard to practise in cases which, being clothed in riddles, might (as a long experience had taught them) be too easily deciphered erroneously. A second edition was what they waited for, corrected and *enlarged*. We have a memorable instance of this policy in the Athenian envoys, who, upon receiving a most ominous doom, but obscurely expressed, from the Delphic Oracle—which politely concluded by saying, "And so get out, you vagabonds, from my temple—don't cumber my decks any longer"—were advised to answer sturdily, "No! we will *not* get out; we mean to sit here for ever, until you think proper to give us a more reasonable reply." Upon which spirited rejoinder, the priestess saw the policy of revising her truly brutal rescript as it had stood originally.*

* At first sight, the reader is apt to wonder why it was that insolence so undisguised should have been allowed to prosper But in fact all religions have been indulgent to insolence, where the known alternative has been sycophantic timidity. Christianity herself encourages men to

The necessity, indeed, was strong for not acquiescing in the answer of the Oracle, until it had become clearer by revision or by casual illustration. But some were so precipitate as to adopt the first answer in its most literal and apparent sense. As usual, there is a Spartan case of this nature. Cleomenes complained bitterly that the Oracle of Delphi had deluded him, by holding out as a possibility, and under given conditions as a certainty, that he should possess himself of Argos. But the Oracle, agreeably to Pagan casuistry, was justified: there was an inconsiderable place outside the walls of Argos which bore the same name. This was the commonest of dodges amongst the heathen professors of divination. Most readers will remember the case of Cambyses, who had been assured by a legion of oracles that he should die at Ecbatana, generally supposed to be the *Hamadan* of our days, to which northern city, cooled by Caspian breezes, the Shah of Persia retires when Teheran grows too hot. Suffering, therefore, in Syria from a scratch inflicted upon his thigh by his own sabre, whilst angrily sabring a ridiculous quadruped which the Egyptian priests had put forward as a god, Cambyses felt quite at his ease so long as he remembered his vast distance from the mighty capital of Media, to the eastward of the Tigris. The scratch, however, inflamed, for his intemperance had saturated his system with com-

"take heaven by storm" In that spirit it was that the Pagan deities, in the persons of their representative idols, submitted to be caned and horsewhipped without open mutiny, and continually to be chained up by one leg, in cases where the gods were suspected of meditating flight to the enemy Universally, insolence was but an offence of *manner*. Even *that* might have provoked a shade of displeasure, were it not that, more effectually than any other expression of temper, it cured the one unpardonable offence of insincerity, languishing devotion, decay of burning love—to which love, as the one sole pledge of undying loyalty, all frailties were forgiven.

bustible matter; the inflammation spread; the pulse ran high: and he began to feel twinges of alarm. At length mortification commenced, but still he trusted to the old prophecy about Ecbatana, when suddenly a horrid discovery was made—that the very Syrian village at his own head-quarters was known by the pompous name of Ecbatana. Josephus tells a similar story of some man contemporary with Herod the Great. And we must all remember that case in Shakspere, where the first king of the *red* rose, Henry IV., had long fancied his destiny to be that he should meet his death in Jerusalem, which naturally did not quicken his zeal for becoming a crusader "All time enough," doubtless he used to say; "no hurry at all, gentlemen!" But at length, finding himself pronounced by the doctor ripe for dying, it became a question whether the prophet were a false prophet, or the doctor an incompetent physician. However, in such a case, it is something to have a collision of opinions—the prophet against the doctor. But, behold, it soon transpired that there was no collision at all. It was the Jerusalem chamber, occupied by the king as a bedroom, and extant even yet, to which the prophet had alluded. Upon which his majesty reconciled himself at once to the ugly necessity at hand—

"In that Jerusalem shall Harry die."

The last case—that of oracular establishments turning out to be accomplices of thieves—is one which occurred in Egypt on a scale of some extent, and is noticed by Herodotus. This degradation argued great poverty in the particular temples. and it is not at all improbable that, amongst a hundred Grecian Oracles, some, under a similar temptation, might fall into a similar disgrace: the poverty must often have existed, but without the thieves, and at Delphi constantly the thieves, but without the poverty.

Yet now, as regards even this lowest extremity of disgrace, much more as regards the qualified sort of disrepute attending the three minor cases, one brief distinction puts all to rights. The Greeks never confounded the temple, and household of officers engaged in the temple service, with the dark functions of the presiding god. In Delphi, besides the Great Lady who discharged the life-shaking duties of Pythia, and the priests, with their train of subordinate ministers directly billeted on the temple, there were two orders of men outside, Delphic citizens—the one styled *ἀριϛεις*, gentlemen of the service; the other *ὁσιοι*, a sort of semi-sanctified members of the temple establishment, wearing a shadowy resemblance to the lay *elders* of the Presbyterian Kirk, whose duty was probably, *inter alia*, to attach themselves to persons of corresponding rank in the retinues of the envoys or consulting clients, and doubtless to extract from them, in convivial moments, all the secrets or general information which the temple required for satisfactory answers. If these outside agents of the great temple personally went too far in their intrigues or stratagems of decoy, the disgrace no more recoiled on the god, than, in modern times, the vices or crimes of a priest can affect the pure ritual sanctity of the sacrament he dispenses

Meantime, through these outside ministers—though unaffected by their follies or errors as trepanners—the Oracle of Delphi drew that vast and comprehensive information, from every local nook or recess of Greece, which made it in the end a blessing to the land. The great error is, to suppose the majority of cases laid before the Delphic Oracle strictly questions for *prophetic* functions. Ninety-nine in a hundred respected marriages, state-treaties, sales, purchases, founding of towns or colonies, which demanded

no faculty whatever of divination, but the nobler faculty of natural sagacity, that calculates the natural consequences of human acts co-operating with the local circumstances. If ever I should attempt to trace the steps, or to appraise the value, of Grecian civilisation—the mother of civilisation to all the western earth—it will not be difficult to prove that Delphi discharged the functions of a central *bureau d'administration*, a general centre of political information, an organ of universal organisation for the counsels of the whole Grecian race. And that which caused the declension of the Oracles was the loss of political independence and autonomy. After Philip and the day of Chæronea, still more after the Roman conquest, each separate state, having no powers, and therefore no motive, for asking counsel on public interests, naturally confined itself more and more to its humbler local interests of police, or even at last to its family arrangements.

In drawing towards a close upon the great institution of Oracles, I would wish to point the reader's attention to a feature of strong analogy between these mysterious incorporations and that great modern product of high civilisation—the Banking system. Had the ancients any banks, or any apology for banks? Formally and directly they certainly had not; but indirectly they had an imperfect representative of our banks What was it? First let me ask—What is the primary and elementary function of a bank—of a good, honest, hard-working, industrious bank? Vixere Bankers ante Agamemnona. But their task was simpler, it was—merely to take care of a man's money when he could not take care of it himself. What, because he was drunk? Oh no: but because housebreakers [family-men, as they are called in our flash dictionaries] were in

Greece and circumjacent regions far too plentiful. They swarmed in all quarters of needy Greece.

What an invitation to you and me, when speculating for a rise in our respective capitals, to suspect a supper table left by the sleeping family to take care of itself and also of all the family plate, with a perfect knowledge on our parts that as small a tool as a mason's trowel will introduce us in six minutes to that same abandoned supper-tray. The word *τοιχωρυχος*, literally wall-borer, or *τοιχωρυκτης*, wall-underminer, the Greek name for a housebreaker, indicates the brief process through which the Attic burglar seduced and eloped with another man's too charming plate. The artist had but to excavate a peck or two of earth with his trowel; a rabbit's burrow was large enough, this he soon improved and widened, using his own body as a gimlet, and very soon he had gimleted himself down amongst the family rats Then making free to borrow a rat-hole for a minute, and lying on his back, he soon *whittled* away or chiselled away the slight piece of carious flooring that divided him from the beautiful object (whether gold or silver) that enamoured him Between Greece and Rome, in this point, how vast the difference! In Rome the houses were built for eternity—twelve to twenty thousand pounds sterling was no uncommon cost, I believe, for the mansion of a senator. In Athens it is notorious that the houses of citizens the most distinguished, Miltiades, and soon afterwards of Themistocles, were little better than hovels. And although it is true that in forty years more, when the star of Pericles began to dawn upon Athens, the houses showed symptoms of improvement, nevertheless, being still built of slight and frail materials, they continued to rest on no massier or deeper foundations than does at this day a Scotch Highland bothy. Stakes or

poles, hand-driven into the ground, formed their whole support—not at all stronger than the pegs which hold down the draperies of a soldier's tent This it was—viz, the make-shift foundation—which so powerfully facilitated the art, or "profession" (as I find it called by one lexicographer) of the housebreaker. In fact the art might be viewed as a mode of *diving:* the Attic burglar dived into the earth on the outside of the walls, and coming up on the other side, found himself comfortably seated in grand-mamma's easy-chair. And whilst the access was thus easy at Athens, was thus impossible at Rome, on the other hand, the burglars in the former land swarmed like flies in a hot August with us, and in the latter were rare as hornets With robbery a thousand times easier, and robbers a thousand times more plentiful*—reason

* In fact so plentiful, that even the memorials dearest to their vanity and patriotism—viz, their Battle Trophies—could no otherwise be protected from the rapacity of domestic robbers than by making them of materials which would hardly pay the cost of removal. The Greeks, after any victory of one little rascally clan over another, of Spartans over Thebans, for instance, or (what is more gratifying to imagine) of Thebans over Spartans, used to do two things in the way of self-glorification first, they chanted a hymn or *pæan* (ἐπαιανιζον), which was *their* mode of singing *Te Deum,* secondly, they erected a trophy, or memorial of their victory, on the ground But this trophy one might naturally expect to be framed of the most durable materials whereas, on the contrary, it was framed of the very frailest, viz, firewood, at sevenpence the cart-load, and the best final result that I, for *my* part, can suppose from any trophy whatsoever, would be—that some old woman, living in the neighbourhood of the trophy, went out on favourable nights, and selected fuel enough to warm her poor old Pagan bones through the entire length of a Grecian winter. Why the wood rapidly disappeared, is therefore easy to understand· but not why it had ever been relied on as a durable record. The Greeks, however, who were masters in the arts of varnishing and gilding, reported the whole case in the following superfine terms —"It is right," said they, "and simply a necessity of our human nature, that we should quarrel intermittingly We Grecians are all brothers, it is true· but still even brothers must,

the name of these banks? The name? Why, the name of these banks was *temples.* Upon a twofold consideration, temples were eligible as banks. In the first place, any temple whatsoever, being regarded as a monument the reverence and gratitude to a divinity, was naturally grade as splendid as the disposable funds would allow. vie1rble, therefore, or stone at the least, was used in contheucting the walls and porticoes. But the great weight of thaible and stone obliged the architects to lay them upon nleep foundations. Hence it happened that, in such altered earcumstances, the alliance of a rat, and the loan of a rat othe, went but a little way towards a prosperous burglary. like there was even a deeper protection to a temple. rare placed under the tutelary care of a divinity, the and rag enjoyed the *prestige* of consecration. And this ——the most audacious burglar at a distance. His trade * hopeless, he well knew that, against walls so impreg-vanit e; and, had it been otherwise, the burglar feared a be p ther suing curse if he robbed a temple of any peculiar Gréctity: he would as little dally with any such dangerous of irpose as a Spanish *flibustier* would have joined an Enggish buccaneer in pillaging a shrine of the Virgin. With power ten times multiplied did these grounds of strength apply to an *oracular* temple, most of all to Delphi—known to all princes that were themselves known. It is not surprising, therefore, that Delphi should have become the consecrated *depôt* for incalculable property through many generations And if the reputation of wealth so enormous drew upon that temple and town occasional threats, or even assaults from a distance, no losses arising in this way could counterbalance, by a thousandth part, the vast amount of conservative aid that this temple must, in so many generations, have dispensed; for Delphi must have

been viewed as central to Greece, to the Grecian Islands, in later days to Macedon, Epirus, Thrace, and (in Asia Minor) to regions stretching all the way to the Euphrates

As a bank of deposit, therefore, Delphi and its illustrious temple discharged a most weighty class of services; and with this class at least Christianity could have had no wish to interfere. No rivalship could here be imagined, no crossing of purposes; no collision of interests. So far it is not any service offering *analogies* to the modern services of banks that Delphi might have claimed; it was the direct, undeniable, and elementary service that any and every bank does or can perform. The service done was not of a nature to involve any social refinements, it was plain and homely as a cudgel, and in fact very like a cudgel: for one of the best uses which the learned have yet discovered in a cudgel is its tendency to mount guard effectually upon a man's pockets; and precisely *that* use was rendered in perfection by the temple of the Oracle at Delphi. A bank, which could not be stormed by Brennus and his Gauls, was manifestly in no danger from the τοιχωρυχος and his trowel.

But mere security, though a great point to achieve in a community where hardly anything was safe from moths that corrupt, or from thieves that break through and steal, was yet far from approaching that mysterious discovery as to the powers of capital, which to all mankind, for many a long century, seemed to involve an impossibility. The exquisite silliness of the ancient doctrine—"that money doth not breed money"—that one gold or silver coin was never known, in any natural process of generation, to produce another gold or silver coin, gagged the utterance—blindfolded the eyes—paralysed the understanding of man through much more than a thousand years. From this

doctrine it seemed (in the eyes of our worthy and most stupid ancestors) to radiate as the most irresistible of inferences—that, if any man drew a profit, a something *extra*, from the employment of his money, that profit must take its rise in some unlawful source. The most obvious explanation was, that it arose in fraud. In some way the man must have cheated. This, as most people know, was the theory of Cicero. A man must lie. and must lie pretty strongly [*admodum*], in *his* opinion, before he could reap any gain whatever—the least or most shadowy—from a commercial transaction. And, if Cicero had been made to understand that the distinction between buyer and seller was imaginary, that a buyer was necessarily a seller—a seller necessarily a buyer, and that in every transaction of exchange—the two parties, the party on each side, might gain simultaneously, might gain equally, and not by any metaphysical trick of words, but by a gain expressible in money—he would probably, in excess of wrath, have assaulted his opponent. Any use of capital that should imply such doctrines would, in the Grecian stage of civilisation, have been impossible. Yet, why? Simply because all such uses waited for other concurrent agencies, which must meet in combination before their last potential results could be developed. From that Grecian stage of social progress, in which the showy religion of men, and the pomps of their gay mythologies, had put forth their uttermost strength in the stationary grandeur of temples and the scenical beauty of processions, let us leap by a flight across forty generations to that modern period when the bank of Venice, of Amsterdam, &c., had implied as a cause, and had promoted as an effect, that new birth in the science of capital and its uses which the world has now gazed upon for three centuries and upwards as a

gorgeous spectacle towering to the clouds by its multitudinous creations. From this grand station, commanding both stages—the infancy and the maturity of the banking economy, and connecting them into one field of retrospect—let us ask what it is in the upshot that has been gained? In the Grecian infancy of its power, moneyed power (as regards the western regions of the ancient world) was first of all made safe. The temples (and probably in many instances under dim anticipations of future Persian invasions, or even of tumultuary invasions by mere Scythian, German, or Gaulish savages) were built with the strength of fortresses; not meant for the security of money, these massy temples had not the less benefited money. In that cradle of European culture, under the double protection of martial power and of religion, first of all we behold the great productive power of property, as yet, indeed, most slenderly applied to production, but still reposing in absolute safety. Under all this vast advantage, as yet however it slumbers passively, having very little more interest for society than simply as all property, however little employed productively, nevertheless (in the shape of expenditure as an income) unavoidably stimulates production. But at the modern terminus of our long prospect we behold this property no longer inert and lifeless, but waking magically into a twofold life. Money, to the confusion of the incredulous, now, at last, is found to produce money, and this intolerable paradox, as through so long a period it has been held, is accomplished oftentimes through another machinery equally paradoxical Not the proprietor of the money, in most cases, but an alien as regards any natural relations to the money, reaps the primary benefits from the property; and out of that seeming intrusion into another man's rights, first of all it becomes possible that

a bank should create an income for the true proprietor. This man's share of benefit is so far from being encroached upon by the alien employer of his property, that, on the contrary, in the innumerable cases where the owner could not himself be the employer, it is only through this intrusion of an alien party that the bank carves out a triple return—first, for itself; secondly, for the commercial employer, thirdly, for the sedentary and passive proprietor.

Pausing for an instant, let us review the methods through which the bank organises such great results. All the little rills and runnels of surplus income scattered amongst numerous individuals, which in an uncommercial land could not find employment, and would lie as barren accumulation in domestic depositories, tempting the assaults of housebreakers, are converged by banks into large central reservoirs, from which they are speedily returned, through the channels of many commercial or manufacturing men, into the vast field of productive industry. What the bank does is essentially the function of a broker. The bank brings scattered interests into communication, and remote interests into contact. Through this agency, the multitudes who have surplus money, and would be glad to lend it, under any sufficient prospect of seeing it profitably employed, are brought face to face with the multitudes who wish to extend their means of creating such profitable employment. And now, turning back to the great Oracular Temple of Delphi, we may trace more firmly and luminously the direct point of contact, or the more indirect and remote points of analogy, which connect the Delphic Temple with the machineries of banking. In the early and elementary stage of this great organ, we notice (as I remarked above) not so much the analogy, as the direct parity or identity of their public ministrations. A modern bank con-

templates, as its initial service, the safe keeping of the money confided to its care. The bank provides a strong building, rooms specially protected against burglars, iron safes, proper attendants, and watchmen, together with the means of rapid and authentic intelligence upon questions connected with the public securities of the national treasury, &c., and is able to distribute these great advantages amongst an immense number of customers, at a cost to each which is little more than nominal. The Delphic Temple, upon terms essentially the same, but very much more costly, indemnified itself for the absolute security (both in its English and its Latin sense)* which it had created.

What more did the bank of Delphi accomplish towards the development of the banking system, than simply to make it safe? Nothing. Then how was I entitled to say, that Delphi & Co exhibited strong features of analogy to our existing banks, in their most improved state of efficiency? The Bank of England at this day is prepared to stand a siege, if such a necessity should arise, only I fear that she is not victualled; she has not laid in enough of biscuit However, this is the uttermost extent of her martial capacities: and Delphi could do as much, besides having actually done it. But what further lineaments of sisterly resemblance do we trace in the two banks? This one marked expression at the least we trace—viz., a systematic use of brokerage in the largest extent by which

* In English we understand by security neither more nor less than *safety, i e*, freedom from danger But in Latin, *securitas* means freedom—not at all from danger, but from the *sense* of danger and its anxieties A man is therefore in Latin often described as *securus*, whilst on the brink of destruction, if only not conscious of his danger. Milton, in his occasional tendency to draw too emphatically upon the Latin elements in our language, has given to the word *secure* its Roman acceptation, but he has hardly naturalised that use

term "brokerage" I understand a regular and known machinery for bringing into practical communication with each other, parties that, but for this machinery, were too remote to have learned their reciprocal wants. All people of rank and distinction, throughout Greece and its dependencies or adjacencies, kept up a respectful intercourse with Delphi, and consequently that great bank had the advantage of what might be called *official* reports from every corner of Hellas; and (if need arose) of reports circumstantially minute. Was a high-born lady with ample dowery leading a solitary life, because no suitor of corresponding pretensions existed in her own neighbourhood? The Oracle had a ready means for transmitting this intelligence to a remote quarter, where it would tell effectually Was a call for colonisation becoming clamorous in some particular region? What more beneficial, or what more easy, than for the Oracle to forward this news by its own channels to a tract of country labouring (through causes casual or local) under an excess of pauperised population? Or, if a chieftain in the north were commencing a sumptuous palace, what should hinder the Oracle from forwarding that intelligence to the architects and decorators of the south? Mr Carlyle's impeachment of Poor-law arrangements, on the ground that they accumulated ploughs and ploughmen in one province, whilst the arable lands needing to be ploughed all lay in some other province, would hardly have existed under Delphi, or not as any subject of complaint where the remedy was so prompt. The brief summary of Delphic administration was this— It moved by *secret* springs: not being visibly or audibly displayed, it irritated no jealousies. Appealing to no *coercive* powers, but purely to moral suasion, it provoked no refractoriness. Combining with the very highest of

religious influences that Hellas recognised, it insured a docile and a reverential acceptance for all its directions. And, finally, because this great Delphic establishment held in its hands the hidden reins from *every* province, therefore it was, that out of universal Greece, as a body of wants, *powers, slumbering activities, and undeveloped resources,* Delphi would have constructed, and *did* construct, so far as her influence escaped the thwarting of cross currents, a system of political watch-work, where all the parts and movements played into a common centre. We must remember that Greece, after all, and allowing for every class of drawbacks, was really the first region upon earth in which (as in our present Christendom) there had formed itself a system of international law, and fixed modes of diplomacy. Compare her, this Greece, with the wretched voluptuaries of Southern Asia from Western Arabia, and Persia to Eastern China, no matter *when*, whether before or after Mahomet. Greece, though beginning with institutions as to women too dangerously Asiatic, was yet never emasculated. Men, aspiring men, were what she still produced. And much of this great advantage she owed apparently to that diffusive Delphic influence through which she nourished and expanded her unity, all parts existing for the sake of each, and each for all, in a degree of which no vestige was ever exhibited by the crazy and effeminate policy of any Asiatic state.

Now, therefore, having laid the foundations of a road for safe footing, let me march to *my* conclusion. The conclusion of the Fathers was the wildest of errors, into which they were misled by the most groundless of preconceptions. They started with the assumption that there was an essential hostility between Christianity and the primary

pretensions of Oracles, consequently of Delphi as the supreme Oracle. And one result of this startling error was, that they exacted as a debt from Christianity that *expression* of hostility which, except in a Patristic romance, never had any real existence. The fathers regarded it as a duty of Christianity to destroy Oracles; and, holding that baseless creed, some of them went on to affirm, in mere defiance of history, that Christianity *had* destroyed Oracles. But *why* did the fathers fancy it so special a duty of the Christian faith to destroy Oracles? Simply for these two reasons—viz, that,

1 Most falsely they supposed *prophecy* to be the main function of an Oracle; whereas it did not enter as an element into the main business of an Oracle by so much as once in a thousand responses.

2 Not less erroneously they assumed this to be the inevitable parent of a collision with Christianity. For all prophecy, and the spirit of prophecy, they supposed to be a regal prerogative of Christianity, sacred, in fact, to the true faith by some inalienable right. But no such claim is anywhere advanced in the Scriptures. And even a careless reader will remember one conspicuous case, where a prophet of known hostility to the Hebrew interest and the Hebrew faith, and for that reason invoked and summoned to curse the children of Israel, is nevertheless relied on as a fountain of truth by the Hebrew leaders.

But suppose that there really *were* any such exclusive pretension to prophecy on behalf of Christianity—what *is* prophecy? The Patristic error is here intolerable. In order to make any comparison as to such a gift between the Greek Oracles and Christianity, we must at least be talking of the same thing, whereas nothing can be more extensively distinguished from the vaticinations of the

Pagan Oracle than prophecy as it is understood in the Bible. St Paul is continually referring in his Epistles to gifts of prophecy: but does any man suppose this apostle to mean gifts as to the faculty of prediction? Nobody, of all whom St Paul was addressing, pretended to any qualifications of that nature. A prophet in the Bible nowhere means a foreseer or predicter. It means a person endowed with *exegetic* gifts, that is, with powers of *interpretation* applicable to truth hidden, or truth imperfectly revealed. All profound and scriptural truth may be regarded as liable to misinterpretation, because originally lying under veils of shadowy concealment, many and various. He who removes any one of these varying obscurations—he who displays in his commentaries the gifts of an *exegetes,* or interpreter—is, in St Paul's sense, a prophet. Now, among these obscuring causes, one is time. some features of what is communicated may chance to be hidden by the clouds which surround a distant future; and in that sole case, one case amongst hundreds, the prophet coincides with the predicter. But, in the vast majority of cases, prophecy means the power of interpretation, or of commentary and practical extension, applied to scriptural doctrines, a sense not only irrelevant to the Oracles, but without purpose, or value, or meaning to any Pagan whatever. So that competition from that quarter was the idlest of chimeras. Prophecy, therefore, in any sense ever contemplated by a Christian writer, *could* not be violated or desecrated by any rival pretensions of Paganism, such as the fathers feared, inasmuch as all such pretensions on the part of Paganism were blank impossibilities.

That falsification, therefore, of historic facts, by which the fathers attempted to varnish and mystify the absolute indifference of Christianity to the Oracles, falls away spon-

taneously, when the motive upon which it moved is exposed as frivolous and childish Cleared from these gross misrepresentations of the ill-informed, Oracles appear to have fulfilled a most important mission. As rationally might Christianity be supposed hostile to post-offices, or jealous of mail steamers, as indisposed to that oracular mission, of which the noble purpose, stated in the briefest terms, was—to knit the extremities of a state to its centre, and to quicken the progress of civilisation.

Why the Oracles really decayed, I presume arose thus: I have already noticed their loss of high political functions. This loss, though never intentionally offered as a degradation, not the less had that result. During that long course of generations, when princes or republics needed the co-operation of Oracles, that possessed worlds of local information, and that furnished the sanctions of heavenly authority, not at all less than the Oracles needed martial protection—the two powers were seen, or were felt obscurely, acting always in harmony and coalition. With us in Great Britain a man acquires the title of *Right Honourable* by entering the Privy Council as a member. Some honour, or some distinction for the ear or for the eye, corresponding to this, no doubt settled upon the high officers at Delphi. They were probably regarded as honorary members of the national council that in one shape or other advised and assisted the ruler of every state having established relations with Delphi. But these flattering distinctions would cease, or would become mere titular honours, when Delphi lost her connection, and her right of suggestion, and her "voice potential," with the supreme government of her own land With us, when a man has been presented to the sovereign, he obtains (or used to obtain) from the Lord Chamberlain, a sort of certificate, which

said, "Mr Thingamby is known at the Court of St James:" whether known for any good, was civilly suppressed; and this potent recognition enabled Thingamby to present himself as one having on a wedding garment, and admissible at any other court or courtlet whatsoever, except that of Ashantee. Let the reader honestly confess that he envies Thingamby Now, it is not improbable that the high ministers at Delphi had a power equal to the Lord Chamberlain's, of certifying on behalf of any man going on his travels, were it Pythagoras or Solon, Herodotus or Plato, Anacharsis or Thingamby (every one of whom was a traveller), that the bearer is favourably known at Delphi. In the days of Delphic grandeur, such an introduction would bear a high value at all the surrounding courts, and this value would be multiplied in that age when the successors of Alexander had founded thrones stretching all the way from the Oxus to the Nile. But, after the Roman conquest of Greece and of Macedon, all this would collapse. A large field of economic services would still remain open to the temple; but the atmosphere of sanctity, with the faith in supernatural co-operation, would have suffered a shock. And the local agents, that once in every district had emulously disputed the glory of ranking in the long retinue of the god, and of the great lady seated on the tripod, would no longer find a sufficient indemnification for their labours in the glory of the service. Delphi, like the "Times" newspaper, would have to pay its agents; and the clouded splendours of the Delphic shrine and temple would reflect themselves, as years went on, in the dilapidations of the town. Delphi, the of Delphi, the oracular both must have gone through corresponding

sufficiently to the other its own ruins and superannuations. When earthly grandeurs, however, were gone, there would still survive a large arrear of humbler and economic services, by which a decent revenue might be secured. And the true reason why the ceasing of Oracles was so variously timed and so vaguely dated, is to be looked for precisely in this variable declension of humbler ministrations, through local ebbs and flows in casual advantages of position. The case recalls to my eye a scene exhibited in certain streets of London very early on a summer morning nearly forty-four years ago It was high summer, in the year 1814 All the leaders, royal or not royal, in the three immortal campaigns of Moscow (1812), of Leipsic (1813), and of France (1814), were just then in London, and paying a visit of honour to our own Regent. There was the reigning King of Prussia, whom most people likened to "the knight of the rueful countenance." There was the king's sole faithful servant—Blucher. There was the imperial fop, Alexander, and in his train men of sixty different languages; and, distinguished above all others that owed suit and service to this great potentate, rode Platoff, the Hetman of the Cossacks, specially beloved by all men as the most gallant, adventurous, and ugly of Cossacks. These Cossacks, if one might believe the flying rumours, drank with rapture every species of train oil. The London lamps were then lighted with oil, and the Cossacks, it was said, gave it the honour of a decided preference: so that, in streets lying near to the hetman's residence, to the north of Oxford Street, the lamps were observed to burn with a very variable lustre. In such a street, I, and others my companions, returning from a ball, about an hour before sunrise, saw a mimic sketch of the decaying Oracles. Here, close to the hetman's front-door, was a large overshadow-

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sufficiently to the other its own ruins and superannuations When earthly grandeurs, however, were gone, there would still survive a large arrear of humbler and economic services, by which a decent revenue might be secured. And the true reason why the ceasing of Oracles was so variously timed and so vaguely dated, is to be looked for precisely in this variable declension of humbler ministrations, through local ebbs and flows in casual advantages of position. The case recalls to my eye a scene exhibited in certain streets of London very early on a summer morning nearly forty-four years ago. It was high summer, in the year 1814 All the leaders, royal or not royal, in the three immortal campaigns of Moscow (1812), of L… (1813), and of France (1814), were just then in … paying a visit of honour to our own Regent … ning King of Prussia, whom most … night of the rueful counten… … ful servant—B… …